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IT IS RUMORED THAT MR. PHIPPS HAS BEEN CLOSETED WITH MR. MOWAT, AND ENGAGED TO PREPARE CAMPAIGN LITERATURE FOR THE COMING LOCAL ELECTION.—DAILY PAPER.

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1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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FINAL CHALLENGE.

I hereby challenge the world for the amount of the United States' public debt to produce a book for summer reading equal in any respect to PUCK ON WHEELS—just out—price 25 cents—to be had everywhere and vicinity—that contains more solid amusement to the square inch, funnier pictures, epic-or-poems, side-splitting sketches, and wholesomer and eruditor philosophy. Man and money ready at five minutes' notice.—Puck.

ACCEPTANCE.

I hereby accept the above challenge, and match my offspring.

THE GRIP-SACK.

(comic summer annual for 1882) to knock out Puck on Wheels in four rounds, and I further agree

To give the disputed territory of Ontario, if *The Grip-Sack* is not a wiser, wittier, and healthier book.

To give five and a half sections of Manitoba to any Philanthropic Colonization Co. if *THE GRIP-SACK* is not a better quarter-dollar's worth in every respect. I further stipulate that the stakes be placed in the hands of Mr. Hunter of Montreal, and that the Public act as judges.

The judges each to buy a copy of *The Grip-Sack* and read it thoroughly.

Man and money ready and payable on P. O. order.

GRIP.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
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Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—A French lady doctor has been exciting the city for the past fortnight, and astounding the multitude who gather around her chariot by a series of marvellous cures performed *free gratis* upon impromptu patients. We fancy there are subjects in our cartoon who will tax her skill, however, and if she can cure these unfortunate gentlemen, she will deserve a good word, even in the *Telegram*.

FRONT PAGE.—This cartoon goes only on facts, but in this case he has based a picture on rumor. If Mr. Mowat does really secure

the co-operation of the redoubtable Phipps, Meredith might as well hang up his fiddle, and Sir John needn't go on with that Convention.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lient.-Gov. Dewdney has fixed upon Pile of Bones as the site of the capital of the new Province of Assinobia, and the Dominion Government have confirmed the selection, much to the disgust of a large majority of the settlers in the new Province. To make everything agreeable, however, the Governor-General has substituted the euphonious name "Regina," for the original (and perhaps more appropriate) Pile of Bones.

A CUR-IOUS POEM.

THE EDITOR OF GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—For several days I have felt most peculiar and uneasy sensations pervading my whole being. My mother says they are the premonitory symptoms of a case of yellow jaundice, but I believe it's poetry working itself out through my system. In this belief I retired to my chamber; I never wrote a poem before, but I had heard that the poet's eye must roll in fine frenzy. I rolled mine nearly out of my head till I was rewarded with the production of the following lines. You will perceive that the metre is peculiar, for whilst the lines all rhyme the same as any other poet's (except Joaquin Miller and a few more) they also rhyme at the beginning as well. This convinces me that I am *poeta nata non facta*, though I hope my poetry will yet be the making of me. Here is my poem:

ODE ON MY DOG

ALIVE AND DEAD.

Hark! at night I love to hear the dog
Bark, for it shows his trusty watch he's keeping;
Never off guard, with semi-closed eye,
Ever alert whilst drowsy man is sleeping.

Dog, you're a noble brute, quite equal to
Hog for the making of the rich bolcnga,
Restive in life, oh! dog, I cherish you:
Festive in death and useless to your owner.

Then comes the butcher and he spies your corse;
Men at the sausage mill your requiem grind,
Civil to you now, do they feel remorse?
Devil a bit, unless 'tis in their mind.

Sporting about we'll see you never more
Cavorting round in happy, jound play,
You have departed for fair Canine's shore,
True is the saying "Each dog has his day."

Oft have I watched you as upon the coal,
Soft as they make it, you with lissome ease
Turned nearly inside out, your valiant soul
Burned as you hunted, rarely captured, dead.

True, I have risen in the dead of night
Blue with the cold, when you have bayed the moon,
Fully resolved to slay you upon sight,—
Bully for you, you skipped away too soon.

Ladies, my dog is dead and gone; but where?
Hades, perchance, but peradventure not,
Weep, gentle readers, drop a silent tear,
Sleep, little doggie: ("Sausage, smoking hot.")

Such are the words that bust my reverie—
Much as I hate to, I'll devour thee.

There, Mr. Editor, is my first attempt. BY publishing it you may be encouraging a rising poet, by refusing it you will crush to earth one who feels the, till now, latent germs of minstrelsy already sprouting in his teeming soul.

Faithfully yours,

SWIZ.

Our Funny Contributor says the reason he wishes to marry is because the tenancy and the spirit of the age is all towards union or amalgamation. Our contributor says he has fought against this spirit as long as he can, but can resist it no longer.



HIS LORDSHIP'S NETHER GARMENTS

1ST PROMISING CITIZEN.—What's the matter with His Lordship's legs?

2ND Do.—He wants to show that that 'ere Rectorship has made his seat easier!

HIS LORDSHIP, (*aside with an effort*). Sit still, my heart, sit still!

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. VI.—THE MAN.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Someone will surely say when they see this article that I am a lunatic for asserting that the man is an animal. They may say as they like. Other mortals have been called names, and yet they didn't lose their appetites or die of a broken heart. I am right. The man is an animal, but there is this to say in its favor: it is a little more civilized and has a trifle more of common sense than the rest of animals.

The man is the finest animal that was ever invented. Through all the centuries that have intervened since the beginning of the world, it has been spreading its numerous progeny over every part of the globe. Other animals inhabit only certain portions of this sorrowful earth. You can find the kangaroo in Australia, but not in Canada; you can see the orang-outang in the heart of Africa, but not swinging among the oak trees of old England; you can (if you get there) see the Arctic bear climbing the North Pole, but you don't see him basking in the sun where the Florida alligator lives on young darkies. But the man is superior to these and all others. It is found in all countries, all climates, all latitudes. It is as universal in its habitation as the air it breathes. From East to West, from North to South, up and down, from one side to the other, down the centre, up the back and all the way round—even in the bowels of the earth is the man found. We find it inhabiting the seas, the deserts, the mountains, the caves, the wildernesses, the rocky passes and the hearts of forests that are almost impenetrable. We find it in palaces and canal boats, churches and wigwams, colleges and balloons, houses of parliament and insane asylums. Is not all this enough to show the overwhelming superiority of the man over all other animals that were, are, or ever will be, not even excepting the elephant?

Let us take the man from its birth; let us carefully examine the development of its character, its tastes and its muscle; let us make a study of its good points, and without that

doubtful charity that is shown when the character of a dead man is being overhauled, let us not strip his failings, but rather let us take a note of them and endeavor to find greater ones in ourselves.

When the man is very young—that is in its primeval days, it is called an infant. It is also called an external nuisance and a brass-lunged squaller. At this time it is of no earthly use, except to keep a grown-up man walking around the house with it all night, and to serve as a receptacle for all the paregoric and soothing syrup that its dad chooses to buy. It is constantly in trouble. It is either suffering from cholera, mumps, colic, measles, or sore eyes, or it is forever keeping its parents in hot water by falling into tubs of the same, tumbling out of the windows, raising bumps on its head by falling down stairs, handling the hot stove-covers, getting scratched by the cat, pecked at by the hens, crawling into the custard pies or getting pins, pennies, shoe-buckles, silver spoons and hot peppers stuck in its precious throttle.

Later on it is termed a child. It does not show any new characteristics, but continues to develop the afore-mentioned eccentricities in a manner that is fruitful of holy horror to its parents and genuine delight to the wide-awake undertaker.

Then it becomes a small boy. It is let loose on a general rampage for a few years and carries terror to the homes of many. It is pranky from morning till night. It puts the cat in the oven, cockroaches in its father's bed, and frogs in the drinking water. It ties craps on the door, and tells the inquiring neighbors that it is grandfather's great-grandmother is dead. It calls its father "pap," and drops buttons in the collection-plate. It breaks its mother's heart and the neighbors' windows. It plays pokey from school and explores an orchard wherein it eats heartily of green apples, and comes out of the orchard all doubled up with pain. It has a long sick spell, and either dies peacefully or recovers and becomes a faithful member of the Sunday-school.

Next it is a youth and is sent to a public school where he is taught Hydrostatics, Physiology, Chemistry, Political Economy, and Natural Philosophy, if it is to be a carpenter; but if its parents are rich and he intends to lead the life of a gentleman, he learns to play cricket, to swim, to row, to drink, to cheat at euchre, to get drunk, and to get out of scrapes as easily as he got into them. Then he meets a young woman whose pa has made money in the pork business; he falls in love with the old man's bank account and subsequently marries the y. w.

From this period until its death, the man tastes the few sweets and the many bitters of this world. It has troubles as plentiful as the applicants for a Government sit. It may be poor and may have to support a wife and seven growing sprigs of itself on seven dollars a week—but I forgot! The man may be fortunate enough not to marry!! It may be a bachelor!!! Happy man!!!! It is far better to be a bachelor than a book agent.

The man attains the full age of reason when it is about ninety-three. This is a short sketch of the man. Magnificent animal! noble beast! I could write a book about him and give details as to its habits, styles, shapes and colors. But I shall leave that until I become a millionaire. Again let me say that the man, whose history is the last of those deeply-thought-out Essays, is a noble animal, the most perfect of all.

P.S.—It is more desirable to be a man than to be a catfish.

A late seaside library is entitled, "Mattio's Three Eras." Imagine any women confessing to three eras.



THE ITINERANT INTERVIEWER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As a poet has no honor and little pay in his own country, and less in any other, I have determined to abandon that line of business to a great extent, and to become what I may designate your "itinerant interviewer."

The lavish expenditure and princely establishments of the reporters who interview celebrities for the edification of the readers of those mighty organs, the *Globe* and *Mail*, convince me that such profession must be a very lucrative one.

The questions of the gentlemen who interview are generally so terse and lawyer-like, and the answers of those interviewed of such absorbing interest to the public, that I have made up my mind to become, in fact, (as Micawber would say in a confidential burst) one of that noble band. I don't intend to interview Mrs. Langtry, although I had the pleasure to know that beautiful and ingenious woman in the old country. I shall not interview Mr. Irving when he arrives; no, sir! I seek those who are not celebrities, but might have been had cruel fate—but no matter! Well, sir, the first subject in my professional itinerancy is here interviewed.—

One morning after breakfast when I'd had my slice of air, And cup of "aqua pura," the poet's usual fare, Lest something in repletion might digestion's process

hault, And bilious feelings supervene, I thought I'd take a walk. I strolled me up Ontario, that melancholy street, Until I reached the corner where the same and Gerrard meet;

There I beheld an aged man, imposing in physique, I looked at him, he looked at me, as if he wished to speak.

His hair was white, or should have been, his face, a dingy brown All marked with hieroglyphics that the years had written down;

'Twas furrowed o'er with many lines, like some deep-graven page. As time will tattoo yours and mine should we but reach his age.

"Good morning, boss," said I, "you've seen of winters some few score." Said he, "My friend, you see in me a man of eighty-four.

'Tis sixty years since I was here and trod this very ground, And now I feel quite out of place;" and then he gazed around

"I knew this spot a wilderness, and doesn't it seem queer, That now it's cleared—I'm 'in the bush,' and want a pioneer?"

I'd like to take a walk with you, for I am far 'to hum.'" Said I, "The poet loves to find a sentimental chum." Then said that aged pilgrim man, "I feel a kind of thirst."

Said I, "My boy, we'll rectify that little matter first." We did; and then I walked him down, for walking is my wont.

We crossed majestic "Queen" and "King," and then we stood in "Front;"

I took him on the Esplanade, he gazed across the Bay, I listened, with a kind of awe, to what he had to say. And, as he crossed the railway track, without a shade of fear, He pointed to a spot, and said, "I shot an 'Injun' here!"

And just beyond that little 'shant,' where stands the empty car,

I recollect one autumn night I shot a tender 'bar'! It was a little bear he meant, bereft of dam and den; I might have told him "bar-tenders" were not more scarce than then.

He talked a bit of Indians, and scalping in the bush; I told him, some few months ago our 'calers' had a run. I asked him of the red-skins, of his fights and midnight scares;

But his venerable chiming was principally bears. At Bruin's name a sudden glow would animate his face. He said he was in younger days unrivalled in the chase; I found his voice grew husky, and his eyes seemed dim with tears.

And then he groaned, "I have not seen a bear for sixty years.

If I could see but one more bear, why boss, I almost think, I'd feel inclined, if you've the wealth, to take another drink."

"Grieve not, my antiquated friend, you may be happy yet."

I straight replied, "And you shall have both bear and drink, you bet!"

"Stranger," he said, "I shan't forget your kindness anyhow;

The 'bar' might wait a little while, suppose we liquor now?"

Said I, "Your patriarchal ways would any heart beguile." I took him to a certain house, we had another 'smile.' "And now," said I, "we'll find the bear;" so over to the Zoo

I took my venerable pal—I had to pay for two. And when he saw that mighty beast, he started with surprise;

Exclaiming, "Well, by gom! that bear is good for sore eyes;

Of all the bears on earth," said he, "that critter holds the stick!"

"That's true," said I, "because that bear is 'Peter' Piper's 'pick'!"

"He's picked a big 'un, then," said he; "and now I'll say good-day."

That bear brings up old memories, I can no longer stay." And so we wended out again and parted in the road. "Adoo!" said he, "I'm pleased to find your 'bars' and city grown!"

R. C.



Messrs. Baker & F., Toronto's old-time favorites, are at present playing an engagement at the Grand. The piece this week, *Max Muller*, is given for the first time here. It is a lively melodrama, affording plenty of scope for the comedians, and consequently plenty of laughter for the audience. Next week *Chris and Lena* will be given.

At the Royal, Miss Ada Gray is playing to Exhibition audiences in her new version of *East Lynne*. It is safe to say that the heroine of that popular Drama was never more ably presented in Toronto. Next week, Mr. W. J. Scanlon, the popular comedian, enters on an engagement at this house.

This (Friday) evening, a second grand entertainment is to be given in the Horticultural Pavilion by Harry C. Franck, of New York, the distinguished elocutionist, and Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, the eminent pianist, assisted by other artists. A rare treat is in store for all who attend, as both these gentlemen are masters in their respective lines.

According to promise, the New York Comic Opera Company return to the city next week and resume their performances at the Pavilion, *Maacoi, l'abienne*, and the *Pirates of Penzance*, are to be given, and it goes without saying that the beauties of these charming works will be fully brought out. Crowded audiences ought to—and probably will—be present.

The Provincial Fair—Ontario girls.



EMULATING THE "UPPER CLASSES."

(Scene Montreal.—Billy the Burglar arrested for robbing Widows' Houses.)

1ST. SYMPATHIZING FRIEND, (in background).—POOR FELLOW, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THE "EMBARRASSMENT" HE HAS GOT HIMSELF INTO BY HIS "IRREGULARITIES?"
2ND. DO.—YES.—SUPPOSE WE KNOCK DOWN THE PEELER!

INTELLIGENCEVILLE CITY COUNCIL.

(By our own Reporter.)

A meeting of the City Council was not held on Sunday, but on a proper working day, and at the usual convenient time.

In the absence on his holidays, of the biggest City Father, Alderman Citizen was voted to the chair. Present—Alderman Common-sense, Radical, Easy-go, Learned, Conservation and Energy.

A communication was read from Mr. Street with reference to a slight subsidence on the block pavement opposite his property. On the motion of Alderman Energy, the matter was sent to the Committee of Public Works, with a request that it should be attended to on the morrow.

In pursuance of his notice at last meeting, Alderman Easy-go moved that Central-street, Suburban-street, and Workman-street should be planted with shade trees. In moving this resolution, Alderman Easy-go begged to be understood that he did not so much refer to the beautifying of the city, as to the increased healthfulness insured to the localities named by the planting of shade trees. He also had in his mind the influence upon the morals of the dwellers on those streets, that a row of handsome trees before their houses would have. They were all people of the poorer classes who had little to cheer them in the shape of pretty and convenient furniture, and he was sure that his constituents as well as his friends in the Council would agree with him that the cost of a few trees would be well accounted for by the comfort they would yield to the industrious citizens for whom they were intended, beside which they would have the moral effect of a poem upon their minds, keeping before them the beauties of the changing season and pulling them into a sort of unconscious harmony with order and civilization.

Ald. Learned begged to second Ald. Easy-go. He thought it only right that there should be no distinction made between any of the streets of Intelligenceville on the matter of beauty and health. Ald. Easy-go's remarks were of a sort that did honor to his head and his heart.

The motion was passed.

Ald. Common-sense begged to move that at least three years notice be given to property holders before trees that had been condemned by order of the City Ranger should be cut down. He knew that many old residents who in the infancy of the city had planted joust trees in front of their houses felt deeply aggrieved when the order for their removal was ruthlessly put in force. He thought it was only just to those who in years gone by had contributed so much to the welfare of the city by planting trees, to have their feelings considered and some discretion allowed the officer, especially in cases where, the age of the property-holder rendered it simply a matter of time, before the law could be put in force without hurting their feelings. An old resident himself, he knew that trees that grew up with our growth became endeared by many recollections, and he would like to see old citizens spared unnecessary pain.

Ald. Conservation seconded the motion, which in his opinion involved moral if not legal rights which the Council would not be justified in overlooking.

After some discussion the motion was passed.

Ald. Radical had the honor of calling the attention of the Council to two thistles that flourished on Western Avenue. He thought the City Ranger ought to be more attentive to his duties in respect to the boulevards; only last week he had called the attention of that officer to a patch of camomile and several dandelions that disgraced one of our side streets, and now he was sorry to see there were thistles to be found within the city limits. It really was beyond reason to expect the citizens to pay taxes for the care and beauty of the city, if the officials were not conscientious in the performance of their duties. Give two thistles, three dandelions, and one patch of camomile one season of undisturbed possession and he would confidently prophecy the return of a state of things that most of us were now ashamed to remember, he alluded to the time when the boulevards were little else than a mass of weeds, when thistles, witch-grass, and dandelions held undisputed sway, and

when a neat piece of turf was a thing unknown in Intelligenceville notwithstanding the efforts of a few wise citizens who by constant endeavor strove to eradicate the obnoxious weeds.

Ald. Energy said that if there was one thing he was more proud of, as a citizen of Intelligenceville than another, it was the beautiful boulevards and the handsome shade trees that adorned the city. He cared not from whence a visitor came whether it might be from Venice, Berlin, Paris, London, or Detroit, he always felt sure that Intelligenceville would win their warm admiration. And why was this? Simply because they had determined to do their duty to the premises, by providing for the proper disposition of the refuse of the city, by keeping a corps of industrious men under the management of competent foremen, whose business it was to keep the trees, boulevards, yards, lanes, and indeed every corner of the city in the best of order during the summer, and to remove the snow all other scannable work in the winter. He hoped that the City Ranger would look after the thistles and weeds mentioned by Ald. Radical, and that the elegance of the city would be preserved intact.

On the motion of Ald. Energy a notice was sent to the City Ranger calling his attention to the evidences of neglect alluded to by Ald. Radical.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MR. HOWELLS's novel "A Modern Instance," which has been running through the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, will end with the October number. It has won thousands of new readers for Mr. Howells, who will welcome the announcement of another story from his pen for the coming year of THE CENTURY. It is to be called "A Sea Change," and will be a study of international relations, the scene lying in America, and not, as has usually been the case with recent "international" stories, upon foreign ground. It is to deal also, with problems of self-help among women, and with certain tragic phases of New England life.

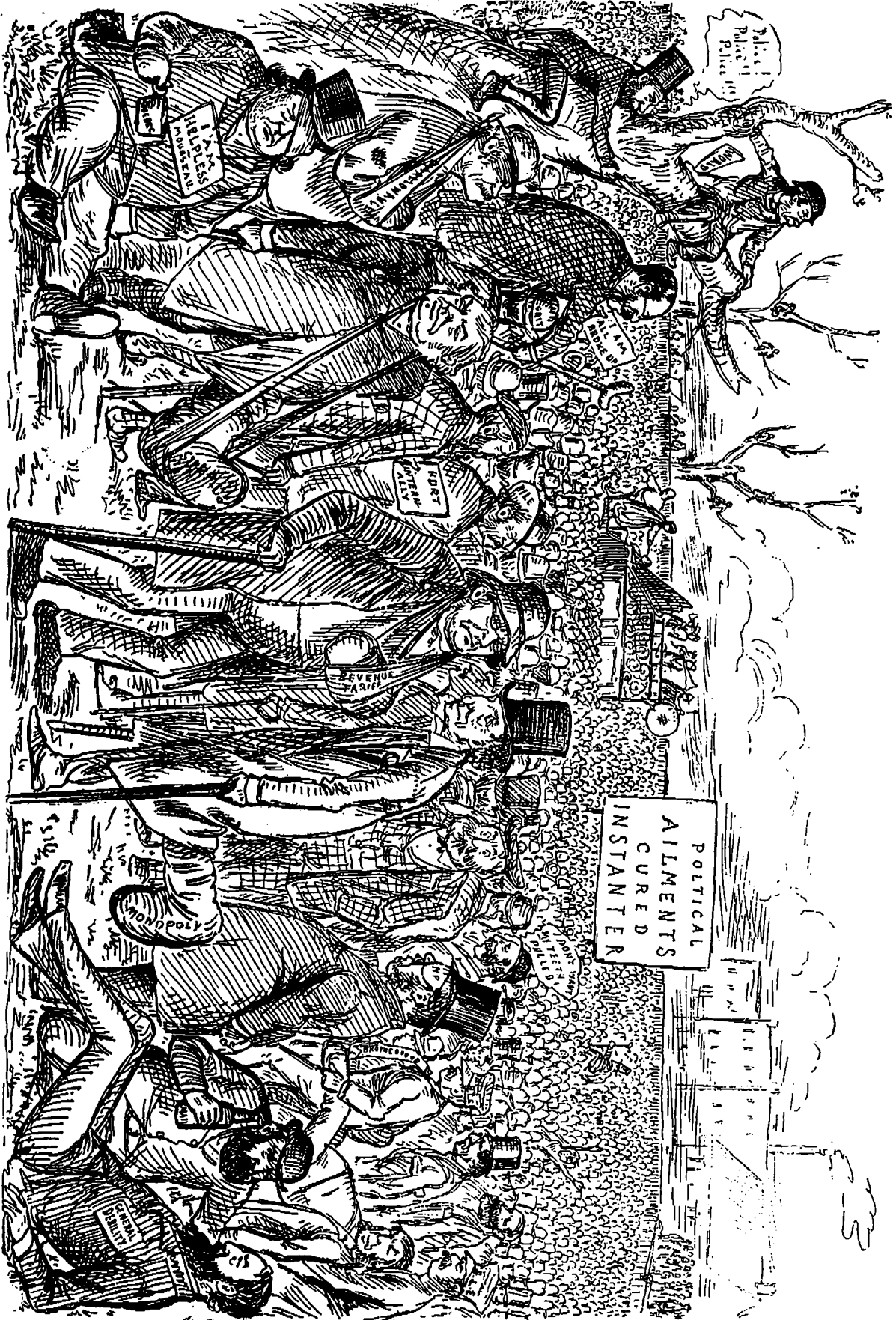


THE ABLE OFFICE-HOLDER.

GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR.—(to light-house keeper).—And how many buoys have you?
INTELLIGENT OFFICIAL.—Two at home, sir; Bob, he's gone to Winnipeg.

Undressed Swedes are very fashionable for gloves.—Fashion Err.—Fancy a young lady having anything to do with an undressed Swede.

SOME HARD CASES FOR THE FEMALE DOCTOR.



The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

BILL NYE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

The *Boomerang* reporter sent out to find the North Pole eighteen months ago has just been heard from. An exploring party recently found a portion of his remains in latitude 41 44, longitude sou' west by sou' from the pole, and near the remains the following fragments of a diary:

July 1, 1881.—Have just been out searching for sunstroke and signs of a thaw. Saw nothing but ice floe and snow as far as the eye could reach. Think we will have snow this evening unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the forenoon exploring to the north-west for right of way for a new equatorial and north pole railroad that I think would be of much value to commerce. The grade is easy and the expense would be slight. Ate my last dog to-day. Had intended him for the 4th, but got too hungry, and ate him raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home eating *Boomerang* paste.

July 3.—We had quite a frost last night and it looks this morning as though the corn and small fruits must have suffered. It is now two weeks since the last of the crew died and left me alone. Ate the leather ends of my suspenders to-day for dinner. I did not need the suspenders, anyway, for by tightening up my pants I find they will stay on all right, and I don't look for any ladies to call, so that even if my pants should come off by some oversight, nobody would be shocked.

July 4.—Saved up some tar roofing and a bottle of mucilage for my Fourth of July dinner and gorged myself to-day. The exercises were very poorly attended and the celebration rather a failure. It is clouding up in the west and I'm afraid we're going to have snow. Seems to me we're having an all-fired late spring here this year.

July 5.—Didn't drink a drop yesterday. It was the quietest Fourth I ever put in. I never felt so little remorse over the way I celebrated as I do to-day. I didn't do a thing yesterday that I was ashamed of except to eat the remainder of a box of shoe blacking for supper. To-day I ate my last boot heel, stewed. Looks as though we might have a hard winter.

July 6.—Feel a little apprehension about something to eat. My credit is all right here, but there is no competition, and prices are, therefore, very high. Ice, however, is still firm. This would be a good ice cream country if there were any demand, but the country is so sparsely settled that a man feels as lonesome here as a Greenbacker at a Presidential election.

Ate a pound of cotton waste soaked in machine oil, to-day. There is nothing left for tomorrow but ice-water and an old pocket-book for dinner. Looks as though we might have snow.

July 7.—This is a good cool place to spend the summer if provisions were more plenty. I am wearing a seal skin undershirt with three woollen overshirts and two bearskin vests to-day; and when the dew begins to fall I have to put on my buffalo ulster to keep off the night air. I wish I was home. It seems pretty lonesome here since the other boys died. I do not know what I will get for dinner tomorrow, unless the neighbors bring in something. A big bear is coming down the hatchway as I write. I wish I could eat him. It would be the first square meal in two months. It is, however, a little mixed whether I will eat him or he eat me. It will be a cold day for me if he ————"

Here the diary breaks off abruptly, and from the chewed up appearance of the book we entertain a horrible fear as to his safety.

THE COMFORT OF AN ELEVATOR.

"Say, boss, is that the lifter?" inquired tall, lank-looking farmer of the elevator man. "Yes, this is the elevator," was the reply. "Don't cost nuthin' to go up, eh?" "No—it's free."

"Well, I didn't know whether you charged or not. You see, I took a ride in one of them things the centennial year, and they let me go free; but I s'posed it was only for that year."

He stepped in, took a seat, and as the elevator glided gently upward, he exclaimed: "Gosh! but it's nice."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THEY WERE ONCE.

This was in a horse-car. Two elderly gentlemen seated on one side, and another ditto on the other.

"Excuse me," said the latter, "but are you, gentlemen, natives of New Haven?"

"No sir, no," replied one of the persons addressed.

"Ah, I didn't know, gentlemen," said the questioner.

"We were formerly natives," said the other of the two, "but we are now living in Philadelphia."

Quite a smile all over the car."—*New Haven Register.*

A YACHTING EXPERIENCE.

"Now I'll show you what yachting really means," said a local yachtsman to his guests as they sailed out of Gowanus Bay and laid their course for the Narrows. "Just the kind of a breeze I like to-day. You are not afraid of a cupful of wind, I hope."

"Oh, no," said the guest; "but I suppose your boat is safe."

"Safe!" said the yachtsman. "Why, man, she'll stand up under any amount of canvas I can crowd on to her. Now these are her working sails, but you ought to see her under racing canvas. When I slap in her other sticks there isn't anything in her class that can keep within sight of her. She shows all the boats her heels every time, I can tell you. I'm willing to match my boat against any of her class in the country, and I'll lay two to one on her at that. Just see how she jumps now; but wait until we round that point and I'll give you a taste of yachting you won't be apt to forget in a hurry."

Here a puff of wind struck the yacht and knocked her over very badly, sending the yachtsman and his guest scrambling to windward.

"Does she do that often?" asked the guest, anxiously watching another ripple that was fast approaching them.

"That isn't anything, my boy," said the yachtsman, clinging to the tiller and casting a suspiciously anxious glance over his shoulder.

"A mere zephyr for my boat. Just sling a couple of sand bags up there a'onside of you, please. That's it. Now we'll be around the point in a few moments, and then you'll see some fun. I tell you she'll just boil to-day, even with these sails on her."

"Don't you think we'd better take a reef?" suggested the guest, looking at the white caps playing over the waters in front of them.

"A reef!" shouted the gallant amateur toiler of the sea. "And in such a gentle breeze as this. Do you want me to be the laughing stock of the club? Do you wish to disgrace me forever? My boy, I wouldn't take a reef to-day for a thousand dollars. It would ruin my reputation completely. I tell you you are with a yachtsman to-day, and don't you forget it. I've seen big schooners putting into port under two reefs when I was carrying every stitch of canvas and thinking nothing of it. Oh, I'm a yachtsman from Yachtville every time, sure. Just haul another sand bag

up alongside of you, please. That's the ticket. Here we go. Don't be afraid," and the yacht went over until her boom was within an inch of the water.

"I think I'll take my shoes off," said the guest meekly, as he braced his feet against the deck of the cockpit and clung like grim death to the rail on the other side of him.

"You are not afraid," said the bold yachtman, making a grab for his hat which was on the eve of going overboard. "You shouldn't mind a little puff like that. You can just sling another sand-bag up there if you like. Now take the sheet and I'll attend to the tiller, and mind you, let her slack when I shout. Now, we're beginning to stir," and the yacht careened again worse than ever.

"I thought you said she would stand—stand up?" groaned the guest, clinging desperately to the main sheet with both hands, and expecting every moment to be jerked overboard.

"That was a good knock down," said the bold yachtman, "but she just laughs at such weather as this. You should have been with me when—let your sheet run! Quick!" But it was too late, her great sail striking the water with a tremendous splash, and then disappearing as she turned completely upside down.

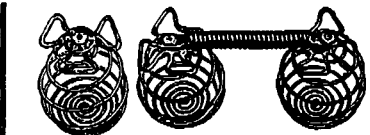
"You should—pish—have—pish—let go the—the sheet," spluttered the bold yachtman, as he dragged himself up beside his guest on the bottom of the boat.

"Da—da—d—the x!! x—sheet!" spluttered the guest, as he dug the salt water out of his starboard eye, and gazed over the bay in the vain hope of discovering the better two-thirds of his new summer suit.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BREVITY IN SPEECH—SWEETNESS IN MUSIC.

Some one has said that short speeches are the most impressive, and simple, sweet music the most touching. If there be anything in the idea, certainly the following from C. C. De Zouche, of De Zouche & Co., Piano and Organ Dealers, 233 St. James-st., Montreal, is to the point and convincing: "St. Jacobs Oil has proved of incalculable value to me in a case of rheumatism, having given me almost instant relief." In the same strain of expressive brevity writes Mr. John C. Fleming, editor in chief of the *Montreal Post*: "I have much pleasure in stating that, from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, I find it excellent and I think it a good medicine."

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THE MERRY, MERRY MAIDEN AND THE PRIEST.

A LENTEN EPISODE.

A maiden from Wales, named Elizabeth Jones,
Was a faithful attendant at Nether St Jude,
Where the vicar explained, in mellifluous tones,
That all should keep Lent who desired to be good.
That the season of Lent was a season of trial,
Of abstinence strict from each favorite dish,
And the really devout, in complete self-denial,
Should abandon flesh meat and should dine upon fish.
From amusements, he said, it was well to abstain,
From theatres, dancing, and unto each lover
He explained 'twould be wise and would be a great gain
To defer further wooing till Lent was well over.
Next evening he met with Miss Jones and her swain,
As happy as clams at the height of the tide,
And hailing in front of the too loving twain,
And, lifting his eyes in amazement, he cried:
"I'm astonished and grieved at such scandalous doings,
Thoughts meet for this season were best kept in mind,
And instead of such follies a sweet-heart and wooings,
The world and its sins should be left far behind.
"I strongly impressed on my flock, as its pastor,
That thoughts of this earth should cease at this season,
And an earnest desire to save souls from disaster
Hereafter was one truly pastoral reason.
"I wish you, Miss Jones, to pay some slight attention
To what, from the pulpit, you've oft heard me saying;
Once more for your benefit, Bessy, I'll mention
That I wish you to think less of love, more of praying
"Above all things, whatever you do, I beseech you
Keep a curb on your passions lest they chance to run
riot,
And the best means I know to do this is to teach you
To adhere, in all faith, to a strictly fish diet.
That you'll do so in Lent is my most earnest wish,"
But up spake the maiden, all calm and serene,
"Your reverence said we were not denied fish,
And there's no harm in William, for he's such a Sardine."
SWITZ.

MAID OF YORKVILLE.

A little lay of condolence affectionately addressed to Mr. Archer and other members of the Yorkville Village Council, about to pass into nonentity by the carrying out of annexation.
It has been ascertained by the author of the following poem that part of its title and general structure has been initiated in the early decades of this century by an obscure scribbler, who addressed some lines evidently borrowed from this lyric to an Athenian sewing-girl of Sootch descent, named Zoe Brown, but no relation of the managing director of the *Globe*.
(The editor of GRIP is pleased to be in a position to state that the obscure scribbler in question who was also the author of a very fleshy poem named *Don Juan*, has never been a contributor to GRIP, and has no claim to the authorship of the poem which we now give to the world, a poem evidently suggested by a picture in last week's GRIP, wherein our artist figured Yorkville under the guise of a young and blooming maiden, not disinclined to a union with a gentleman whose distinguished figure worthily represents the city of which he is Mayor.)

Maid of Yorkville, ere we part,
Give me back my village chart!
'Though your Archer, in the dark,
Be no more a man of mark—
Severn's porter is your own;
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

Annexation soon must come—
Village fathers not "to hum"—
Of her reeve bereaved at last
Yorkville will be changing fast,
City dog eat village bone
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

Water from the filthy ditch
Shall no more this tomb enrich;
Drainage stench with typhoid foul
Glut no more the graveyard howl,
Clear fresh fountains be our own,
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

C. O. M.

A LETTER FROM ROYALTY.

On board the train.
*En route West,
Wednesday.*

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Happening to see a stray number of the *Globe*, I was greatly grieved and pained on reading the "special correspondence" which Mr. Jenkins of that journal had sent from Niagara Falls, during our recent visit to that charming locality. It was nothing which Mr. Jenkins said which hurt me (poor fellow, he is a perfect flunkoy and wouldn't hurt a grasshopper!)—but it was what he omitted to say. I am at a loss to account for these glaring omissions, and I should certainly take them as personal insults were it not that I know Mr. J. to be just what I have described him. But to come to particulars, for the train is rocking horridly and I find it difficult to write. Mr. Jenkins failed to tell the *Globe* readers that at dinner on the first day I was helped to roast beef rare. Moreover he omitted to mention that before going out to sketch, I raised my right arm and adjusted a hairpin in the most natural and feminine manner. He also omitted to state that during the whole of my stay at the Prospect House I breathed just the same as the people around me, and evidently enjoyed the exercise. You, Mr. GRIP, who are a man of good sense, may think me foolish to remark these omissions, which in your eyes may seem very trifling. Yes, they are trifling, but they are just about as important as the things he *didn't* omit, and that makes me wonder what his motive could have been.

Yours truly, in haste,
LOUISE.

AN ESSAY ON BANGS.



HERE are all sorts of bangs—long, short, bushy, wavy, curly, straight, cork-screwy, fair, black, golden, brown, red, auburn, grey, and even white. The most admired are the soft, smooth, catch-me-round-the-corner variety, and they generally belong to the nicest "little girl" you know; singularly enough, although she owns them you can't bear to think she's paid for them. They are sometimes pert and saucy, and cover alike the classic brow and the low retreating forehead. They have enemies who have called them names, as "lunatic's fringe, beau-catchers," (such an insinuation), and "idiot-covers." Comment is hardly necessary. Their detractors probably have got mad at being caught in the meshes of some particularly fascinating ones. Bangs (though a few are straight) at present generally run to curls; curls are composed of the capillary substance called hair, their spiral shape is sometimes a freak of nature, more usually the combined influences of heat and steam pencil, or pipe-stems, in fact of the two the latter are now the most used, which probably accounts for the mutilated condition of your meesehaum. Men generally suppose it is the smoke that curls, married men know it is the pipe, though it frequently is anything but the pipe of peace. Damp weather and warm, is rough on bangs, it makes them straight and lank—that's the reason so few girls go out in rainy weather and those that do always wear veils or hair-nets. This fact is becoming so generally well known, that all you have got to do to describe a nasty, raw, wet, muggy, foggy, drizzling beastly kind of a day is to say, "Bad for curls," and you are impressive and witty as you are brief.

A great many persons of the masculine persuasion abuse bangs, but let a man see the fair one he admires most with her bangs uncurled, and if she gazes on the wan, haggard look on her face he doesn't instantly turn up the gas and offer her his best pipe to curl them up again, he holds her of less value than a mere thing of clay, or he has no sense of the beautiful. We were talking about the difficulty of getting funds for a search party for the North Pole, to an old bachelor, he suggested raising them by levying a poll-tax on females who wore bangs, and said that he himself would "like to go equipped with a pair of scissors on a voyage of search for a forehead," but we told him our ancestors had monopolized foreheads to such an extent posterity had come off short, and that for our part in moderation we rather liked bangs. At this he slowly turned on his heel, and we heard him muttering to himself, "it bangs all what anyone can see in bangs," but,

Her little curls athwart her snowy brow,
My fancy free have caught;
I'd give a fiver now to know
If they're her own or bought.

I. Lows.

A MOST REMARKABLE TOOTH.

A TALE TOLD BY ONE WHO NEVER, NEVER LIED.

I have always hesitated to publish the following story as I felt that I might, by so doing, lay myself open to a charge of wilfully wandering from the path of rectitude and truth. Feeling this, and unable to bear the thought that my name might be handed down to posterity with those of Ananias, big fish, cold weather, and snake liars, and others, I have, I repeat, hesitated to record this tale, and embalm it in the pages of any publication. But, scorning those who would seek to blast my reputation for veracity, I have at length determined to give it in its plain and unvarnished simplicity to the reading public. For several days my friend Struggles had been tormented with an aching tooth, till one day I persuaded him to go to a dentist and have it out, offering to accompany him and soothe him in his hour of agony. We went. The dentist examined the tooth, lanced the gum, and taking a firm grip with his forceps, gave a tremendous pull. The tooth came out about half an inch, but still remained firm. Either the root was a very long one or it stretched. The operator mounted a chair and took another pull. About seven inches of the tooth came beyond the gum, but there appeared to be lots more of it. I asked him if it was not rather an extraordinary tooth, but he replied that it was not, and that he had often pulled teeth with roots reaching down to the patient's hips. Dentists will not lie. He took another grip and hauled away energetically. In one thing it will be observed that this dentist was a model to all tooth carpenters: he took several GRIPS. This is a pun. Laugh. Some more tooth came out, and at the same time Struggles' legs were jerked vigorously up below the knees. Struggles suggested, as well as he could speak, that this must be an unusual case, but the dentist was unwilling to own that anything could happen which had not before occurred in his experience. So he merely replied that he knew cases where the roots extended to the knees. Then he strapped Struggles in the chair, put his legs in splints to straighten them, adjusted the forceps, and taking it over his shoulder, walked smartly away toward the door, like a deck hand going up a bank with a tow line. When he reached the door he braced himself against the jamb and laid back for a final effort. The tooth came this time, and fell on the floor, but the dentist made most noise as he struck the boards. Struggles burst his bands, and springing forward grasped the latter end of the

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tooth. There were two prongs to the root, and at the end of each prong was a big toe nail. "Ah!" said the dentist to Struggles, whose yells had annoyed us both considerably, "that's what hurt you so." Then he continued with a bland, guileless look upon his countenance, "I am willing to admit that this is rather an unusual case of its class, but I once extracted a tooth from one of the Siamese twins, the root of which extended clear through the bodies of both, so that when I pulled out Eng's decayed molar, at the end of the root was a sound tooth from Chang's mouth, which annoyed him greatly. There are some queer things happening daily in our profession." Then we went away. Some people would say this story is too thin. It is not. It is tooth out.

SWTZ.



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