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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of G.R.I.P. Office.

The American Art Gallery has purchased J. G. Brown's important work, "The Lost Child," now on his easel, and Seymour J. Guy's Academy picture, "One for Mamma, One for You and one for Me."

Bastian-Lepage recently employed his skill gracefully in designing a programme, which is described as charming, for a benefit given to a Mlle. Alexis, who has played the dueuna at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, for many years, and now retires from the stage.

Mr. Leyboldt offers five prizes (\$100, \$50, \$25, \$15, and \$10) for the next best one hundred books for a small library. The competition is open only to subscribers to the *Library Journal* or *Publishers' Weekly*. Mr. Leyboldt is the well-known publisher of the *Literary News* of N. Y., an excellent periodical.

"Abide with me," sacred song by F. H. Torrington, published by Suckling & Sons. There are several faults in this song. A few of the most striking we will point out. In the Bass setting, page 1st, bar 3rd there is an unbearable set of consecutive 5ths, and the same again bar 16th between the extreme parts; page 2nd, bar 3d, C sharp should be written D flat. The frequent doubling of the 3rd and 7th that exists is also not good. The setting of the unaccented word at the beginning of the 2nd line to the accented note of the bar is also incorrect, and equally so from a singing point of view. There is also a great monotony in its modulation. The modulation from the key to its relative minor, then to the seventh on C, then to the seventh on F, and then to the key, occurring no less than seven or eight times. The harmonizing of the song throughout is certainly not orthodox. Irrespective of these faults we do not find anything striking or original in the melody, or the element of a sacred song contained in it. —SHARP SIXTH.

In the illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon for 1881 Mr. W. Stott has two pictures, called "Noontide Reveries," which are interesting from their attempt to give an idea of the solid weight of sunlight. Bouguereau has two affected drawings, one of a "Madonna and Angels," and one of "Aurora," the chief figures being interchangeable as to character. Henner exhibits an extraordinary "Saint Jerome" and a "Source" in his forced black and white. By Falguiere there is a vigorous "Slaughter of a Bull." Bastien Lepage has "A Beggar"—a powerful piece of character-drawing. The man answers to our "tramp" and his sly, degraded face contrasts with the vacant, innocent gaze of the child who is slowly shutting the door upon him. Joseph Israels (the "Millet of Holland") has a very interesting picture called "Nothing Left!"—a young man sitting in a dejected attitude by the deathbed of a parent. Another of his pictures is a sewing-school at Katnyk. There is a curious caricature of Millet's "Sower" by a man named Perrot. A delicate, fanciful picture by Aubert shows love catching girls as boys snare larks—by holding up a mirror. They creep up in shy, pretty attitudes to look at themselves in the bright little silver orrescent with which the sauey boy flashes rays of light in their eyes, forming little groups full of bird-like grace. The whole is a charming composition. Alma Tadema is represented by one of his usual Greek subjects, exquisitely painted, excellently composed and drawn, and perfectly uninteresting. For the information of our Canadian artists we may state that this catalogue may be had of J. W. Bouton, New York—price \$1.25.



Department of the Interior,

OTTAWA, 25th May, 1881.

WHEREAS circumstances have rendered it expedient to effect certain changes in the policy of the Government respecting the administration of Dominion Lands, Public Notice is hereby given:—

1. The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, were rescinded by order of His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, on the 20th day of May instant, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural lands substituted therefor:

2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say, lying within 24 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emptions. The odd-numbered sections within the said belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.

3. The pre-emptions entered within the said belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 31st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

4. From and after the 31st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said belt, or within the corresponding belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.

5. Dominion Lands, the property of the Government, within 24 miles of any projected line of Railway recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the Official Gazette as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre, payable in cash.

6. In all townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause 2 of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.

7. The lands described as public lands shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, cash, excepting in special cases where the Minister of the Interior, under the provisions of section 4 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last session of Parliament, may deem it expedient to withdraw certain farming lands from ordinary sale and settlement, and put them up for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in which event such lands shall be put up at an upset price of \$2 per acre.

8. Pre-emptions outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, to be paid in one sum at the end of three years from the date of entry, or at such earlier period as the claimant may acquire a title to his homestead quarter-section.

9. Exception shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 320 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no Patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same.

10. The price and terms of payment of odd-numbered sections and pre-emptions, above set forth, shall not apply to persons who have settled in any one of the several belts described in the said Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, hereby rescinded, but who have not obtained entries for their lands, and who may establish a right to purchase such odd-numbered sections or pre-emptions, as the case may be, at the price and on the terms respectively fixed for the same by the said Regulations.

Timber for Settlers.

11. The system of wood lots in prairie townships shall be continued—that is to say, homestead settlers having no timber on their own lands shall be permitted to purchase wood lots in area not exceeding 20 acres each, at a uniform rate of \$5 per acre, to be paid in cash.

12. The provision in the next preceding paragraph shall apply also to settlers on prairie sections bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in cases where the only wood lands available have been laid out on even-numbered sections, provided the Railway Company agree to re-locate where the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.

13. With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses from time to time, under and in accordance with the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by it within surveyed townships; and settlement upon, or

sale of any lands covered by such licenses, shall, for the time being, be subject to the operation of the same.

Sales of Lands to Individuals or Corporations for Colonization.

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertaking, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt of any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half price, or \$1 per acre, in cash. In case the lands applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent. interest thereon till paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 10 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Acts hereinbefore mentioned.

15. In every such transaction it shall be absolutely conditional:—

(a) That the company or individual, as the case may be, shall, in the case of lands outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, within three years of the date of the agreement with the Government, place two settlers on each of the odd-numbered sections, and also two on homesteads on each of the even-numbered sections embraced in the scheme of colonization.

(b) That should the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the company or individual shall, within three years of the date of agreement with the Government, place two settlers on the half of each even-numbered section purchased under the provision contained in paragraph 14, above, and also one settler upon each of the two quarter sections remaining available for homesteads in such section.

(c) That on the promoters failing within the period fixed to place the prescribed number of settlers, the Governor in Council may cancel the sale and the privilege of colonization, and resume possession of the lands not settled, or charge the full price of \$2 per acre, or \$2.50 per acre, as the case may be, for such lands, as may be deemed expedient.

(d) That it be distinctly understood that this policy shall only apply to schemes for colonization of the public lands by Emigrants from Great Britain or the European Continent.

Pasturage Lands.

16. The policy set forth as follows shall govern applications for lands for grazing purposes, and persons to entertaining any application to the Minister of the Interior shall satisfy himself of the good faith and ability of the applicant to carry out the undertaking involved in such application.

17. From time to time, as may be deemed expedient, leases of such Townships, or portions of Townships, as may be available for grazing purposes, shall be put up at auction at an upset price to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior, and sold to the highest bidder—the premium for such leases to be paid in cash at the time of the sale.

18. Such leases shall be for a period of 21 years, and in accordance otherwise with the provisions of Section eight of the Amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, hereinbefore mentioned.

19. In all cases, the area included in a lease shall be in proportion to the quantity of live stock kept thereon, at the rate of ten acres of land to one head of stock; and the failure in any case of the lessee to place the requisite stock upon the land within three years from the granting of the lease, or in subsequently maintaining the proper ratio of stock to the area of the leasehold, shall justify the Governor in Council in cancelling such lease, or in diminishing proportionally the area contained therein.

20. On placing the required portion of stock within the limits of the leasehold, the lessee shall have the privilege of purchasing, and receiving a patent for, a quantity of land covered by such lease, on which to construct the buildings necessary in connection therewith, not to exceed five per cent. of the area of the leasehold, which latter shall in no single case exceed 100,000 acres.

21. The rental for a leasehold shall in all cases be at the rate of \$10 per annum for each thousand acres included therein, and the price of the land which may be purchased for the cattle station referred to in the next preceding paragraph shall be \$1.25 per acre, payable in cash.

Payments for Lands.

22. Payments for public lands and also for pre-emptions may be in cash, or in scrip, or in police or military bounty warrants, at the option of the purchaser.

23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or to lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect Sections 11 and 29 in each Township, which are Public School lands, or Sections 8 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

LINDSEY RUSSELL,
Surveyor-General.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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 CAUTION.—The signal victory of the Government in carrying the elections in Colchester and Pictou, (Nova Scotia) which took place simultaneously on Saturday last, of course set the Ministerial organs wild with delight, and drove the Opposition to the usual learned task of accounting for the disaster in such a way as to rob their opponents of all the glory they had apparently gained. This interesting *post facto* operation is known in political parlance as "Extracting Sunbeams from Cucumbers,"—and it is said to be a very difficult operation in cases where (as in this) there are really no sunbeams in the vegetables. These elections were won by the personal influence of Sir Charles Tupper, aided by the duties on coal and iron, and there can be no doubt that so long as self interest controls human nature and Sir Charles controls the tariff, Pictou and Colchester will answer the roll call just in this way.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The series of sketches over the caption of "Movements in Society," require no comment. Like the great orators represented, they speak for themselves.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C. Vennor.—The excellence of the joke, you say, atones for the misrepresentation, but you would like to give a categorical denial to the statement that you predicted a backward Spring. Very well, friend Vennor, we have allowed you to give your denial and will only add that we expect you to be very tender to other people's "mistakes," since you are such an extensive wholesale manufacturer in that line yourself.

E. Goff, P. my.—You ask us to advocate the leasing of the Montreal Telegraph lines to the Great North-Western Company. We have a great respect for you as one of the oldest and worthiest newspaper men in the Dominion, but cannot oblige you. As a director of the Montreal Telegraph Company we should have expected you to resist to the uttermost the handing over the business of the country to a Wall Street monopoly.

Yet another "Revised Version."

Full many a Jem has thought things all serene,
And spooned unconscious with his sweetheart fair,
Till the fierce parent's boot came on the scene,
And sent him squirming through the twilight air.

That Workin' Man.

In his last lecture Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Knox Church, uttered the Carlyle doctrine that workmen should always be content with the wages which are offered to them, and should not refuse to work because the wages offered were beneath their expectations. "All these strikes," said he, "are of the devil."—*Hamilton Times.*

ERINGOBIAUGH TERRACE,
TORONTO, 6th June, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER GRIP,

Isn't it grate fun now, to hear the way thim polytashions an' praychers are all the time leethirin' "the workin' man." I rimumber whin I was in the States, ov that ould blatherstik Beecher tellin' the bloys that a bit o' bread and cold wather was a susthauen diet. Bedad! but sich talk as I heard in a church last Sunday bate all iver I see. Ye see, Misther Grip, I was afther havin' a bit ov a walk, an' the bells bein' a ringin', an' the pupie comin' in crowds, I shteps into Bill Scott's church; thinks I, it's no harm to go inside av a protestan church just to see what like it is. Well, they were afther singin' an' prayin, whin the praste he begins a prachin', an' who should he be prachin' about but the workin' man! "Och mustha!" sez I to meself, "Barney O'Hea you're sould intirely. Is it election time I wonder? or what's up anyway?" He said the workin' man ought to be quite contented with what the boss liked to give him. "Shtrikes" sez he "are of the devil." "Well now the devil run away wid you," sez I—an' thim I rimumbered it was Sunday an' I was in church. An' thim I begun a' thiukin. "Right you are, ould man," sez I, "shtrikes are of the devil, all the same but different. Here's how it works. The wheel o' fortin' turns, up goes the price ov manufactures, an' thousands o' dollars go into the pockets ov the boss. At the same time, an' from that same cause the workin' man has to pay so much per cent. more for bread, praties, pork, an' coals to be afther cookin' thim wid. An' he finds his pay too shuall intirely. "Bedad," says he, "boss, I musht have tin or fifteen cints a day more now whin the good N. P. times has come, an' you've lots o' money; if you don't sure I won't iver be able to pay me pew rint, an' what'll the pracher do thin." "Paw rint be hangid," sez the boss, "me family's bound to go to Entropo this summer, an' me youngest daughter's got to get a six hunder gold pianny, an' I can't afoord to raise yer wages. Be off wid yez, an' if yez are fifteen minutes late to-morrow mornin', be me sowl I'll doe yer wages." Well, the poor man he has a quare large family, an' maybe his wife don't know the day, an' s'chein he is but one ov a hundred in the same fix, bedad, they shtrike. They can't be much worse off than they are, an' there's a chance they'll be better. Ginnally shtpakin' they get the advances, an' whin there's a talk o' lowerin' the wages agin, off goes the tin or fifteen cints, lavin' the wage at the ould thing. But if they hadn't got the raise at the time they did, the fifteen cints would have been kep' off all the same, an' the wage would a bin so much the less, an' down they'd go till it's rats an' mice they might ate afther a while for all the bosses' ud care. Sure their grand wives would aise their consciences by distributin' thracks an' houldin' mother's-meetins, an' rintin out blankets an' baby clothes to the lym-in-wives o' the poor min who hadn't a wage big enough to supply sich nic-nacks. Och! wirra! wirra! it's enough to make one sick to think of the barefaced sham it is. Yes, bedad! the shtrikes are "of the devil" of a boss who gndges an honest mau a livin', an' ates up all the profits ov his business in high livin'! It lucks as if, now that hell is out ov fashion, that some folks would like to set up a kind ov revised edition ov it, in the shape ov a poverty-and-low-diet-with-workhouse-in-prospective purgatory here in this world. Anyway it's moighty shuall praties for any man with a stiddy income ov two or three thousand to tell a poor fellow who has only a dollar and a quarther a day, an' been out ov work all winter maybe, to be content wid it, whin he knows his labor's worth more. Sure an' won't it take the

poor man all the blissid summer to pay up the back rint, an' the docthor's bill for the last wily. An' ain't his bloys rummin' the shtrreets widout a shoe to their fut, because he can't spare them even the schoolfee to get the bit o' larnin' they need. Bad cess to sich prachin' anyway! sez I. Sure an' if that's the kind ov gospel that's prached in thim churches, it's shuall wonder that workin' min, like moself, care moighty little about them. Wid respects to yourself,
I remain, BARNEY O'HEA.

SLASHBUSH ON ANNEXATION.



It was Sunday afternoon! The fruit trees composing the Slashbush orchard were gorgeous in symphonies of pink and white. The sombre greens of the gloomy cedars flanking Uncle Ephraim's farm presented a very "nocturny" appearance, and afforded an excellent back-ground for the intervening maple and chestnut shade trees in the fields, whose bright foliage quivered and glistened in the pleasant breeze and sunshine. Gustavus Slashbush and his sister Almira sat on the steps of the back stomp and gazed on the pleasant scene. "How beautiful is nature, Almira!" exclaimed Gustavus. "How beautiful are these broad fields; and to think that they are all ours, what a glorious thought!"
"Well, it won't be a glorious thought long," replied his sister, "for dad's going to sell the medders across the concession line to Deacon Tentout; I heard them talkin' about it last night. The deacon said he wanted to "annex" it, as he called it, so that his land would reach through to the concession road."
"What?" exclaimed Gustavus, horrified; "sell that meadow to that old grasping Tentout! the best piece of land in the farm! Why that was to be mine—mine, Almira! Great Washington! Old Campout wants to annex it, does he? Ha! ha! But it was thus always. Some people are again advocating annexation to the States, so that we may be free and independent." Well, but would we, Almira? would we? that's the question," said Gustavus, forgetting his own private troubles in his care for the public weal.
"Laud sakes!" replied his sister, "what do I know about the States? Don't see what you bother yourself about such things for; nobody don't give you no thanks for it."
"Almira," said Gustavus, solemnly, "it would be a sad day if we should get annexed to the States. The people there are entirely different from most of us in every way, and I fear things wouldn't work harmoniously. Perhaps we might have more opportunities to make money, but that even is doubtful. We have not so many very rich men here, but our people, on the whole, are quite as well and perhaps better off than in the great Republic. Now, we have a certain individuality, although we are a dependency of the Crown; but if we joined the States we would be utterly swamped, both politically and socially, and instead of having the merely nominal rule of Downing street, we would have the more foreign and entirely arbitrary government of Washington. And besides, Almira, do you think we're going to throw overboard all our old associations and become Yankees? Is sentiment nothing? Is sentiment—"
"Dod darn your sentiments!" said old Slashbush, who suddenly appeared on the scene, "can't you think of nothing but sentiment on the Sabbath? Almira, jest you git in and git the tea ready, that durned critter will talk you to death!"



BLARNEY!

SCENE. - Coboury - Near the Harbor.

Mrs. Coboury (log).—Shure, Sur Hector, the Quane did herself a great honor in makin' a knight av ye, so she did. But its an Earl or a Lord you ought to be, Sur Hector. An', begorra, O'm sartin a statesman like you wouldn't be ather lavin' this har or av ours in its prisint condition fwthin a few thousands out av the public till wud fix it ail as purty as yerself, sur!

Change Ringis 2.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The shock king news that all may hear,
Least welcome tidings of the year,
Ring out wild bells, so ring it out and high.

Ring out the ying, ring in the old,
Ring out those bells with bronzed throats,
Ring out your strange prophetic notes,
Ring fast, yes fast, tho' ye are told.

Ring out some hopes beyond recall,
Some fears that shall be felt no more,
"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,"
Ring in the worm-wed and the gall.

Ring out a quint-essential flirt,
A heroine of "party" strife,
Ring in a hum-drum mode of life,
With buttons for the daily shirt.

Ring out the glance, the smile, the sigh,
The sudden coldness at odd times,
Ring out, ring out my spicific rhymes,
Too deep for words my feelings lie,

Ring out the pride of tact and wit,
The caustic tongue, the frolic pen,
The pricking goads of stricken men,
Ring in a change of "biter bit"

Ring out wild bells without a check,
Ring out the knoll of girlish mirth,
Ring in fresh disappointments, birth,
[O some one, wring this poet's neck! - Ed.]

The Kilts.

A great many peepel will found disfavor, and luff and mak' sport of ta kilts, but nevertheless notwithstanding mor-over she'll pe ta finest dress and pretty pesides what li pe wore py any nation in ta world. Not wan of ta peepel what will mak' sport of ta kilts will ken ta oreigin of him. There will pe several views given as to where ta kilts will start from. Some very eminent writers affirm that ta will pe ta first dress wore in ta garden of Eden. Herself does not agree wis this opeinion, although she thinks maybe ta Heelan plaid will pe wore py Adam and Eve, but she would not claim more nor that at all events. Another view is that ta kilts was first wore py ta Jews at ta crossing of ta Red Sea, and since ta Heelman is always foremost in saology; Toogal will be inclined to these opeinion. Whateffer will pe ta correct view, ta kilts is a bonnie costume, anyway whateffer, and she'll neffer pe more proud of her native land than when she'll see ta ninety-second parade in a foreign country. She was an honor to ta land of ta heaver and cakes. Well she could wrote to any lense on ta kilts, but this will pe sufficient to show that him is a grand dress and worse of a Heelman.

TOOGAL.

The Bay.

BY EDGAR ALLAN KHAN.

The skies they were cloudless and pallid,
Chaste Cynthia shed a cold ray,
A shivering, shimmering ray,
In the old golden green of a salad
She painted the beautiful bay,
Oh, I thought, could I indite a ballad
To put in the papers next day!
My excuse would be honest and valid,
To sail out to-night on the bay.

Then I thought of my own Marianna,
My loved Marianna, my soul!
My utterly utter sweet soul!
I called, she was at the pianola
And making an overture toll;
I asked in my most polite manner
If she'd deign to go out for a stroll,
And I said the cool breezes would fan her,
If she'd walk to the bay for a stroll.

Marianna then put on her bonnet:
I said "Let us go to the bay,
"The beautiful, sweet scented bay!"
"If you like I will write you a sonnet
"To put in the paper next day."
"For I know well that once we're upon it,
"About health Astaire's bright ray,
"I can write to your eyes a sweet sonnet,
"But of course I won't give you away."

Oh, vile, cranky boat, Oh perfid'ous,
Oh, cruel and treacherous bay!
Oh, weedy wile, wish-washy bay,
Marianna's voice made the night hideous
As our last on her lonely side she lay.
Marianna was dumped in the bay,
When at last with an effort prodigious
She was raked with a hook from the bay
By the heathen man, whom I'd to pay,
And who said, if ye'd done what I bid ye,
Ye'd have not dropped the girl in the bay.
In the drear, dismal, damp, dirty bay.

The Telegraph Monopoly.

SCENE.—St. Francois Xavier Street. Mr. A., a retired merchant, who speculates in stocks and is a large holder in telegraph shares. Mr. B., an extensive produce merchant, but not an owner of telegraph stock.

Mr. B.—Oh! Mr. A., I hear you are a huge holder of Montreal Telegraph stock, but I trust you don't intend to vote for ratifying the agreement made by the Directors with this shun leasing company.

Mr. A.—Most certainly I do. Why not?
Mr. B.—Why not, my dear sir? Why you, as an old business man, mu-t understand the evils of a monopoly. Rates will be raised at once—we shall have an inferior service and be treated as arrogantly as we were when the Montreal Telegraph Company had no opposition.

Mr. A.—Quite a mistake, my dear sir—quite a mistake. The rates may certainly be slightly raised, say five cents per message; but what of that, the business of the country can afford it. But excuse me, I have an appointment. Good morning.

Mr. B.—Stay Mr. A. How many telegrams do you receive and send in the course of the year?

Mr. A.—Well, certainly, not a great many. Suppose we say—ah!—um—yes—about fifty.

Mr. B.—Exactly so. Well, I receive and send on an average about fifty per day, and I don't relish being mulcted seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum by a set of Yankee stock jobbers.

Mr. A.—Come, come, my dear sir, now that is really unjust, and a little coarse in the bargain. The shareholders will derive the benefit of the increased dividend, and an eight per cent. stock is certainly worth one hundred and fifty. See how the shares must advance.

Mr. B.—Oh! then all you think of is the increased dividend and the advance in the stock. You have no thought for the public good, and no qualms about selling out to a set of Wall street sharpers a purely Canadian company of which we have all been proud.

Mr. A.—Well, really no, can't say that I have. I am a large holder of the stock and feel it my duty to make the most of it. Each for himself, you know. But positively you must excuse me. Good morning.

Mr. A. marches off calculating his profits should the stock advance to one hundred and fifty, whilst Mr. B. ponders on the virtues of an injunction.



RESIGNATION OF KING ALONZO.

The doizens of the Gatineau have long been happy and contented under the rule of King Alonzo Wright I. This good monarch has grown gray in the service of his loyal people, and is beloved by every shanty-man and habitant of the Ottawa region. But, alas! times have changed and the sceptre has departed from King Alonzo. By the high imperious command of the Dominion Government, a party named McLaren has been placed upon the throne of the Gatineau, and usurped the crown so long and worthily worn by the Wrightful King. This King McLaren, it appears, owns some land on a lumbering stream, and by virtue of the Disallowance of the Streams Bill, passed by the Ontario Government, he has been declared owner and controller of the waterway. In pursuance of the arbitrary power thus put in his hands, he denies his neighbors further up the right to float their logs down his stream, and thus has provided food for the lawyers of the vicinity. King McLaren should take warning by the pitiful example of the present Czar of Russia, if he doesn't want to see a Nihilistic community around him.

A "Soot-er Johnny."

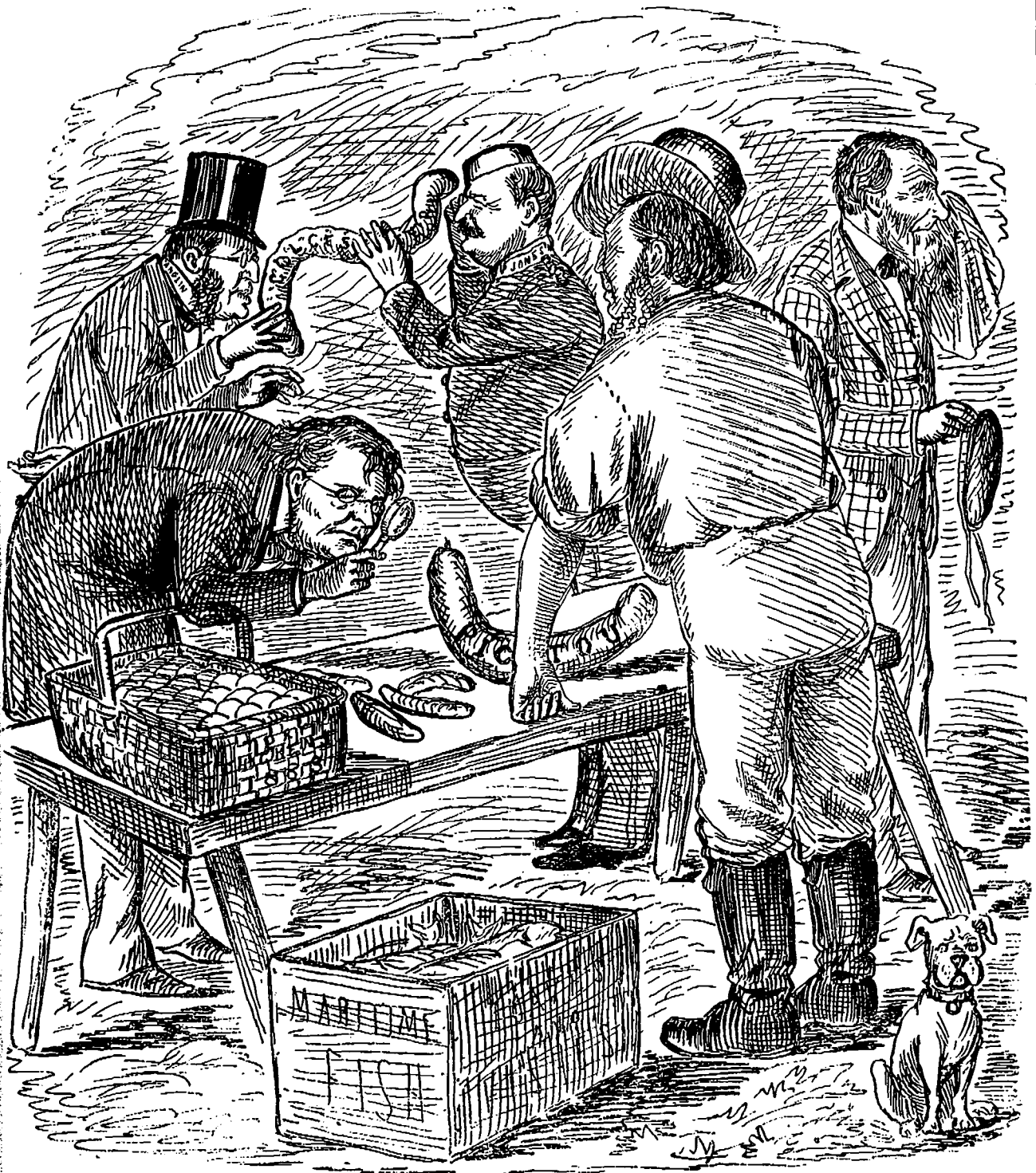
According to the census regulations origin follows the paternal side, and a colored man living in town is therefore held to be a Scotchman, because his father came from the "Land of Cakes." We have not heard that he belongs to the Caledonian Society, but if he does he should certainly be made chief. Dundas Standard.

Mr. Grip is lost in astonishment at the ignorance displayed by his worthy and esteemed relative, Mr. Standard, of Dundas. Here he is shouting Eureka in his own way at the appointed time, by a census-taker, of a black Scotchman. Now, if it had been a black Scotchman who had discovered a census taker who knew a B from a bull's foot, figuratively speaking, who could locate India out of the Province of Ontario, or who could spell Germany without a J., Grip himself would have echoed Eureka! in letters 4 x 3 on the front page of his very next issue. But he could not think of going to that trouble about a black Scotchman. Shade of Roderick Dhu! There are lots of them in Canada here. And Mr. Standard thinks that such a *rara avis* should be elected chiefest of the Caledonian Society! "Well, what for no?" Why, the chiefest of the great Tory party is a Scotchman, and according to accounts of him in Grit papers he must be as black as the most "called pusson" outside of Timbuctoo.

"According to census regulations origin follows the paternal side." Good for you, sensible regulator! Hooray! for mother Eve. So then we are descended from the baboons, and monkeys, and gorillas, &c., *ad infinitum*, on the father's side early!

Oh! woman, though in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
While monkey blood in Adam ran,
Thou, perfect, came from perfect man.

You bet "dat ar nigger" fooled the census-taker to the top of his bent when he answered, "Scotland, sah!"



“EXTRACTING GRIT SUNBEAMS FROM TORY CUCUMBERS.”

(A RATHER DIFFICULT TUPPERATION.)

* See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

PREHISTORIC SMITH.

David L. Proudfit, N. Y. Graphic.

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by,
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
A reverie austere;
While with his tail he whisked a fly
From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
"Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
Yet more effete."

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man."

"But fashion's dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense;
And fashion says, to dock your tail
Is just immense."

"And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stupid to convey a thought,
And meaningless."

"It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale,
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose,
And wagged his tail.

A FEW WORDS TO THE GILLS.

In the first place, remember that you are ladies, and therefore entitled to such little courtesies as the gentlemen have the power to bestow. Never return thanks for these attentions. Why should you thank gentlemen for giving you what is already yours by right of sex?

Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is sprawled out by hard work. She is out of the market.

As it is a standing article of your faith that men are all fools, you do right in fitting yourself for their companionship.

Learn to be as like them as possible. They seem generally to be in love with themselves, and it naturally follows they must admire anything that reminds them of the object of their love.

Make yourself proficient in slang language. It is awfully jolly, and can be acquired by the shallowest-brained ones among you.

It is useful in all varieties of conversation, and by frequent use it will prevent tiresome talkers boring you to death with their profundities.

When in company or any public place, get together, two or three of you, and giggle consumedly. This will show your vivacity. Vivacity is an excellent thing in woman.

Among women, whispering will serve you, but among men, talk right out. It is your duty to be attractive, and by loud talking you attract attention more easily than by any other means. Two young ladies in a rail car are sometimes so attractive that not a newspaper can be read understandingly by any one of the men passengers.

Never read anything solid, anything requiring thought. Thought brings wrinkles, and wrinkles are horrid.

There is no need of your knowing anything. If you should become wise, you might, when married, discover your husband to be a fool. It is much better for him to think you one. You will live all the happier.

Never mind the inside of your head, so that the outside is attractive. Women and pictures are intended for admiration. Who ever heard of a picture poring over a musty old book?

Woman is the weaker vessel. Never take exercise. It might give you muscles. Men dislike strong-boiled almost as much as they do strong-minded women. It seems to detract from their own strength.

When you are married, your husband will furnish funds for dyspepsia remedies. So you need not be anxious on that score.

Never mind what your mother says against flirting. There is no occasion for her to indulge in that kind of fun.

When a strange man accosts you on the street or remarks on you in an audible tone, giggle with all your might, look around once or twice, and when you catch his eye, giggle again. It is fine fun, and by adopting this course you will have plenty of it.

In your clothing always strive to be "toney." Never mind your health. Better be dead than out of style. Besides the doctor must have a living. If you should all dress as sensibly as the men, half of the medical profession would starve to death, and the other half be forced to take refuge in the poor-house.

Always go to church. It is a splendid place to show your bonnet. In order that nobody may miss seeing it, make yourself as conspicuous as possible.

You can do this by rustling the leaves of the hymn book, playing with your fan, jingling your bangles and constantly turning about in your pew.

If you are employed in a store never talk of anything but shop when outside of it. No matter whether others enjoy it or not. So long as you are interested, what matter? Do not other people talk of things in which you are wholly uninterested?

While neglecting your health so far as dressing is concerned, be watchful in another direction. Remember that sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. Therefore, lie abed till eight o'clock in the morning. Your mother will see that your breakfast is ready for you long before you are ready for it.

Honor your father's pocketbook and your mother's cooking, that you may never want for new dresses nor be obliged to cook for yourself.

—Boston Transcript.

OPENING OYSTERS.

There is just as much difference in the manner in which two men open shell oysters as there is in the way they go to church or walk on the street. Who has not watched a thorough oyster opener at an eastern oyster market, and observed the tender manner in which he takes up the shell and looks at it, as though it was a friend of his. He inserts his instrument between the shells as delicately as a dentist will probe an aching tooth, and by a little turn of the wrist your oyster is uncovered and reclining upon the half shell plump and juicy, inviting you to fire him down your neck. How different it is when an amateur attempts to open oysters. He commences by getting red in the face, and knocking off an inch of the edge of the shell, and letting all the juice run out and drip down between his fingers. He knocks some skin off his thumb, and that bleeds, and your heart bleeds for the oyster. He inserts an iron that looks like a stove hook into the shell, then prys and grunts, the shell opens and the oyster sticks to both sides of it and splits. He saws off the mantle piece that holds the oyster to the shell, and hands you the half shell with something on it that looks like scrambled oyster. The dirt from the shell gets on the oyster,

and it is about as much comfort trying to eat it as it is to eat a hickory nut that has been cracked by laying it down on the side and mashing it with a hatchet. The oyster opened by an amateur looks ragged and discouraged, and the man who opens it looks about the same, while the oyster opened by a man who understands his business looked as though it enjoyed life, and the man who opens it looks like a thoroughbred who is not ashamed of his business, and knows he can do it as well as anybody. The world is full of men who do everything the way an amateur opens oysters. They try to do that for which they are not fitted, and it is hard to make them believe they are not doing what they attempt to do well, but they always act as though they wanted to apologize for something being wrong. This oyster business is a little out of season, but you have all noticed how it is.—Peck's Sun.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GAMB TUCKER.

You may notch it on de palm's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clothes dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An' wukin' in de low-grown's, you disciver as you go,
Dat de fines' sluck may hide de meanness' nubbun in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his petty but one day out ob seben;
Dat talks about de sinner wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes.

But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloon's!
I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way,
By de places whar dey come from an' de houses whar dey stay;

For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de cage in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
And you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

—J. A. Macon, "Brica-Brac," Scribner for July.

Many a cross eyed boy has straightforward views.

He that lendeth to the tramp giveth to the saloonist.

If a pig's leg cured is a ham, is a grown hog's leg a hammer?

Although no soldiers desire a flogging, yet they all hanker after stripes.

A good many people don't know any better than to use parlor matches in the kitchen.

"Waiter, here's a fly in my tea." "Thank you, sir, I did not notice it." Lays down a check for five cents extra.

The man who has half an hour to spare generally drops in and occupies a half hour that belongs to some other man.

"There is always room at the top," says the proverb. Therefore advertisers always expect their announcements to go in at the top of the column.

Said Muggins to his Sarah, "Why, do you know I was a perfect fool when I was a boy?" said Sarah to Muggins (sweetly), "How little you show your age."

The revised New Testament is already doing good work. A Philadelphia woman knocked her drunken husband down stairs with a copy of it. For sale by all booksellers.

"Young Husband"—House-cleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a fleecy cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."

PEOPLE PEOPLE KNOW, NO. 1.



THE POPULAR AND JOH-COSE CONDUCTOR OF THE WINDSOR AND ANnapolis EXPRESS TRAIN.

Mrs. Harassall's Boarders.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Rev. Samuel Scarabee, an amateur entomologist; "deaf as a post." Josiah Snobblekin, a retired tradesman, who cannot remember to forget his past. Horatio Octavius Brown, a gentleman with hereditary histrionic talent. Frankie Faintloigh, an æsthetic bank clerk (his taste acquired during a six weeks' tour in England). Jack Harassall, the only son of his mother, at home for the holidays; addicted to punning and practical jokes. T. Cavendish Carisbrook. Roy Langton. Mrs. Harassall, a widow of despondent temperament, who has been persuaded by her daughter to take summer boarders. Bertha, Mrs. Harassall's daughter. Miss Acrimonia Tweazel, an elderly young lady. Susanna, wife of Mr. Snobblekin; extremely exclusive; much harassed by Josiah's unfortunate references to his early career. Evangeline Snobblekin. Peggy Larrigan; Mrs. Thippers.

SCENE.—A Canadian village on the shores of Lake —

Scene 1.—A Dining-Room in Mrs. Harassall's Boarding House—Peggy Larrigan applying her eye to key-hole of door leading to Horatio Brown's Apartment.

Peggy L.—F'whativer is goin' to become av me, wid iv'rybody gone away till the picnick, and me alone in the house wid an escaped lunatic. Me heart's jist up in me throat, an' yit I can't kape me eyes aff him, wid his antics. Yis, he's like as two pays till the descriptshun I read in the paper lasht night. There's the hair cropped close till his head, and his nose wid a hump on it, which they call Ruman, an' a squint in his eyes, an' how wild he looks whin he rowls thim rou' and glares up at the salin'. Oh! he's at it agin. F'what's he sayin' now?

Horatio (wildly):—Blood hath ben shed ere now, i' the olden time, Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal, Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear.

Peggy (clasping her hands):—Howly fathers, preserve us. Me blood's turnin' cowl'd, an' I'm feared to stbir, for if he'd hear me he'd rush out.

Horatio (suddenly):—Avaunt! and quit my sight!

Peggy (screams and jumps up):—Oh! I'm goin'!

Horatio (opens door):—Woman, what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?

Peggy (beseechingly):—Oh be aisy now an' I'll tell yez. I'll do anythin' yez'll ax me.

Horatio (aside):—Peculiar femule. Must be a little wrong here (touching his forehead significantly). I suppose she can tell me where she's put my traps.

Peggy (aside):—His thrups? Oh! it's all up wid me.

Horatio (in a conciliating tone):—Can you tell me where I can find my trunk?

Peggy (aside):—His thrunk, indade! He's trying to desave me an' thim intrap me. They're all shly like that, but I'll be avin wid him. (Aloud.) Cum this way, sur, I'll show it to yez. (Crosses to L. looking around anxiously at Horatio, who follows.) (Aside.) Now, me fine boy, yez'll see who's goin' to be intrapped, but I musht be careful, or mebbe he'll be pushin' me in. I'll hould him wid me eye. (Lifts carpet and opens trap door leading to cellar, keeping her eye fixed anxiously on Horatio.) Yer thrunk's down there, sur.

Horatio (aside):—Put my trunk in the cellar? She must be mad! What a situation! Alone in the house with a mad woman. She has a very uneasy look in her eye. How she glares at me. I must be quite calm and humor her fancies. (Aloud, smiling blandly.) Well, my good girl, will you lead the way, and I will help you carry up my trunk?

Peggy (aside):—Lado the way, indade, for yez to stoon me wid a blow, an' mebbe I'd wake oop to find meself inurthured. (Aloud.) It's jist at the fut av the sthair, sur, an' I've to stan' at the top to hould the dure open.

Horatio (aside):—She has some terrible purpose in her mind. The whole affair is mysterious. I engage rooms at Mrs. Harassall's, and find, when I arrive, that the only occupant of the place is this mad Irish woman. Can the driver have left me at the wrong house? She evidently mistrusts me, I must endeavour to reassure her. (Aloud.) It is rather dark, perhaps I should not find the trunk. Could you get me a lamp?

Peggy (aside):—Now I must be firrum or I'll niver git him down. (Aloud, holding out an arm in a defiant way, and gazing steadily at Horatio.)—Do ye think I'll be stannin' here all day breakin' all the mussuls av me arrum to suit yer convanience? Yez'll git that thrunk at wanst while I'm houldin' up the dure, or ye'll go widout it.

Horatio (aside):—She's getting violent, I must not exasperate her. (Descends steps slowly, stealing anxious glances upward. When he reaches the foot Peggy slams down the door, which fastens by a patent spring lock.)

Peggy (triumphantly):—Now, me fine boy, yez'll not git out in a hurry. Oh, ye may holler till yer doom, ye can't raise the dure be that manes. The boarders'll miss their dhinner whin they cum home, for yez have all the purvishuns locked up wid ye. (Exit R.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Night.

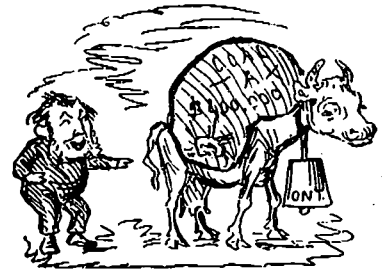
A SERENADE FOR TWO VOICES.

He.—Good night! sweet love, the stars are shining,
Beneath thy balcony I'm pining,
Longing, love, for one brief sight
Of thy fair form in grace reclining,
And must I say good night?

**Yes! my own, my Madelaine,
Your papa's bull dog's slipped his chain,
But, dearest, I will call again,
But not to night,
Some other night,
Good night!!**

She.—Oh, dearest love, I hear thy singing,
To my fond heart such sweet thoughts bringing,
I dare not ope the casement quite,
But to you I've been kisses flinging,
And you must say good night!

**The watch dog's loose and he is vicious,
He's spoiled our interview delicious,
Call at a time that's more propitious,
But not to night,
Some other night,
Good night!!**



TUPPER'S LITTLE JOKE.

What a remarkably humorous Cabinet is that at Ottawa. Sir John is a wag of world-wide fame; Hon. Mr. Bowell has distinguished himself as a humorist by his "Grinding in Bond" utterances; and now here is Sir Tupper coming out with a side-splitting witicism which cannot fail to tickle the ribs of the people of Ontario. To give this joke all its original force, we append it just as uttered. It is on the subject of the coal duty, and was spoken at a meeting in Nova Scotia just before the late contest. During his speech on the occasion, the following colloquy took place:—

Sir Charles.—Mr. Carmichael contends the coal duty is a failure because we do not displace coal in Ontario. One reason we did not do so has been the exceptional cheapness of coal in the United States, but we soon will. He did not go so far as to say the duty on coal is an injury.

Mr. Carmichael.—Yes I do. It loads us with taxation.

Sir Charles.—The people of Ontario pay \$400,000 tax on coal of which Nova Scotia is relieved. Mr. Carmichael is anxious that Nova Scotia should be saddled with it.

To make this joke complete Mr. Gurr contributes the above illustration.

The Growler's Essay.

This is an age of affection—what I call ginger-bread. What is ginger-bread? Simply dough and molasses, nothing more. Often badly mixed and badly baked. At best, indigestible rubbish, but looking, oh, so tempting! that is, to those who like it. But what is its chief characteristic? Softness, inability to bear pressure. Squeeze it, and you have again, dough and molasses, nothing more. Faugh! What a picture of the young men and women of to-day, and very often of the old fools, too! What are these youthful dandies, with their elegant mustachios and dainty canes, their bran new clothes and their abominable cigarettes? Simply ginger-bread men. Look at the folks you meet on Sunday in Toronto—each steps out from his or her front door with the air of one treading on eggs. What fiddling with flimsy kid gloves. What fantastic efforts they make to get said gloves on their ginger-bread fingers. Take care, young man! That glove may burst, and then! Ah, then! What matters it how eloquent the sermon, or how touching the discourse, or into what contortions the preacher throws himself for your benefit, your peace of mind, young man, is gone for the day. And the bonnets! The ginger bread bonnets! Oh, the soft flimsiness of these bonnets! How our grandmothers, whose heads were well protected from sun and rain by honest, well made coal scuttles, would frown to see these ginger-bread articles, which seem as if a puff of wind would dissipate them into thin air. Give these young men and women a good squeeze, shake them up, prod them in the sides, knead them like dough if necessary—but do, oh! do bring them back, or at any rate some of them, to the likeness of good Saxon men and women—men and women walking with firm footsteps on soil of which they were made, and of which they are no longer ashamed!

The Grits pronounce Mr. Blako's S. S. Convention speech capital, though the hon. gentleman avers he had no political purpose in delivering it.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO

VOL. THE SEVENTEENTH, No. 6.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 25TH JUNE, 1881.



MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY—WHAT OUR GREAT MEN ARE DOING.

* See Comments on Page 3.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,
PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, ENGRAVERS, LITHOGRAPHERS,
ETC., ETC., 55 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

“THE PANORAMA.” An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper devoted to Canadian Life and Art, will appear about July 1st with contributions from many of the leading pens and pencils of the Dominion. To be sold at all news stands at 5cts. per copy. Annual subscription, \$2.50.

“GRIP” With the first issue in July, GRIP will appear enclosed in a tasteful wrapper upon which displayed advertisements will appear. The spaces are being rapidly taken up by advertisers who appreciate the fact that GRIP gives them more return for their money than any other medium available. Those who desire to secure the insertion of their advertisements in the spaces still open, will please notify the publishers at once, when our canvasser will call upon them.

“THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER” for June will be out in the course of a few days, and the July number will make its appearance promptly on the 15th of the month. Subscribers who have not received the number for May will please notify us. A great improvement in the lithographed portion of the WRITER is anticipated with the forthcoming number. Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

“GRIP’S” ALMANAC FOR 1882. The Editor of this publication is now prepared to receive literary contributions, which will be paid for at fair rates. Writers will please mark their envelopes “For GRIP’S Almanac,” and address Editor, GRIP.

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