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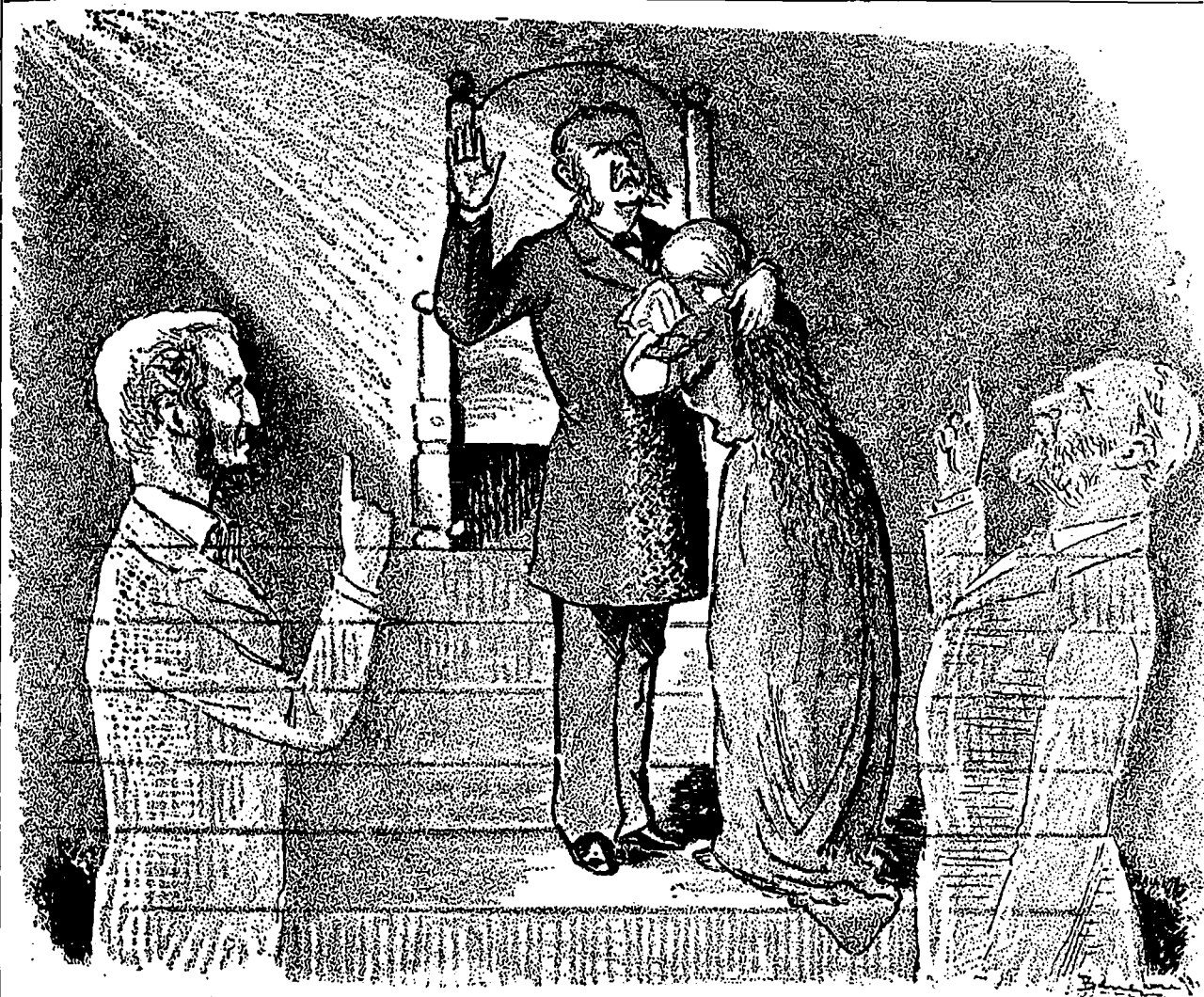


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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Tilley who forms so extensive a portion of our sketch this week is the political Sir Leonard. The Tilley so well known to temperance societies and tea-meetings is a highly abstemious person who would be exceedingly shocked at finding himself, or any person else, amid the surroundings indicated in the cartoon. Some philosopher—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, isn't it?—remarks that each man is a triple personality, 1st. As he knows himself; 2nd. As his friends know him, and 3rd. As he really is. The political character of such a man as Sir Leonard Tilley supplies a fourth division. Politically, this gentleman is a *bon vivant* of the most pronounced description, and his present manner of life (politically) is precisely that represented in the picture. Notwithstanding that he is already enjoying a prodigious attack of gout—an aristocratic disease said to be a matter of pride with colonial knights—he continues to guzzle and gorge and stuff himself with taxes wrung from the people, and to wash the same down with high-priced wines, not the juice of the grape but the life-blood of the country. GRIP hopes the temperate and abstemious Sir Samuel will be so much ashamed when he gazes upon the profligate and gluttonous Sir Leonard that he will instantly set about the work of reforming that person.

FIRST PAGE.—The last honours were paid to the remains of the late President Garfield on Monday last. Locally the obsequies took place at Cleveland, though, as was very well said by one of our city clergymen, it was the world's funeral. General Arthur has assumed the Presidential Chair in a manner at once so tender and so manly that he has won the heart of the nation and the sympathy of mankind. It is hardly possible that the new President can be persuaded by any earthly power to abuse this matchless opportunity of winning undying honours. Columbia, still sobbing for her martyred chief, turns trustfully to her new protector, and the spirits of Lincoln and Garfield seem to rise at this climax moment to remind the President of his solemn oath.

Baker & Farron's new piece, "Foreigners," proved to be a highly diverting affair. In point of literary merit it is at least equal to *Chris and Lena*, while it affords scope for the two popular comedians in entirely fresh characters. This week the boards of the Royal are held by Mr.

E. T. Goodrich, in the stirring border drama "Grizzly Adams." This is one of the best plays of the kind extant, and Mr. Goodrich's performance is sure to delight all who have a taste for the melodrama.

The charming Lotta gave four of her inimitable performances at the Grand this week to delighted audiences. And now the scenes are shifted and the Big 4 Minstrels appeal to the risibilities of the Grand's patrons.



HERE are rumours of changes in the administration at Washington, and a feeling of apprehension pervades the press of the Republic. It is hardly credible that the new President can have brought about the resignations in question in the interests of the "Stalwarts;" he can not be such a fool as this would prove him. A plain move of this kind in the present temper of the American people would be fraught with imminent danger not only to Arthur's political existence but to his life.

Sir John Macdonald appears to have renewed his youth like the eagle, and is now the jaunty fellow both friends and foes delight to have him. The term "foes" must always be modified by the word "political," for no public man ever had fewer personal enemies than the Premier. In his own words, he is now feeling first-rate, and is prepared to go on doing good or mischief according to the way you look at it. We would remind Sir John that no sort of spectacles can ever make good, honest actions appear evil, no matter how jaundiced the eyes that look through them. The actions for which he has been condemned in the past have been only too manifestly crooked. Let us hope that to the end of the chapter, from this auspicious hour, Sir John will do good only.

The clergyman who spoke so eloquently at Garfield's funeral dropped some golden words of admonition to public men when he dwelt upon the sterling principle which characterized the deceased. Garfield's whole career gave the lie to that specious proverb about honesty and political success being incompatible. Most politicians act as if they accepted this as a truism, whereas nothing can assure success so readily as true goodness of character. Indeed, the man who gains the end of his ambition by any other means is not a success, but, in the light of true manhood, aside from any future life, is a disastrous and contemptible failure. It is worth any man's while to die as Garfield died—and the way to do it is to live as he lived.

The idea of offering a prize for the best farm is an excellent one, and is calculated to give rise to a very desirable sort of ambition amongst our farmers. It could not be expected, however, that the first competition would be very general. Considered as a start it was highly satisfactory, and the Agricultural Association deserves thanks for the happy thought and the efforts they have made to realize it.

What is going to be the result of this long drawn out investigation by the Pacific Railway Commission?

Is Parliament to be asked to pass upon the evidence taken and is the Cabinet prepared to resign office if the verdict goes against it? Or are we to understand that the commissioners were appointed for the mere purpose of having an excuse for drawing salaries out of the public crib?

Rose Belford's *Canadian Monthly* for October is an unusually interesting number, and contains amongst other good things a clever article on "Politics as a fine Art." An instructive sequel might be written for the next number on "Fine Art in Politics"—setting forth the place and power of caricature as a political element. We suggest Sir John A. Macdonald as the writer.

A correspondent of the *World*, "J. L. F." points out that in this Christian city no prayer has been offered in any of the churches on behalf of the wretched assassin of President Garfield. Guiteau certainly is a fit subject for prayer, and it would be only displaying the true spirit of Christianity for our churches to offer supplication for him. Why none of the pastors have done so is a question, though it cannot be as "J. L. F." darkly hints, that Christians dare to entertain feelings of vengeance against the misguided being.



URLY old John Bull doesn't seem to swallow the Fair Trade talk quite so readily as some people suppose. Public opinion in England is manifestly growing against the agitation to the point of anger. All the leading papers are "dead agin it," *Punch* prominently amongst the number (which, of course, proves that *Punch* is a "party organ"). The cartoon in the last issue to hand represents a couple of boys endeavouring to galvanize the Protection mummy into life, while Salisbury, in concealment, awaits the result of the experiment. Canadian admirers of the N. P. are as far astray in assuming that Protection is suited to England as the despised *doctrinaires* are in declaring that Free Trade is adapted to all countries. "Fair Trade" is a patent political dodge—a "patent," moreover, pirated from a certain distinguished Canadian Premier.

The sketches given on another page convey the intimation that Manitoba is a lively place just now. Our correspondent (to whom we are indebted for the raw material from which our artist worked up his case) informs us that the voice of the auctioneer is heard in the land day and night. Lots are being sold and fortunes turned over at every street corner, while the mail delivery at the post-office every evening at 9 is a caution to strangers. The Government would secure the affections of Winnipeggers forever by supplying the additional accommodation required.

It is a pity we couldn't put the contradictory witnesses *in re* Blake into the witness box and have those who are lying punished. One man writes from Halifax that the opposition leader's tour was an ovation from first to last, and its effect upon the public mind profoundly marked. Another writes from the same vicinity that the whole affair was a pitiful failure. Meantime we give it up, hoping to get nearer the truth on the morning after the General Election.

"Weep with them that Weep."

The journalists' train, following the Garfield funeral train, ran into a hand-car and killed five men and injuring another, near Beaver Falls, Pa.—*Evening Paper*.

The President was dead;
And at the funeral car
Along the railway sped,
The journalists did follow in their train.
Hark! What that crash?
Those prayers, those tears, those dying groans?
Mingled with muffled moans?
Only five section-men struck dead
By the collision.

Pour out your sympathies, O men,
For GARFIELD, great and good,
For wife and children left
But drop a tear
By the humble bier
Of these men of life bereft,
For their wives and children left:
For wives love their husbands,
In White House or in shanty,
And fathers are dear
To their children, never fear,
Though raiment be purple,
Though garments be scanty,
And Death's arrow strikes deeply
When 'tis feathered by poverty.
God comfort the living and God rest the dead!
CHARLIE JAY.

Canada.

O land for centuries belied,
And scarcely by thy children known,
By disesteem and falsehood tried,
How slow to note thy name has grown!

The great Republic's arms enclose
A softer and more genial clime,
To it the wealth of Europe flows
And has from immemorial time.

Nor can we blame the exile's choice
When waded o'er the Atlantic stream,
If he shall hear entranced the voice
Of lands that so enchanting seem.

Yet still, dear native land, we hold
That half thy worth has been obscured,
And harm in name a hundred-fold,
For winter's cold thou hast endured.

Though true it is, the Northern God,
Fierce Thor—the scourge of idle knaves—
May here see fit to use the rod,
While thus from greater harms he saves.

Though winter rule with tightened rein
Perhaps some half a dozen days,
No one in health would here complain
Of blustering Thor's unquiet ways;

But rather would exult to find,
That still the air is not too hard
For body's health or light of mind,
Nor merits much his ill regard.

Thor puts us all on annual drill,
Like Sergeant training his recruits,
Preparing each to fight with ill
Where Fate will grant no substitutes.



THE COLOUR LINE.

The "Queen's" Man.—Queen's Hotel, sir! Come right along with me, sir! Queen's Hotel, first bus—leading hotel in the city for white men—give us your checks, sir!

'Tis thus, O native land, beloved,
We put thy partial ill of frost,
Against those ills which unproved
Still harm the life of man the most.

Rough frost we balance 'gainst pale death,
That fatal taints the Southern air,
And rending, black tornado's breath,
And locust's cloud, and heat's fierce glare.

Earth gives not here with stunted hand,
But rich rewards the farmer's pains:
Here grateful harvests fill the land
With bounteous crops of varied grains.

Here grow the fruits of common use,
And deeply stained with brightest dyes,
Distilling sweet nectarous juice,
From ardent suns and cloudless skies.

And Cherry, Apple, Plum and Pear
Invite the orchardist to take
The sweets they hoard from soil and air:
The choicest offering earth can make.

Between the southern lakes we find,
The Peach and Grape, and Apricot:
Pomona's realm—to us assigned—
Finds here its chief and favored spot.

But chief, O native land, for thee,
We build the hope of growing good,
On lands that spread from sea to sea,
And ports that lie on either flood.

Thine are the vast and sounding lakes—
Fresh-water types of shoreless seas!
The landscape from their presence takes
A double light and power to please.

And thickly strown round crystal lake,
Lie reedy marsh and winding day,
Here water-fowl their wild home make,
And revel out the summer's day.

No other isle-besprinkled wave
With Manitou's can compare,
For there the glittering waters lave
A hundred thousand islands fair.

Like Neptune in his brazen car,
Attended by the "Triton" troop,
So strikes the dazzled eye from far,
This vast concentric island group.

And Lake of Woods, a wilderness
Of sylvan isle and wat'ry glade,
Is soft in summer's leafy dress,
As though no storms did here invade.

Through varying realms St. Lawrence pours,
And, gathering on his regal tide,
The garnered growth of many shores,
He bears it far to Ocean's side.

Thy Seaboard Provinces are set
Amidst the roar of stormy seas,
But ocean's storms brave men have met,
Nor would exchange for landman's ease.

These lands may claim by right of place,
The northern sea's peronial store;
And here will spring the "Sea-Wolf" race
Such as the North has bred before.

And westward of the mighty lakes
Red River high to northward winds:
Away from southern hills he breaks
And downward course to north seas finds.

Where northward far of boundary line
This Dragon glides 'twist level banks,
Assinaboine, Saskatchewan
From westward pour to join his ranks.

Of wide "North West" here stands the gate,
And westward lies the "Great North Land":
Here annual dressed in floral state
Bright boundless seas of plain expand.

Then by the western ocean's side,
Columbia sits a sea-born Queen,
Her gaze is on the rolling tide,
On Asia's coast and isles between.

And here the vast Titanian walls
Of Rocky Mountains lift their heads,
The light of Gods upon them falls
And thence Olympian splendor sheds.

Like Gods their cloudy pillars stand
And first the rosy dawn they catch,
While night still shades the subject land
And patient stars still keep their watch.

And at their eastern base is spread
The boundless prairie's flowering plain,
That yearly shakes to stampead tread
Of myriad Bison's shadowing train.

The Hudson Sea is buried still,
In indistinction's viewless shade:
And nameless lakes the North land fill,
Where yet shall spread the sail of trade.

O Canada, we trust thy way
Shall be the simple path of right,
Then be thy ills whate'er they may
Thou canst not sink in ruin's night.

Come war and bit'nest sacrifice!
We still shall stand in strength unmoved,
For gloriously the patriot dies
And glory gilds the land he loved.

WINTERFIELD.



TWO RECEPTIONS.

When the Premier arrived at Quebec,
(See Grip's pretty sketch of last week.)
He was met on the boat
And the taffy he got
Was enough to have made the man sick.

But when on that very same day
(Metaphorically speaking) John A.
Passed beneath the *Globe* shops,
He was doused with cold slops
Which is quite in the usual way.

The "Mail" on Principal Grant's Speech at the Exhibition.

"Yes, it was a fine speech, a patriotic speech, an elevating and inspiring speech, as you may see by our own report. And he did not pointedly recommend the Scott Act as the basis of the Temperance Colonization scheme, but we wanted a fling at the Scott Act, and being a Grit, Dr. Grant had to get one rotten egg at least from our side, if only a bantam's, you know, it wouldn't do to let him have it all his own way."



OFF AT LAST.

Away o'er the broad ocean's foam
I'm going away from my home;
If you want to know where,
I don't know, I declare,
But I'm generally going to Rome.

Weekly returns. Stockings to darn.
Of what fashionable occupation does vivi-
section remind you? Of crewel (cruel) work.

An Incident.

(Sept. 25th, 1881.)

"Where ignorance is bliss," 'tis said,
" 'Tis folly to be wise,"
And here's a tale of ignorance
Beneath our sunny skies.

One Sunday morn two maidens fair
Into St. James' did go,
And entering a pew did make
This speech—*not apropos*.

They saw a box mysterious
(Where pray'r-books are put by):
One said, "What can this box be for?"
"This church is awful high."

Mayhap these sweet and simple girls
Will mothers be one day;
How wise their children ought to be
With teachers such as they!

Oh! for a gleam of light upon
This subject for the twain,
Then if they less suspicious are
I'll not have penn'd in vain.

CHARLIE JAY.

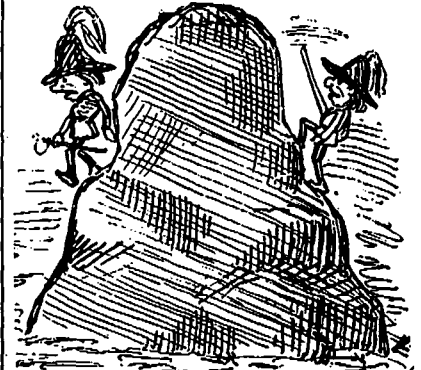
* Fact.

The Tramp.

I'm a tramp. I'm ragged and rough looking—
Women turn from me in fear, and men look on
me with contempt. The little children stop
their play when I approach, and every dog has
undeniable right to bark and bite where I get
in his way. Yes, I'm poor and hungry and
friendless, and alone in the great, wide, empty,
mocking world; but I was not always so, and
need not now be so. I, too, could have a home,
I could be cooped up in the narrow city streets,
and never see the light of day but through a
smoky pall. I, too, could earn a living by the
sweat of my brow, could talk of my neighbors
behind their backs, drive a close trade, and
always take a wide margin, and have a fashion-
able religion to lean upon when I starved my
horse or cow, or robbed my neighbour's hen-
roost. But such life cannot keep me. By day
I wander along the free highway, no man to
say me nay; by night the scented hay forms
me a couch grander than which no prince re-
clines upon. And when the morning breaks,
none but the tramp sees the full beauties of the
glorious dawn. First the flashing light glints
lovingly across the dull, grey sky. No sound
to disturb at first the calm, holy beauty of the
marital rites of night and morning. Quicker
the flashes come, more silvery white the light,
bathing the tree-tops in effulgent glory. In
the shadows beneath the liquid blue of the
lake seems but the dark shield of a gigantic
warrior, thrown there to wait his pleasure.
The light comes stronger. The babbling of
the brook, falling merrily o'er the stones that
bar its pathway, seems but to be Nature's song
of wakening. But now the birds awake, and
from every leafy bough, from every tufted knoll,
the feathered songsters pour forth their songs
of gladness. Faster and faster come the
flashes, the shadows fly before, yonder little
hill is clothed in a golden garment, the air
quivers with light, till with a bound the great
orb of day stands revealed. And what a revela-
tion! It is the revelation of the All in All,
of God in Nature. The little flowers, fresh
from the vapour-bath of night, flash up a wel-
come to the morning's light. The brook still
ripples on, but with what seems a more glad-
some tune; each little blade of grass, loaded
with its drop of sparkling diamond dew, seems
but one of the many to offer up its incense to
the God who rules; each rustling leaf looks
forth upon a world that seems but to echo
back the refrain of praise; even the discordant
note of the wakened frog has yet a ring of joy
in it, and the lake is now a burnished sheet of
silver, its little waves kissing the shore their
morning welcome.

* You ask me why I am a tramp—that is why.
Is not one such sight as this worth years of
city pleasure? Then what are the many?
No! I will not return; I will still commune

with Nature, and in the worship of Nature's
God, find the consolation I do not find 'neath
arched roof and in cushioned pew. You drive
me from your door! The birds will bid me
welcome, and the beasts give me compani-
onship. I haste away. Adieu.



THE GREAT "CIRCULATION" BATTLE.

My paper's circulation is by far
The biggest—you deny it? you're a liar!
I will smite you hip and thigh,
For pronouncing such a lie!
I will fix you soon, my lad,
When I'm roused I'm awful bad,
Very soon your boast will be the thinnest air!

So with these savage words the paper-knight
Prepared him for the fierce and bloody fight.
With dauntless front he marched right up the hill
Then he came down—and everything was still.

What the People Say.

That is has been a very hot summer.
That they have "got a bad cold."
That they would like clean water to drink.
That they can't get it in Toronto.
That four-foot sidewalks ought to be eight-
foot within the city limits.
That a street car route from Bathurst to Par-
liament streets through College and Carleton
streets would pay public and proprietors.
That the letter S makes all the difference.
That they should like to know the truth of
the matter.
That Baxter is wrong, and Ball is right
about St. Patrick's Ward. Typhoid proves it.
That they need more public schools and are
willing to pay for them.



A DEAD "GIVE AWAY."

There was a young sculler called Ross,
Who had money he wanted to lose,
So he put up his cash,
Did this sculler so rash
To row Edward Hanlan, the Boss.



OUR FINANCIAL *BON VIVANT*.

"HE LIVES NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL."

SIR JOHN.—DOES IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU, SIR LEONARD, THAT THIS SORT OF THING IS—ER—ER—INJUDICIOUS?

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

River Styx—driftwood.

It is never too late to pay an old debt.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"You official bulletin" is the latest mode of calling a man a liar.

An Illinois legislator, being offered a bribe, rejected it with scorn. He said the other side had offered him double that sum.

Providence claims a bank cashier in whom everybody places implicit confidence. Now is the time for him to get in his work.

Little Rock has four militia companies, but as there is no hall in the town fit to dance in, they are looked upon as a pretty useless set.

The boy who has been as lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school bell.

An old adage says that "courtesy opens many doors." This may be true, but it's infernal discourtesy that doesn't shut them again.

They have neither cows, rats nor snakes in Greenland, but then the style of bonnets doesn't change once in sixty years, so it isn't a paradise for women after all.

There are eighteen "greatest living Topsy's" on the American stage, with the backwoods of Michigan yet to be heard from.—*Dodon Post.* All-fired few left there.

The "uttorly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar stump, exclaimed to his friend, "Jack, this is quite too positively bully."

The Italians say that the man who sells the bearskin before he has caught the bear is a fool. The Italians are wrong. It takes a mighty smart fellow to effect such a sale. And once done he can skip with the funds.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* advertises the finding of a pocketbook in the streets of that village. As it was empty, the chances are that the owner had hired a hack for half an hour, and then having no further use for the pocketbook threw it away.

A young widow has married again. An old friend of the family reproaches her discreetly. "I am sure, my dear," he says gently, "that you have not chosen as wisely as you might have done; had your poor dear husband been alive he would never have let you make such a match."—*Paris Paper.*

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, is charged by the *Toronto World* with taking a "cart-load of grog" along with him on his recent trip to Manitoba. He probably wanted to show the people of Manitoba that, although he was a temperance man, he was no confounded bigot.—*Peck's Sun.*

Darwin may be quite right, as far as this country is concerned, in stating that man sprang from the ape, but he certainly has not this opinion of the average New Jersey hotel keeper, provided he has "put up" with him for a week; he would rather suspect them as coming from their pet bird—the mosquito—when he learned how successfully they bled with their "bills."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A clever sell is perpetrated on the guests of Glen Mountain House, Watkin's Glen, N. Y. On a tree near the piazza, fronting the glen, was hung a cage carefully covered with a piece of calico. Upon it was posted the following notice: "Blind red bat from Havana. Raise the cover carefully, as the light might injure his eyes!" It is fun for the initiated to sit there

quietly and see victim after victim cautiously raise the curtain, and disclose suspended within the cage—a brickbat!

Force of imagination: "You know," said Rice, "how the negro likes possum. Two darkeys were riding from the field after a hard day's plowing. They began to talk about the good things to eat. 'T-a-k-e a good f-a-b-t possum—pah bilo him—put him in ole fashion Dutch oving—roas' him brow'; the other darkey's eyes rolling and mouth watering as the description went on, 'sarve him up wid c-o-o-n graby.'—'Shut yo' mou, yo' niggah! I'll fall right off'n dis boss.'—*Texas sightings.*

EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four
Or five she bore;
The signals were in vain,
Grown old and rusted,
Her boiler busted
And mashed the excursion train.
"HER END WAS PIECES."
—Puck.

On Account of Mesquito.

MR. AND MRS. PEPPINJAE'S MIDNIGHT SKIRMISH.

You could not have found anywhere perhaps a more congenial pair than Mr. and Mrs. Peppinjac. During their six months of married life their cup of domestic felicity seemed to be full—in fact running over. Mrs. Pep, it is true, affected aesthetic to an extent all out of proportion of her husband's income; but Pep (who was a down-town grocer's clerk) was indulgent, and emphatically declared that he would have no other than an *Aesthetic* for a wife.

A mosquito did it. Peppinjac, after having mashed two or three mosquitos the other night, and captured another that was leisurely browsing along the side of his nose, became furious, and jumped out of bed and swore that he would drive out the enemy (he belongs to the militia) or suffer ignominious defeat himself.

It is a good thing as a rule for a wife to emulate her husband in worthy undertakings. This time it was a lamentable mistake. It would have been far better if Mrs. Pep had stayed in bed and been a spectator only. But no.

"Give me the other slipper, my dear," she exclaimed, bouncing out of bed. Erastus Peppinjac kicked it off, and his dear Marinda picked it up, flourished it with the air of a Minerva going into battle.

The twain waged furious war in their scant attire. Whack-whack-whack went one slipper, pat-pat-pat went the other. Peppinjac wasn't anything if he wasn't ambitious. Mrs. P. had killed seventeen to his sixteen, which he took as a reflection upon his skill. So when he caught sight of one kicking out his hind legs from a spot high upon the wall, he hailed it as a grand opportunity for scoring a point.

"I wasn't to make it even gamesters, Miranda," he said, climbing softly upon a crazy table. Balancing himself on one leg, he made a wild swoop at the object of his attack. Unhappy man! The table tottled. He hovered a moment in mid-air. Then he came down upon the floor, buried underneath a confused mass of furniture, stovepipe, crockery and bric-a-brac, overturned in his downward flight.

"You ugly brute," screamed Mrs. P. at the sight of her smashed treasures.

"Mo brute?" demanded the prostrate husband attempting to crawl from under the stovepipe.

"You are just that and nothing else!" replied Mrs. P. "There's that lovely majolica, all gone to smash, and that beautiful china antique!"

Here the enraged wife made a sound through her teeth that could only be interpreted as a desire to put an end to the wretch at her feet by tearing him into small bits.

"Now my dear Mir—" began Pep.

"Don't dear me, you ungrateful creature," hissed Mrs. P.

"Well, you should never have got that ar stuff. My earnings are far too—"

"A beggarly income, indeed! But didn't you tell me, though, that you were a junior partner, and would soon be boss of the shop; and that you had a country resort; and that the children should have college educations; and that going to Europe would be just as easy as taking a walk in one's back yard? I say didn't you? Here it is almost the last of the season and I haven't so much as been to Coney Island."

"Oho, Miss!" replied Peppinjac, whistling. "Got a temper, haven't you? Don't I wish I had known it six months ago, though! Talk about being decent to me, will you! The old lady put her jewels away with Uncle Solomon and everything else but the parlour furniture to keep you in fine feathers. And didn't she tell me that I would get a fortune when I got you? Beauty without money, she said only went a little ways in making life easy. But here I am without either beauty or money but a shrew. Brute me?"

Mr. P. regaining by this time an upright position, Mrs. P. made a rush at him with her slipper held aloft. The husband parried her blow just as a duellist meets the sword thrust of his antagonist. Then the combatants retired to opposite sides of the room in prize ring fashion—both indeed scant of breath—and glared at each other.

Here the curtain must be let fall. The bed remained empty the rest of the night. People astir early in the neighbourhood might have seen a woman come out of the house carrying a travelling bag in her hand, and strike out with a step that plainly indicated a determination to go home to mother to stay. Two hours later a crest-fallen man issued from the same door, and after looking uneasily up and down the street he took his way slowly and discolorately down town.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

A Surprised Physician.

A DYING PATIENT RECOVERS THROUGH THE INTERPOSITION OF A HUMBLE GERMAN.—Some weeks ago Dr. G—, a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C— street, was called to attend a very complicated case of rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of family following him to the door, weeping. At this critical hour, a neighbour, a poor and humble German shoemaker, appeared to the grief-stricken ones as a saving angel. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. As a drowsing man will catch at straws, so the poor wife applied this remedy; she had no hope, but would try anything, as a matter of duty. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the sufferer, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised; for, instead of a corpse, he found a new-made man.—*Exchange.*

An Eastern Tale.

CHAPTER I.

And it came to pass in those days that multitudes of people took up their abode in the promised land, even in Kanada. And behold the townships began to be scarce in the land. So the Government arose as one man and said: "Verily, we will make more townships,"—and, lo, it was done. But names were scarce in the land, for it was new, and they cast about to find them. And behold, in a country called Scotland, they found a place the name whereof suited them well, for was not much whiskey drunk there?

And the people of Orow grew and prospered, but the devil saw it and was vexed sore. So he girded up his horns and departed on a journey.

And it came to pass that a cry went through Orow "The Keerahs have come!" And the people smote themselves and were sad, but the devil smote a smile of great size.

CHAPTER II.

And in process of time one Duncan Keerah begat Angus, and John, and Sandy, and Flora, and many more. And he had much land and flocks and waxed rich. But his sons and his daughters become scattered over the land; and the people loved them, yea, even as the Grit loveth to see the Tory have the flesh pots! So when Duncan was waxing feeble, and death came near, verily Sandy was with him. But they agreed not, therefore the old man girded up his loins and came to his son John, even to the great Keerah.

CHAPTER III.

And Duncan and John came to the great man, even the chief, and they lifted up their voices and said: "We want a will." And John lifted up his voice and said: "If he didn't have a sing, Ah'll no see him abuse!" And the will was made and all was left to John.

CHAPTER IV.

And John got a note for several shekels from the old man, and whiskey was plentiful in the land until such time as it was gone. And Duncan lifted up his voice and said: "Give me some money, John." "Ah'll have spen' her all, father." "Darn you! it is that the way you're goin' to use me?" "Shut up, you ole fool, or Ah'll broke your nose!" "We'll see, John, we'll see whose nose 'll be broke!"

CHAPTER V.

And verily an old man comes to the chief, and his eye is full of fire, "Give me the will!" "What do you want with it?" "Ah'm goin' to burn her;" and Duncan—for it was even he—took the will and behold it was soon as the ashes. Then he girded himself and ambled down the road, but verily he held his peace, and John knew it not. But behold the grim monster drew near, and Duncan began to give up the ghost. And peradventure John began to snuff the air afar off and it smelt like a burned will. So he arrayed himself and appeared before the chief. "Where's the will?" "I haven't it." "You haven't?" "No." "Darn his ole kite! if Ah'll sought the ole beggar 'll leave me noosing, she'll have a differ' story! But she's not deat yet." And behold he went forth and joined himself to the highwayman, even the great Fitz-Bluff, and a now will was made, but verily Duncan was gone. And John lifted up his voice and cried "Keerah! what'll we do now?" But the highwayman, even Fitz-Bluff, winked a large wink, and the will was signed, for did not John hand out the shekels?

CHAPTER VI.

And the day of the funeral arrived and John drove the corpse. But behold the whiskey was

like water in the land, and John was full. And it came to pass that the coffin jumped about, yea, even like a pea on the hot stove, and the people lashed their horses, but verily they could not keep up.

CHAPTER VII.

And it came to pass that John, and the will, and the maker thereof, even Fitz-Bluff, came before the Cadi and he took the cat and shook it out of the bag. And the people smiled, and they jeered; yea, they even spit large spits on John, and he went forth from the Cadi and cursed himself for an ass, but Fitz-Bluff felt his shekels and laughed.

The Sunflower.

AN AESTHETIC POEM.

O beautiful Sunflower,
O'er thy compeer thou dost tower
Like a giant or a great benign athlete,
With an uprightness of form
Like a bean-pole in a storm
Or a booby whose serenity's complete.

Thou dost grace with thy face
Every place where a nape
Of aesthetics can't be otherwise applied,
From our curtains short and squat,
To a cosy for a pot,
Or a sweet suggestive screen for the snug fireside.

At her waist or on her hat,
Thou dost look so very pat
She wasn't half a "flat" that first adopted thee.
Thy countenance expressive
Is so open, so excessive
In the charms that belong to the beautiful and free.

O worshipful Sunflower,
In thy plenitude of power,
Thou hast banished all the lilies of the field;
Thou hast banished all the roses
From our non-aesthetic noses
And the poppy and the pink too must yield.

Sweet violets are nowhere,
Mignonette and pansies no share
Of our soft approval now must dare beguile,
But thou cast'st a fav'ring eye on
The yellow dandelion
And the sedge and ox-eye daisy share thy smile.

The water-flag and bulrush
In thy presence do not need blush
For the lizard and the toad are in thy courtly train;
And leaves all sere and faded;
Or anything that's jaded,
May claim thy kind regard, that is plain!

Oh, let me ever wear
A Sunflower in my hair,
Sweet emblem of the pure aesthetic power!
And when I cease to pay—
As my Sunflower does away—
The homage due my day-god every hour,
Let my hat be out of date,
And my hair the sport of fate.

LET ME DIE.

Ye Average Boy.

Ye boy is a noun, common, third, singular, (very) masculine, nominative of the verb to be. He is also an institution, family, national, cosmopolitan, perennial, having an inclination to view the world from his own peculiar standpoint, viz., the crown of his head. The first six months of his existence he spends in flannel, screaming, sucking his thumb, and napping. During the next period he amuses himself with attempts to swallow his big toe, crowing like a rooster, holding on like grim death to the whiskers of paterfamilias, who throws him up to the ceiling in a game of "ketch," and laughing softly to himself at the funny feoling of having his feet on the floor. The next he crawls on all fours, pulling chairs, whatnots, all and sundry on top of himself in his desperate efforts to get up; chewing soap, blacking, and other condiments lying around loose, with an invariable tendency to gravitate towards the soft-water cistern.

Tempus fugit.—Hitherto he has been but common gender; now, however, his sex is announced by the final renunciation of potticoats, and promotion to pants, which he values chiefly for the pockets, proceeding to fill them at once with a jack-knife, three bits of twine, an old watch-key, a top with string and button, some marbles, and a few hickory nuts. Later

on, he adds to his store a catapult and a piece of chewing gum. He has now arrived at the era of slates and pencil, atlas and copybook; when the boy who sits behind him pulls his hair, and he is "strapped" for looking around to see who it was; when he tells the truth, and honestly tries to do right, but finding it don't pay, concludes in despair that he might as well have the game as the name. Then comes the brazen era, when he fobbles marbles, hooks jack-knives, green apples, and water melons, and astonishes the household out of midsummer night's dream as he shrieks in the agonies of the double you ups. Then he goes to Sunday-school and electrifies the teacher by telling her he thinks "the prodigal son was a big fool, 'cos, why didn't he kill one of the pigs when he was hungry?" and also manages to effect a union between Deacon Piper's coat-tails and the mantle of Miss Vera Good, by a plentiful and judicious application of burr-thistles thereto. Or 'one morning before daybreak he elopes with a small loaf and a buuk of pie, and is seen no more until a quarter past six p. m., when he returns with his fishing pole on his shoulder, a three inch perch pendant therefrom; his nose like a ripe pepper-pod, his face swollen beyond recognition, by the bite of a black spider, or poison ivy, and the latter end of his pants *non est*, the missing part being in possession of an aboriginal bull-dog.

Another disappearance, and this time it is midnight when he crawls through the window, for he has been to the circus, and could not tear himself away until he saw the last elephant off. Now he goes swimming round the bows of the propellers and gets sucked in under, to be clutched by the hair, and restored to love and thee just as he was going down the third time. Then a beautiful linen pillow-case is missing off his bed, and you know at once you will see him no more until ten at night, for he has gone off seven miles into the country in pursuit of hickory nuts, and that clears up the mystery of these three boys whistling for him outside the door at the dinner hour. By-and-bye neighbor Thompson's pet pumpkin disappears, and you discover a deposit of savory cabbage stalks, a candle, and some matches under the cellar stairs, and you know by these signs that the first of November is nigh.

Then one awful day you find him in a corner of the woodshed, sick unto death, and retching violently, vainly imploring you with lack-lustre eyes to leave him alone to die. He must surely be taking small-pox, or scarlet fever, and you hastily send for the doctor, and the doctor with a sudden smile of intelligence smells his breath, and blandly suggests that the fag end of cigar lying in the yard might explain the trouble. Then comes the beautiful, and he is first in the field and foremost in the fight, and you are called upon to pay \$2 for a large pane of glass, which he declares the other fellows broke as much as he, his snow wasn't packed; but you forgive him, seeing he won first prize at these last examinations. Or he skates into a hole in the ice, which is a godsend to "ye local reporter," and straightway your respected family name is in the papers as large as life, in connection with "heroic rescue," "pluck of a boy," &c., with a moral as long and pointed as the juvenile reporter's nose, about the reprehensible carelessness of parents, &c., &c., *ad nauseum*. Then a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream; he looks closely and frequently into your little hand mirror; smiles, looks sheepish, while his elder sisters go off into fits of inextinguishable laughter, when out of his hearing. And you are awful proud of your boy, he grows so tall, and manly, and sensible, so like your brother Tom at his age, but good gracious! what's that between you and the light? how old it makes you feel! that boy has actually grown a moustache! Ahem! that's where your razor disappeared to the other day; ah! well, all's well that ends well, and the end of the average boy is courtship, love, and marriage.

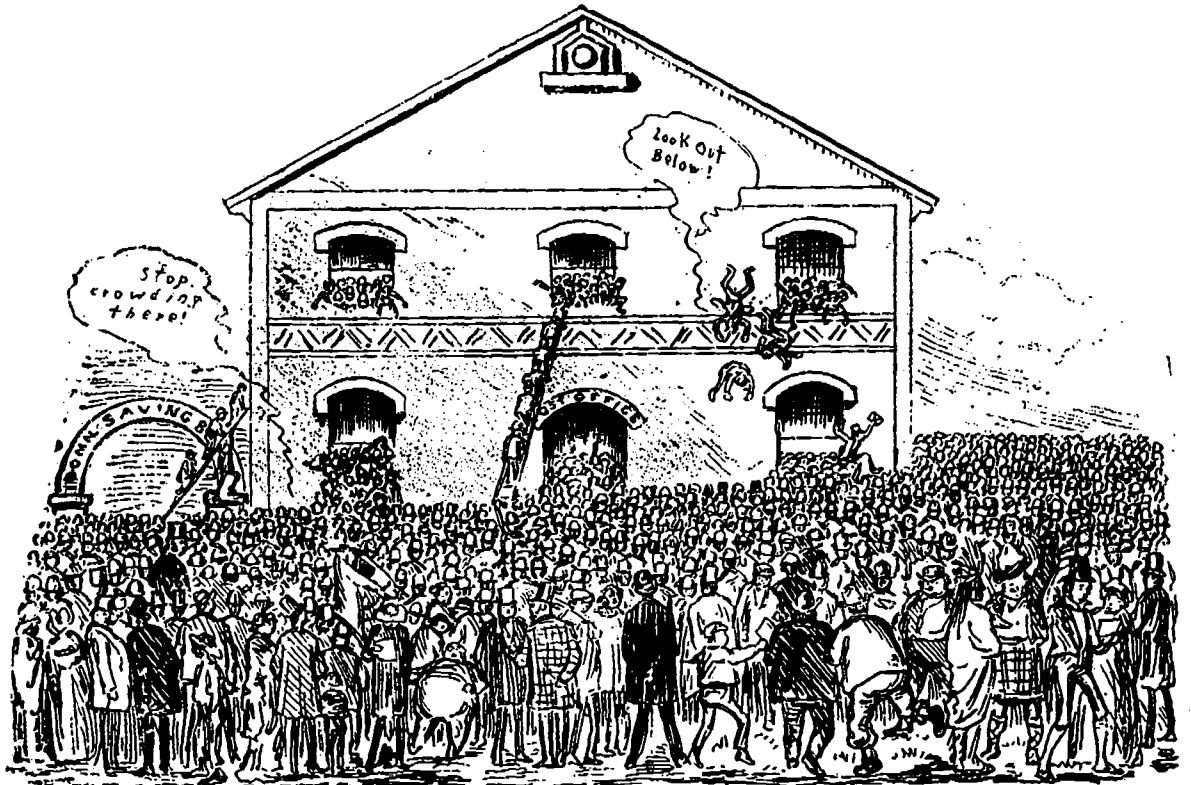
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