

"THE GRIP-SACK."

Is Nearly Packed!

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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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.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There can be no question about it. The people of this Dominion are determined to give the N. P. another five years' free operation in its present form. Not only do they refuse to have it repealed, as the *Globe* proposes, but they just as emphatically protest against any reduction of the coal, flour, or raw materials duties, as Blake suggests. The voice which came like a whirlwind on Tuesday night declared that the present tariff exactly suits the country, and cannot be altered without injury to the people. And this voice must be obeyed.

FRONT PAGE.—

The struggle now is o'er,
The campaign touting's done,
Clean up the sanctum floor,
Songs, pamphlets, bills, *galore*,
The ballot ends the fun.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Campaign songs formed a prominent feature of the late contest, being used by both parties, much to the improvement of the meetings. Amongst those sung at the Reform amphitheatre, the one which is here being rendered—we fear ironically—appeared to be the most popular.

A doctor is a pillar of society. His enemies say that he can kill with powder without shot, and that his drops are almost as dangerous as the hangman's.

THE GRIP SACK.

GRIP'S CONIC SUMMER ANNUAL, FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

This unique and mirth-diffusing volume, which will be published very shortly, will do more than *Globe* editorials to restore the good humor of the Reform party, while it will probably drive the Conservatives into another fit of torch-lighting and triumphant roaring. It is designed as an antidote against mosquitoes and sun-burns, and is recommended by the faculty as a sure preventative of distemper incident to the dog-days. No picnic party will be complete without their GRIP-SACK, and nobody will think of taking a journey by boat or rail without one. It will be packed from lid to lid with literary and artistic good things, amongst which may be mentioned a frontispiece (in colors) of "John A. and his friends," after Fred's celebrated picture, "Shakespeare and his friends," Articles: Baton Munchausen, Jr., in Manitoba (profusely illustrated), Prof. Saniker's Humorous Academy, by Jimmel Briggs; The Sweet Girl Graduate, a drama; The Career of a Canadian M. P.; Patient Penelope; Aphorisms illustrated; A Tragedy of love and Tobacco, etc., etc. The book will be uniform in size with GRIP'S *Almanac*, and a copy will be cheerfully handed out by any bookseller—in exchange for a quarter. Look out for it!

LETTERS FROM THE LEADERS.

BACK PARLOUR, "THE SHADES,"

Wednesday, a.m.

MR. GRIP—SIR,—I apprehend, from a variety of circumstances, amongst which I might enumerate domestic sweeping utensils in the hands of sundry individuals, torches, with coal oil lamp appurtenances, in like custody, and transparencies, significant of disaster, cast from the *Globe* office window; I say I apprehend from all these circumstances that the Government which but a brief space ago were trembling for their lives, have scooped us again on the N.P. Sir, I regret that my recent labors have so exhausted me that I cannot at this time go into the subject at any length; I merely write to say that the *Globe* is not and never shall be my official organ. I would simply direct your attention to the fact that some months ago the *Globe* itself formally resigned the position in question with my advice and consent, and from that day has spoken the opinions of Mr. Gordon Brown, and not those of Yours, sir,

With consideration,

E—D B—E.

FRONT PARLOUR, KINGSTON CLUB,

Wed., a.m.

DEAR BOY!—Shake? We've got 'em again! The old man still lives. The N.P. is the boss racket—biggest thing I've ever struck. I want you to see that my monument has N.P. on it in big letters, though, mind you, I don't feel as though I shall want it put up for a good while yet. If I only had Plumb here now my happiness would be complete, but we didn't want to take all the seats from the unhappy Grits, you know.

Yours,
J—N A'

MILLENNIAL.

Who can doubt but that the N. P. is the first instalment of the Millennial Age. Are we not told that one of the chief symptoms of that happy and devoutly-to-be-wished-for time, is the lion lying down with the lamb? Behold, then, the King of Beasts in Mr. Dodds, and the Lamb in the mild and gentlemanly Temperance Professor and Fosterer of the Scott Act, reconciled and at one on the peaceful and prosperous platform of the N.P.! Hark! how they sing in harmony the N.P.'s praise!

THE TWO VOICES.

A SONG FOR THE DAYS AFTER ELECTION DAY.

A still small voice said unto me,
"Since Party strife breeds anarchy,
Were it not lest it should not be?"

"Were it not wiser not to vaunt
Last month's campaign of lies and cant,
And stand as I do with Dr. Grant?"

Then to the voice I made reply,
"I saw where Gordon Brown went by,
He smiled with humor stern and high."

Then said the voice, "to this good town
To-day shall Goldwin Smith come down;
He will not smile on Gordon Brown."

I said, "I know the fact, but fail
To see if it at all avail
To shoot the *Globe* and take the *Mail*."

To charge the Grits with direst crime,
And tumble with a faith sublime,
Unto the racket ever, time."

The voice replied, "but it were mean
To make the writer's 'stiles' keen,
A mere rib-stabbing, dull machine."

I said, "but sparkling jests and quips,
Soun I sense and wit without a lipse,
Are with the *World* and Mr. Phippi!"

He made reply with sullen tone,
"And doth the *World* allegiance own
To Blake, bethink thee, or Sir John?"

"Thou canst not tell! on the pretence
Of independence, on the fence
The *World* doth sit with cheek immense."

"Canadian politics eschew,
Nor heed, wouldst thou to truth be true,
What politicians say or do."

"A can pign song is not a psalm,
He ceased, I sat in bitter calm,
And read the daily *Telegram*."

The personals of lunette and bond le,
Police court wit and record fon
Of doings of the *dem-munde*.

When lo, there whispered in my ear
A second voice "Be of good cheer,
But purchase Grip and have no fear—"

"Of Canada, the prop and pride,
With either faction unallied,
But true to truths on Freedom's side."

That bird of wisdom and of wit
Will not in Tory cages sit,
Nor perch on *Globe* to please the Grit."

I read the sheet of humor ripe,
And merrily as a gutter-snipe
I snickered of peace the welcome pipe."

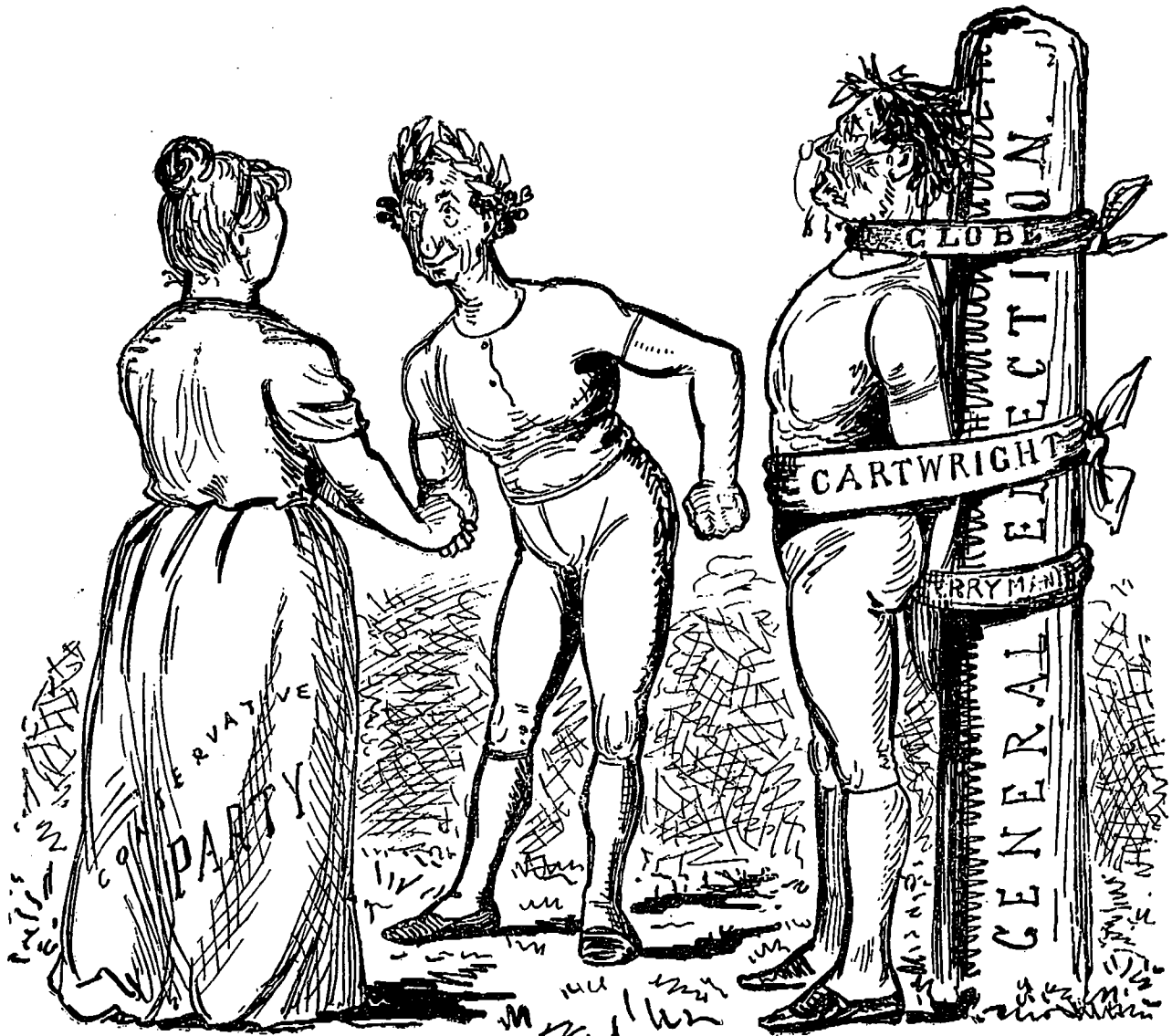


UNANIMOUS.

Election Committee Man—Well, Dobbin, I'm glad it's over!

Ditto's Horse—Same here, and don't you forget it!

THE July *Century* will contain a frontispiece portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, accompanying a paper by Emma Lazarus on "Emerson's Personality"; also an engraving of the last portrait of Henry D. Thoreau, from a tintype presented to J. H. Treadwell by Mr. Emerson. John Burroughs writes the sketch of Thoreau, which is said to be one of his most delightful out-of-door papers.



THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

HANS GRUNTZ ON THE ELECTIONS.

BISMARCK ARMS,
June 23, 1882.

HERR GRIP,—I walks de city round last vecks, unt py chimney, mine hants unt mine fingers vas all up swollen mit a pain in mine shoulders, efery pody shakes so hard mine hands. It vas "How you vas, Mr. Gruntz? Hope you are fery well; unt Mrs. Gruntz? unt leetle poy vot-you-call-him Gruntz? unt ze paby—leetle Meesy Gruntz? unt has she got her eye-teeth yet? Must really call unt see you in ze posom of your family." So fery cood unt fery kind. Unt some vill say, mit mine hand squeezing, "Coot Cracious! Mr. Gruntz, ze country to destruction goes. Czar John is paring dot cheese mit de shkilbers in all rount so thick, zere von't be nozing left for de G-rats to nibble at. We must save dot cheese provincial, Mr. Gruntz, unt you must help us to kick out Czar John by voting for Plake." "Coot cracious chimney, is dat so? I vill vote for Plake; Czar John vas von tam shecountrel." So I say, ven another man my hand gets hold of, ant shticks his finger my puttonhole

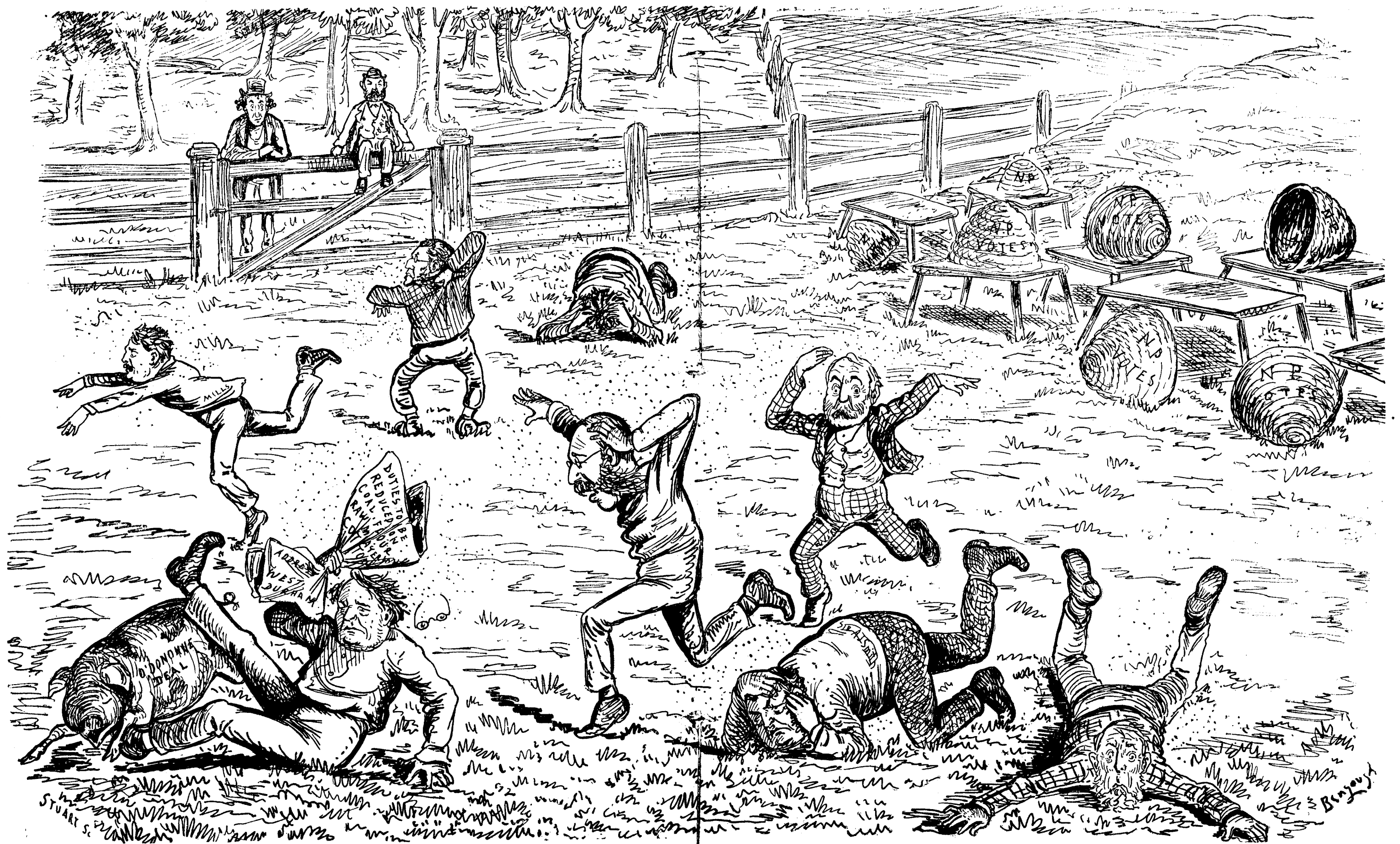
through. Unt he says, "Man Gruntz, dot last lager I got from you vos prime, A. 1. Take mine order for ze same quantity next week any time pefore Tuesday. Unt say, Gruntz, mine vrow is going to call on Mrs. Gruntz to go unt do procession look at." "Vot vos dot procession apout?" I say, "Heben and earth, Gruntz, don't you know Czar John is coming to address the electors?" Unt he his taschen-tuch takes to vipe off de sweat dot he so much astonished prings out. Put dot man tells me Czar John cuts up de province into small pieces, "vot he do dot vor?" says I. "Gruntz! de tam Grits have stuffing you been, unt slandering dot poor innocent sucking lamb, Czar John. Don't you pelieve them, Gruntz, Czar John says your lager is the best he ever tasted. Who the working man loves? Czar John. Who makes ze mare to go? Czar John. Who shuts ze Yankees out? Czar John. Who lets ze Chinese in? Czar John. Who makes brospirity, plenty of work, goot wages, lots of rain, goot crops, unt encourages matrimony, by protecting home industries? Czar John. Czar John, sir, vas premier, A. 1., just like your lager. You for Czar John vote, Gruntz, unt to

plazes mit ze Grits." Unt I says, "Ze Grits to plazes, I'll vote for Czar John." Unt so on; efery pody so kind and goot, like I vas von bruder them to. But pohint Teusday, I walks the streets ofer, unt nopody wants my hants to shake; all Vedensday unt Thursday, nopody knows old Gruntz, unt the peobles haf forgotten all apout me. I stops unt smiles von smile to ze man dot his finger puts my putton-hole through, unt he away flies like ter tuyfol was mit me, unt he vas afraid his time vas up. My face I washes clean, mit my hants; unt mine coat unt mine pants unt mine hat ze fery same as pefore Teusday, unt Herr GRIP, I can't verstan vy eferypody vos so goot unt kind pefore mit not behind Teusday. Mine lager is all right—dot's so—den Herr GRIP, vill you toll me vat is wromg mit myself dot nopody efer shakes hands mit, any more,

Your humble servant,
HANS GRUNTZ.

It is very natural for a man who has got the melon colic to be melancholy.

A lawyer is like a tailor when he gets a *suit*, and like a watch when he gets a *case*.



"WE'VE HIVED THE GRITS!"

DRESS.

I never met in all my life
The man who would confess
(However he might blame his wife)
His vanity in dress.

One might suppose that lordly man
Would scorn the whims of "style,"
Have higher aspirations, than—
The shape of coat or "tile."

That love of fame, or home and ease,
Ambition, war, or wealth!
Would fire his soul, and yet he sees
His tailor-man on stealth.

Now lovely woman, frail and weak,
Too honest to disguise,
Would never play the abject sneak
Like man, "the great and wise."

She boldly takes the foremost place
In fashion's mighty sway,
And copies, with bewitching grace,
The "dressings," of the day.

And what a beauty, when she's "drest,"
A gem without a flaw!
How well she knows what suits her best,
By intuition's law.

But man's a coward in the strife,
A bungler, when a "swell,"
And often vainer than his wife,
But cannot dress so well,

R. C.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The sight of a novel is no novel sight.

The money-lender's motto—"A 'charge' to keep I have."

The strongest man is rarely strong enough to hold his tongue at the right time.

Men and watches don't amount to much when they are run down.—*Boston Star*.

After marriage the question as to who shall be speaker of the house is speedily settled.

"Variety is the spice of life," but there's such a thing as a variety show being too spicy.

Sara Bernhardt is worth 1,200,000 francs. No wonder she owns a house in the Rue de Fortuny.

Fogg says beef should be classed under the head of game, because it is dear meat.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is noted by a philologist that "possesses" possesses more ss than any other common word possesses.

The favorite opera of the singer whose salary is slow in coming, is back cash, O!—*Boston Transcript*.

The new comet is rushing things, and will soon be ready for a grand opening on our mundane vision.

Mrs. Jesse James announces that anything that may be said about her is not so.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A man who has a mulatto servant girl named Ella, calls her umber-Ella. We don't Sienna fun in that.

The "moonshiners" are about the only persons who have succeeded in keeping a secret still.—*Boston Star*.

A woman's heart is a small affair, but it can upset the biggest man that ever adorned this world.—*Boston Star*.

A man is most anxious to learn that which he knows will make him most unhappy. This made the poet say that where ignorance is bliss it is blasted foolishness to be wise.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Rear-Admiral Ammen doesn't think much of the Eads ship railway. In other words, he cannot say Ammen to it.

A lawyer in Ohio has been disbarred for stealing sheep. The Ohio bar thinks the line should be drawn somewhere.

It is said that Joseph, the favorite of Pharaoh, was the first aesthete. He had a coat of many colors.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to wash the front windows of a house than the back windows.—*Newport Journal*.

In view of the results of Arctic exploration, we are forced to believe that the North Pole is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

The men who wrote some of the best of Longfellow's poems before he did are gradually coming to the front.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Dr. Bliss is going to Europe. He is liable to become the family physician of any distinguished person who asks him to dinner.—*Picayune*.

This is the season when athletic games occupy more general attention than any other form of amusement, except looking for summer board.

Ever did not experience any of the tortures endured by the modern lady of fashion, and yet, like the latter, she had nothing to wear.—*Lowell Citizen*.

In view of the demand for jewelled garters, it is thought highly probable that bathing suits will be in demand for evening wear.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door. Not only that, but fortune seems to climb into the windows of some folks and stay with them.—*New Haven Register*.

The fact that people are going around buying up old rubber shoes leads us to suspect that there must be a new kind of Bologna sausage in the market.—*Syracuse Herald*.

The name of the lady who purchased that \$1,200 pair of garters from a New York jeweller the other day has not yet been ascertained. Have they no mud in New York?—*Post*.

From a German Police Report: "Last night in the crooked street three gas lamps were destroyed in a violent manner without knowing the offender."—*Frankfurter Zeitung*.

"Confound it, you've shot the dog!" I thought you told me you could hold a gun?"
Pat—"Sure and so I can, your Honor. It's the shot, sorr, I couldn't howld!"—*New York Post*.

Edith—It is the easiest thing in the world to tell a man of brains from a fool, half a square off. A man of brains never acts as if he owned the whole street.—*Philadelphia News*.

The Queen of Italy is said to be fond of the picturesque. Then the sight of a fat man with a long mustache trying to eat soup ought to fill her with delight.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

"Woman," says Mrs. Eastman, "is a problem." So she is; and though a problem we can never hope to solve, it is one we shall never, never be willing to give up.—*Boston Transcript*.

Tight-lacing, according to a scientist, makes a woman's nose red, and an experienced person wants to know what it is that makes men's noses red. His query is pretty good evidence that he has never had the hay fever. We are not a scientist, and it may be that all red noses are not caused by hay fever. Some may be painted.—*Norristown Herald*.

ON THE WATER AS WELL AS ON THE LAND.

How is it possible to prevent a good thing from being known, is the question now agitating some few individuals in the Dominion. Therefore larger numbers, although not sufferers from rheumatic troubles, are of the opinion of Capt. Barry of Kingston, owner of several lake vessels, and himself sailing master of one, who says: "I, too, have been cured of the rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy; and I know of several others besides myself who have been cured of that dreadful ailment in the same manner; it is known upon the water as well as on the land, and is considered an invaluable remedy everywhere."



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, Hamilton, Ont.," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 6th day of July next, inclusively, for the erection of

POST OFFICE, &c.,

HAMILTON, ONT.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Post Office, Hamilton, on and after Thursday, the 15th June.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 24th May, 1882.

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

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OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

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As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8 30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.



UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE WRITTEN FOR GIRLS, BY MAY AGONIES PLAMING. IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.
PROLOGUE.

This novellette of real life, Canadian and English, is intended to illustrate some radical differences in the educative ideas of the two countries. That English ladies in the highest society are, or have been so late as 1860, in the habit of practising the cruelties described in this story, is shown by extracts from an English ladies' society paper given in the leading English serial, the *Saturday*, to which I can refer. Canadian sentiment abhors corporeal punishment in any form, yet the evil spirit of that mediæval abomination the rod, is by no means exercised from our school system. But in England the cat-o'-ninetails, driven from the Army and Navy, is still exercised in the classes; the garotters are the grown-up girls of the aristocracy.

They had just been introduced to each other, and Mr. Cecil Grosvenor had taken Miss Julia Jevons down to dinner at Mrs. Titlehunter's mansion in Mayfair, London, England (not Ontario). Mr. Cecil Grosvenor was an *attaché* in the Foreign office, a favorite in the best London society, with little money and no expectations, his eldest brother, the Earl of Vancouver, having inherited the Irish property, which would have supported a thousand Canadian farmers with farms of 100 acres each. The Hon. Cecil was a good-looking young fellow, with refined features, and the golden Saxon hair of his race. His partner was a girl of singular grace of figure; her form had an unstudied suppleness and *saltu sante* rhythm of movement unlike that of the London ballroom *habitués* grouped at that Sybarite dinner-table. Her face, too, lacked the heavy square angle of the lower jaw, so observable in Leech's admirable portraits of English types of beauty—it was refined and intellectual, yet possessed of a rare loveliness both of feature and expression. Julia was an English girl, whose father, embarrassed by the constant effort to make a small income cover a large social pretension, had been glad to allow his eldest daughter to be adopted by a younger brother who had been for many years settled in Canada. Uncle Hiram had died suddenly, and his fondly cherished niece became the heiress to a considerable amount of house property in Toronto, as well as to about a tenth of the land in a village, which, at the date of our story was known as Winnipeg, a rude fort somewhere in the Hudson Bay Co's wilderness, where people eat buffalo flesh, and buffalo robes chipped up together into sausages, and named "Pemmican." She was anxious to remain in Canada, where many a sympathizing home would have welcomed her, but by her uncle's will her father was her guardian. She found her way to England, the stapor of grief for the loss of her dear uncle giving way to be-

wildernment at the noise and turmoil of London. Her father was a parody on his younger brother, a feeble, etiquette-loving hanger-on upon "Society," treated with little ceremony either by his two fashionable daughters, Evangeline and Amy, Julia's younger sisters, or by his wife, a large-sized British matron, whose Herculean muscles and stern expression of dignity might well have illustrated Mr. Punch's adaptation of Shakespeare's line, "an eye like Ma's, to threaten and command."

Julia's future, during the year that was to elapse before she came of age, was to be managed by her father, and her father was managed by her mamma. It brought a great accession of ready money to that needy *de-votee* of fashionable society. But Julia was by no means at home in her father's house, least of all with her mother. From the first they did not get on. Julia had the free wings of Canadian society; her sisters had been brought up under an iron rule of submission to their mother, whose strongest point of character was her love of power. The two younger girls had been thoroughly disciplined by modes of punishment inflicted in the presence of their governess, by their mamma. That lady had written in the columns of the *Lady's Journal* full descriptions of the process, and the "leather thongs" with which it was to be inflicted. Her daughters had never attempted resistance, had they done so she would have summoned an ample array of obedient English servants to overpower them. These two girls were submissive echoes, abject slaves, of a mother who perhaps they had never thought of as an object of love. Julia had found herself a stranger among strangers. Between her and her mother there was a feud, a *wendetta*, of which Julia was unconscious but which her mother was resolved to follow out to the bitter end.

Meanwhile Julia with her sisters went a good deal into society. She did not care about the conventional pretences and labored etiquette with which she found herself surrounded, and longed for the freedom of her Canadian home. This evening she had been rather struck with what she had seen of Cecil Grosvenor—she knew neither of his poverty nor his rank, for in England the sons of noblemen are not introduced by the courtesy title of Honorable, as is the custom among the vulgar in America. The young man, too, was attracted by a certain freshness, a something more intellectual, more original, in some way more attractive than the ball-room hacks with whom he had flirted for half-a-dozen seasons. When they sat down at the crowded dinner-table, both were quite at ease with each other.

"Plenty of room, I hope," said the Hon. Cecil, as the soup *puree* was served. "Plenty, thanks; though there is rather a crowd, especially for these long, endless London dinners," said Julia. "I don't regret the length of the dinner!" "Why?" "I can talk to you better here than in the drawing-room." "Oh, if you pay me compliments we shall quarrel," "Why not? Nobbes of Malmesbury says, that quarrelling is the normal condition of the human race!" "Nobbes," said Julia, "I read about him in our college course at Whithy," and are you a 'sweet girl graduate,' according to the hacknied quotation from Tennyson? But I see Mrs. Titlehunter is collecting eyes, the ladies are about to withdraw. May I try to scrape acquaintance with your father, and if a poor younger son can succeed in so doing, and I am invited to call, may I hope to find you at home?" The matrons and nymphs rose at this instant, nor did Julia see her acquaintance again during the evening.

As they drove home Julia noticed that her mother was more than usually distant and disagreeable. The evening, however, had been pleasant, and she did not feel depressed as she sat at the coal fire in her bedroom half-an-hour

afterwards. But a knock came to the door, and her younger sister, Amy, entered. Putting her fingers to her lips she warned Julia that in some way or other she had given mortal offence to their mother, who, she feared, would take some very terrible step to show her displeasure. She earnestly advised submission. The sisters were talking, Amy in vain endeavoring to induce Julia to offer apologies for offences of which she was unconscious, when the door opened, and Mrs. Jevons entered the room. "Go to your apartment instantly, Miss," she exclaimed to her terrified youngest daughter. "As to you, Julia, we shall see to-morrow if your boasted Canadian independence has altogether absolved you from a mother's authority!" So saying, she left the room, followed by Amy.

(To be continued.)

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

(As sung by Kenady—slow and with feeling.)

Young Edward loed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But savin' his love he had naething else beside;
Nae doubt he meant me weel, but he had nae policy,
An' a man without a policy was na' for me.
Mackenzie was na' in a year but only twa,
When Uncle Sam fell sick, an' our trade was stown awa',
Mackenzie's arm was broke, my Edward was at sea,
An' auld Sir John A. cam a courtin' me.

My men could get nae wark, their mills they couldna' rin,
They toiled nicht and day but their bread they couldna' win.

Sir John he saw his chance, an' wi' smiles in his e'e,
Said, "Canada, for their sakes, will ye marry me?"
My heart it said "na," an' I looked at Edward Blake,
For oh! the times were hard, an' my trades they were a
wreck,

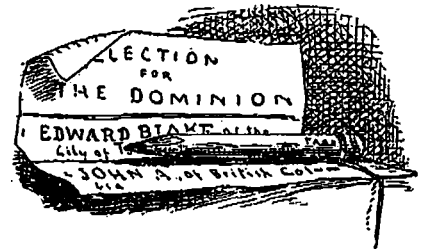
Instead o' wark an' weel, 'twas dearth an' poverty,
An' a' that I could say was—"O wae's me."

My men they urged me sair, their wives they didna'
peak,
But they lookit in my face, till my heart was like to break.
So I gied him my hand, for my way I couldna' see,
An' auld Sir John A. was gudeman to me.
We hadna' yok't been a year but only four,
When another strife began as to who should be in power,
I saw my Edward's ghaist, I c'ldna' think it he,
'Till he said, "I've come back, my love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair urge the Grits, an' mickle do they say,
But I carena' a flea, ilka dog has its day.

When I was amais't dead, they'd e'en let me dee,
But nou when I am weel, they cry, "O wae's me!"
My men hae lots o' wark, my mills they a' can rin,
I daurna think on Blake, for that would be a sin;
But I will do my best a Tory guide to be.
While auld Sir John A. is gudeman to me.

JAY KAVELLE.



NEW READING.

"The pencil is mightier than the sword."

A stone in its passage through a window makes the name of a famous city in Scotland—Glasgow (Glasgow).

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL says it was in his o-fish-al character, and not to catch votes, that he promised to stock the L'Amable streams from the Government salmon hatchery.

Positive, Comparative, and Superlative. If you wish to get on with honor be honest. To impart knowledge is to teach. One who does so is a teacher. A box of that of which is made "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," is a tea-chest.

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Price

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

McCOLL BROS. & CO.
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OAK HALL, 115, 117, 119, 121 King-St. E. Full Assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing



"THE AUDIENCE WILL PLEASE JOIN IN THE CHORUS."—Late Chairman Reform Meeting.

MEMS. FOR FRESH-AIR SEEKERS.

It may not be generally known that Toronto is at present honored by the presence of a royal visitor. Yes, the Empress of India is here, and she never looked so blooming in her life as she does now. She has undergone a thorough renovation, and is gorgeous with carpets and fresh coats of paint, while her machinery has been so improved that she is now faster than before by a mile an hour. The ever genial Capt. Van Dusen is still in command.

The excursion steamer "Rupert" has been put upon the Lorne Park route for the season, and will no doubt command a large patronage from the admirers of that beautiful retreat.



THEY ALL DO IT.

Dentist—Do I hurt you, much, ma'am?
Patient—Oh, no, I scream because I like to!

John is a strapping youth. Yes, and he is also a youth who has been often strappell.

The question is asked, "With what book—not religious—would you be the most unwilling to part?" Many, if they would speak the truth, would say, "My pocket-book—that is, if it had anything in it."



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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Soalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

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Miss Plantaganetta de la Sholly has just finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school. She is a young lady of an inquiring turn of mind. She has heard of coffee-houses. She would like to know how houses can be built of that material, as houses are built of wood, brick, or stone. She would like to see some of the yarn which boys make when they spin their tops. She sometimes hears it said to a dog, "S—catch him!" which she takes to mean, "Sketch him." She would like to see a dog draw a picture. She thinks that those who grind their teeth will leave themselves none wherewith to eat. She would not "for the world" eat bread made of ground teeth.

The Spirometer.

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aide surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.

W. H. STONE { Yonge Street. Telephone 219 Connection. } FUNERAL DIRECTOR