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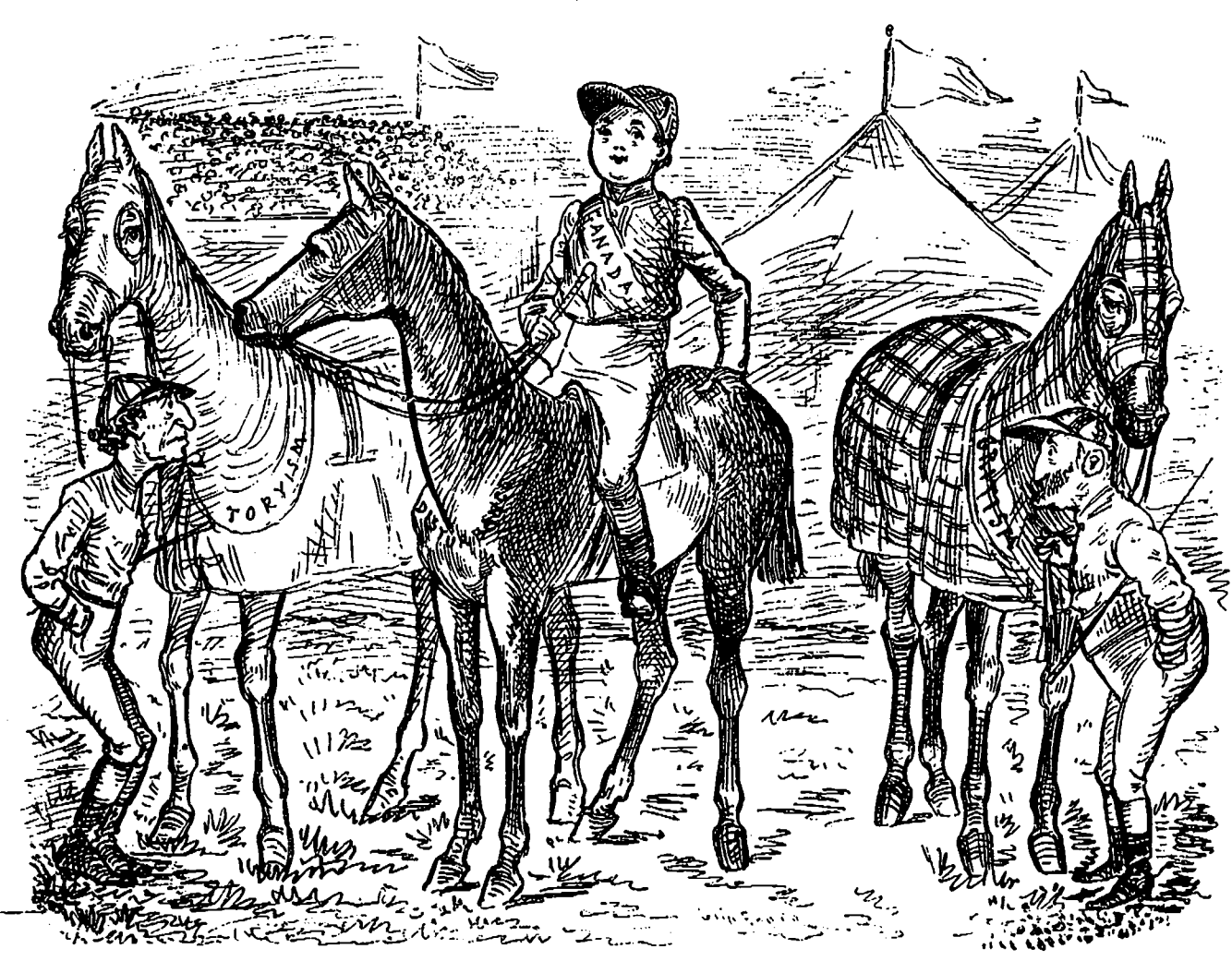
The Gravest Bear is the Ass.
 The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.
 The Gravest Bird is the Owl.
 The Gravest Man is the Fool.



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 1ST GENT—What find I here
 Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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

Cartoon Comments.

"IS IT A VAIN APPEAL?"—Surely the age of chivalry must indeed be past if this touching appeal can be in vain. What! is it possible that no gentleman jumps up and offers his place in parliament to the distinguished parties who unfortunately "got left" in the late contest. Here is a rare chance for the gallant men of both parties? Surely the Grits will not sit still and leave Sir Richard to his fate; and it cannot be that the Tories will shirk from a little self-sacrifice to oblige Mr. Plumb! Meantime, there is a display of very bad manners all round, and perhaps the conductor may conclude to take the advice so freely offered him—to put 'em both up on the knife-board!

FIRST PAGE.—The hero of the Woodbine park race meeting this year is "Disturbance," who has carried all before him. The jockeys of the rival runners no doubt regard this animal with much the same feelings as inspire the political jockeys, John A. and Gordon B., when they gaze upon the points of that other "Disturbance," the awakening spirit of national life, for they are aware that the betting is 50 to 1 against both "Gritism" and "Toryism."

EIGHTH PAGE.—Had Sir John gone to Winnipeg, as was announced, it is possible his re-

ception at the station there may have been enlivened by some such incident as is here depicted. It would be in accordance with Sir John's usual luck if he could have proclaimed himself the discoverer of those "lost, strayed, or stolen" freight cars, and consequently the recipient of the "\$5 reward." The advertisement is actually authentic.

GRIP is glad to hear that the Zoo is a financial success. A meeting of the stock-holders is to be held at the Queen's Hotel this week, when it is understood a very satisfactory statement of the affairs of the company will be made. And now the question naturally arises, Who's to pay the Piper?

We are favored with a copy of a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Clark Braden, entitled "Ingersoll unmasked—A Scathing and Fearless Expose of His Life and Real Character." Upon the cover is a "tippical pictur," representing a young lady named Truth, lifting off (with a toasting fork) a mask representing "Bob's" face, from the countenance of a Personage with sharp ears and horns, and likewise a forked tail. If the author wishes us to believe that Ingersoll is in reality the Devil, we decline. It may be true (as Mr. Braden alleges and is ready to prove) that the infidel lecturer was a very fast young man, and is now not all his admirers believe, but still he may not be quite so bad as the Devil, and Mr. Braden's artist might have "drawn it a little milder."

There is no doubt that Ingersoll's influence is mightily strengthened by his reputation for "a blameless life." The author hopes to destroy that influence by showing that his life is not and never has been "blameless," but just the contrary. There are many Christians who will doubt the expediency of this style of warfare—but we cannot see that Christianity itself has anything to do with the matter.

The *World* has enlarged its borders, and its new office, 18 King St. West, contain a suite of palatial apartments, where the editors and reporters recline on velvet couches, surrounded by dados, friezes, gazabes, and other adjuncts of luxury. GRIP wishes continued success to its spirited contemporary, the *World*. Long may it roll!

People up in the Nor'-West, who import freight, have got into the unreasonable habit of blaming the poor (that is, comparatively poor) Syndicate for every misfortune that happens in that country. We understand that leading conservatives are declaring now that the vote went astray this time all on account of the railway arrangements.

HERE is an item of news from the *Winnipeg Times*, written by the special Oriental scholar on the staff of that journal:—"The Jewish immigrants, who recently arrived, held divine service in the immigrant sheds this morning, presided over by one of the old Jewish rabbis. Saturday, as is well known, is observed among them as Sunday. Those who witnessed the service say it was a very novel sight."



NATURAL CAUSES.

Mrs. CRABBY.—Say, boy, this is bad milk you're serving us. It goes sour the moment I get it.

MILKMAN, (who is a student of Physiognomy) --I should expect that!

RYE AND WATHA.

A POEM SUGGESTED BY A LATE ARTICLE IN THE *Globe* AND A LATE LETTER IN THE *Guelph Herald*.

As unto the bow the bow string,
As the string that pulls the long bow,
Pulls it long and very often;
So unto the Grits the *Globe* is,
Gordon Brown so bends the paity.
Would you ask me for a story
Very tough, exceeding shabby,
To the racket I should tumble;
I should answer, I should tell you.
Tell the tale of Rye and Watha.
The M. P. who made the N. P.,
Up in Guelph victorious lately,
Raised the hair of Richard Cartwright,
Scalped his squaws and burned his wigwag,
To the City of Toronto,
To the intellectual centre,
Where the *World* and *Grip* are published.
Came the mighty Rye and Watha.
At the (Queen's) Hotel encamping;
And he dined, and lovely maidens,
Clad in shimmering robes æsthetic,
Smiled on mighty Rye and Watha,
Brought him plates full-heaped with deer flesh,
Brought him patent pails of lager,
Tapped for him a cask of Cosgrave's;
Then said mighty Rye and Watha,
Medicine-man in Guelph victorious:
Lovely squaws, bring hither quicky,
Bring a keg of Worts' whiskey.
So the keg was brought, he drank it,
Quaffing tumbler after tumbler,
Till his heart grew glad within him,
And he said: "Great Rye and Watha
Is a chief among the Tories,
And the Tories save the country
Every time they tumble to it,
And the Grits are frauds and failures."
But a Grit chief in that wigwag
Ate deer-flesh and drank fire-water,
And he scowled at Rye and Watha,
And he answered: "Ye are leein".
Then arose great Rye and Watha,
On that Grit he danced a war dance,
Raised his hair, or would have raised it,
On his head had there been any:
Till the whole caboose resounded,
And Magaw, the recreant landlord,
Called out loudly for the bobbies;
And the bobbies came blue-coated,
Bound with fetters Rye and Watha,
Popped him into Black Maria
And drove quickly to the station,
Where a gruesome cell had pent him.
But that generous Beauty freed him;
So he faced the Beak next morning,
Was let off and walked in triumph
Mid the beats and drunks and bummers.
Such the tale that Gordon published
In the *Globe's* veracious columns.
But the mighty Rye and Watha,
In the very last *Guelph Herald*,
Says the whole thing is a story,
Figment of the Grits untruthful;
Says he was not drunk, but sober,
Did not on that Grit dance war dance,
Was not driven in Black Maria,
Did not interview the Colonel.
So this very fishy story,
Be it fact or be it fiction,
I have told you, stating both sides,
For the Sackem's better judgment,
To the praise of Rye and Watha,
To the *Globe* man's lasting honor.



A turn-coat—A tailor.

Surge cloth should be good for sea bathing suits.

Is a played-out horse necessarily of a dum color?

A man of French descent comes of a racy race.

Spring-tied.—Young calves brought to market.

Adverse action—When an editor rejects spring poetry.

PAT. (leaving hotel) —I wants to see the landlord.

HOST.—Well! I am the landlord: what have you had?

PAT.—Bed, breakfast, and tay, your honor.

HOST.—Well, your bill is \$1.50.

PAT.—Well, I haven't any money wid me now, but I'll pay whin I come along agin.

HOST.—Why didn't you tell me that last night?

PAT.—Sure I thought you'd feel bad enough whin I tould ye in the mornin'.

WATER: AN ESSAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE ELEVENTH-FIRST MEETING OF THE CANADIAN ROYAL SOCIETY.

Water is not land, though it is often *terra firma*, and mostly becomes firmer *firma* as the season advances. It is not valuable as building lots in this form, its advantages being mostly of a transitory nature. The more transitory the nature becomes, however, the more is a certain kind of building proceeded with on that account, and the better does it pay.

Water is said to be a principal component of all living organisms, and this is doubly correct when, as in the case of city water, living organisms are the principal components of the water; otherwise it is otherwise. Water is an example of matter in three forms, solid, as when you buy it in chunks; liquid, as when you like it "cold without;" and gaseous, as when you prefer it "hot, with—" In the latter form, the gas has a tendency to elevation, and gather about the upper regions, where, if further heated, it will explode, doing much damage to wife, children, household goods, and, if not cooled in time, to the cells at No. 1, or whichever retreat you may be nearest to at the time.

This result may, however, be charged to the highly dangerous nature of the chemical constituency of water, which consists of eighty-eight parts of hydrogen to twelve of oxygen, and this is where the mischief comes in; eighty-eight parts of one thing, call it Old Rye or Malt, to twelve of another, say Lager or Bock Beer, is clearly an undue preponderance of something that may lead to anything, and nobody to blame but the water, that being the primary basis.

Water is remarkably useful in many ways.

Without it Hanlan would be nowhere, and Tricket and Boyd might possibly boss the championship. Thus Canada would be robbed of that *prestige* among the nations for which she pines, and would have reason for that indignation she naturally expresses when she is not placed in the front rank.

Were it not for water, all "ways" and "stretches" would be blotted from our maps. Sir Hugh Allan might shut up shop, and Mr. Mackenzie would be robbed of the chief glory of his C. P. R. speeches.

Nor would it longer be possible to enjoy the delights of "raking in the pools" at regattas and yacht races. The value of skiffs, boats, punts, and even of deal boards capable of being locomoted with an old broom and a broken oar, would greatly deteriorate; and our small boys could no longer risk their precious lives by trying to catch minnows between floating logs which have an untimely tendency to roll over. The North-west boom could not get on at all without water, the value of the unsophisticated immigrant and the absent speculator would become *nil*, and the land shark would die for want of a proper amount of nourishment.

Water is particularly useful for domestic purposes. Denied this necessary of life, we should have to boil our potatoes in the frying pan, make our tea in the milk jug, eat our mulligatawny out of the tin, and save our mock turtle for better times.

Moreover, it would be utterly impossible to do our spring house-cleaning. We should have to paint the wood-work, varnish the floors, and send for the man to put up a new dado every year: the white-wash brush would lie dormant, and the white lace curtains would have to be dyed some other color.

If we dive into this subject further, we find that water resolves itself into various interesting forms, as Hungary water, which is beneficial in the diffusion of tramps, if administered by the painful; Lavender water, so named from its employment in the olden time for doing the family wash; Eau de Cologne, a famous rival of Eau de Toronto; and Eau de Vie, a much esteemed substitute for bread and meat as a support of human life.

We find, also, that water is exceedingly necessary to the sustaining the ancient reputation and present attributes of the Queen City, since by no other agency would it be possible to provide that semi-annual overlay of mud which keeps up the demand for draught horses, though we regret to say it is found to be somewhat too expensive in the matter of oburgation and whip-lash. The *raison d'être* of the Fire Department of the city also would expire, since, without Water was in opposition, Fire would assume an autocratic attitude entirely destructive of all accepted principles of government, and the name of Toronto would soon become extinct. Nor would the small boy be long left happy in the enjoyment of those opportunities conferred on him by the possession of a few feet of garden hose and a hydrant, and thus his neighbors would soon lose their sense of his importance in the community, and his powers of making life endurable during the sultry months of school holiday would remain undeveloped.

But perhaps the most valuable attribute of water is the obligation it enforces on mankind to be particular in the form of their water-jugs. Precious as is water in itself, its demands on our artistic nature are thrice precious in that, to the cultured eye and the refined taste, it is a simple impossibility to take a drink of water—even with the thermometer at 80 deg., and ice in it—out of anything less than the Warwick vase or the lovely creation of Canova.

To the correctly thirsty, the form of the drinking vessel is of infinitely greater import-

ance than the fluid it contains, be it never so sparkling and cold. And if anybody don't believe it, let him ask Oscar Wilde.

HIGH LIFE AT OTTAWA.

RURAL DELL,
June—

MY DEAR MARIA,—Whatever will you think of my never sending you the invitation to come and stay with us at Rural Dell, that I promised before I went to Ottawa? However, I hope you will say with me, "better late than never." I want you to come to us at once and stay as long as ever you can, and if you only knew how I have been driven, you wouldn't think twice about my seeming negligence. When I last wrote to you, we were in the midst of confusion attending preparations to go to Ottawa. Well, my dear, we went, we saw, we *sarrived*. I may add for myself, thank Heaven the visit's over (this is strictly between ourselves). The fact is, before the first fortnight was over, I wanted to come home, but the girls wouldn't hear of it—Eva said it would look so queer to have me go back so much sooner than I intended, and they both insisted on my staying there to chaperone them to the parties they were asked to. So I stayed, and made a chaperone and a martyr of myself at the same time. I tell you what it is, Maria, you haven't an idea what a wearing thing this "chaperoning" is (I don't mean anything unkind by reminding you that you are not married and a mother). You see, after once getting into a room you are given a seat—ten to one next some woman you don't know—and then left there to amuse yourself the best way you can, "looking-on," which in the best of times is an exceedingly slow *divertissement*, being considered all the amusement required by the old and married. I generally found myself wishing I was at home and in bed, or with a comfortable chair and a good novel. I am sure it would be better to have some good novels scattered about rooms for people to read than the piles of views that are occasionally on hand for the ghastly amusement of unfortunate chaperones and wall-flowers. But for my personal experience, I am sure I should never have had much supper if Lucius hadn't looked after me, and he generally spoiled my appetite by asking in the most aggravating way "if I wasn't enjoying myself awfully?" or "how did doing the gay and festive seem at my time of life?" However, if the experience was not as gratifying as one would wish, there is certainly a pleasure in *speaking* of visiting Rideau and meeting the Marquis, and I suppose every acquaintance we have within a radius of five miles about Rural Dell has heard with envy how much our girls were admired. There is a report going round that June refused the brother-in-law of a second cousin of Lord Somebody-or-other in Ireland. I never heard of such a young man, but the report, I suppose, won't do Jane any harm socially. The election coming on so soon, we were pretty busy when we got home. I did all I could for Lucius, kept a supply of good things in the larder, and am certain my pies and custards got him more than one vote. If you could have seen the queer people we had to tea and dinner you would have wondered at my politeness, and however I kept the girls from giggling in their faces—but we are an M.P. family again, and happy. I've lost ever so much, and only weigh one hundred and fifty, but if my country required it, I shouldn't mind losing twenty or thirty pounds more, and be a better figure at the same time. But I must conclude, for I hope to be talking to you soon, and it is useless to waste time in writing. Come soon, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,
ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

A LETTER FROM THE CITY.

TORONTO, June eighty 2.

DEAR HANMER, I drove here all solid, but somewhat dejected with my ride from Bush-town. I had an adventure here the other nite, which was very amousin and tragic in some of its outlines. I was wandring thru the unique and romantic Noble Ward of this town. It lacked 2 nites of the cleeshun, and had bin a hot day. Several thermometers had bin sunstruck, and one Ise Kream man had died of joy that afternoon, but as Dark-ness came on the atmnsfere got more sublime and kooler. As I passed a millionaire's manshun on Center-street, I heard gentil voices over the wall, discussin politics. It was a female girl and a man, and they were talking about the N. P. I leaned agin the wall to listen, but Morpheus hit me in the eyes, and I fell asleep. While I was dreaming of you, Dear Hanmer, a fellow posted a Small cleeshun bill on me. He took me for a telegraph poll, but I took it for a Small trik. If I ever catch him his flesh will turn to grass mighty sudden. He'll be BT or Hay B4 I let up on him. The poster started to whisper N. P. in my ear and woke me up. I sed there was no N. P.—no poster for me, and I made an assault on the poster. He resisted, but with a chuckle of fiendish glee I assassinated him, and hove his gory remainders in ten the gutter. Then I stole softly down the street, so as not to wake the tired policeman, and climbed in ten the bar window of the Hotel de Bummer, and went ten sleep on a bed of bottles. Rum kind of a bed, ten, but as long as I didn't have a smash, and get myself outside a sling, I was all serene. Dear Hamer, farewell, till we meet agin. In the meantime I'll try and fare well ten. Meat is high here, so high that some fellows can't meet their butchers' bills.

Yours serenely,

NICODEMUS BANGS.

Does a person with a false set o' teeth speak in a falsetto voice?

Where did the Conservative candidates get their majorities? is the question often asked lately. We don't know exactly, but fancy they got them from the votes polled for them.

A NURSERY STORY.

SHOWING HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO PUT ON STYLE, AND THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THE NEPHEW OF A BANK PRESIDENT.



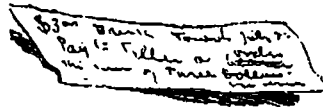
Here's a Canadian Bank.



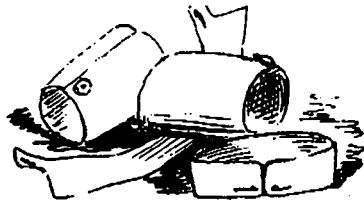
This is the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is the Cash'er, a dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, that swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is a cheque for dollars three, the weekly "sugar" or salary, and paid by the Cash'er, that dasher and masher, to the lah-de-dah Teller, that swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



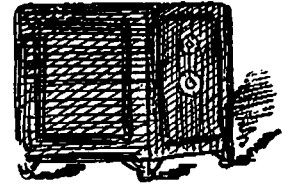
These are some cuffs and some paper collars, bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars paid by the Cash'er, dasher and masher, wardrobe of the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



These are two girls, with frizzes and curls, and laden with diamonds, rubies and pearls, the gifts of the wearer of ulster and collars, bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars, the sum of the salary, sugar, or screw, which every week the Teller drew from the lah-de-dah Cash'er, dasher and masher, who ran the Canada Bank.



This is the President, in the bank resident, and pa to the girls with frizzes and curls, all laden with diamonds, rubies and pearls; the gift of the wearer of cuffs and collars bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars. His nephew's the Cash'er, a dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is a safe with a combination made up by an abstruse calculation, of which but two know the right formation, and these are the President in the bank resident, pa to the girls with the frizzes and curls, etc., etc. and known to the Cash'er, that dasher and masher who bossed the Teller, a lah-de-dah feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is a prisoner placed in the dock, charged with busting the patent lock which was closed with a wonderful combination, made up with an abstruse calculation, etc., etc.; and lo! 'tis the Teller, unfortunate feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



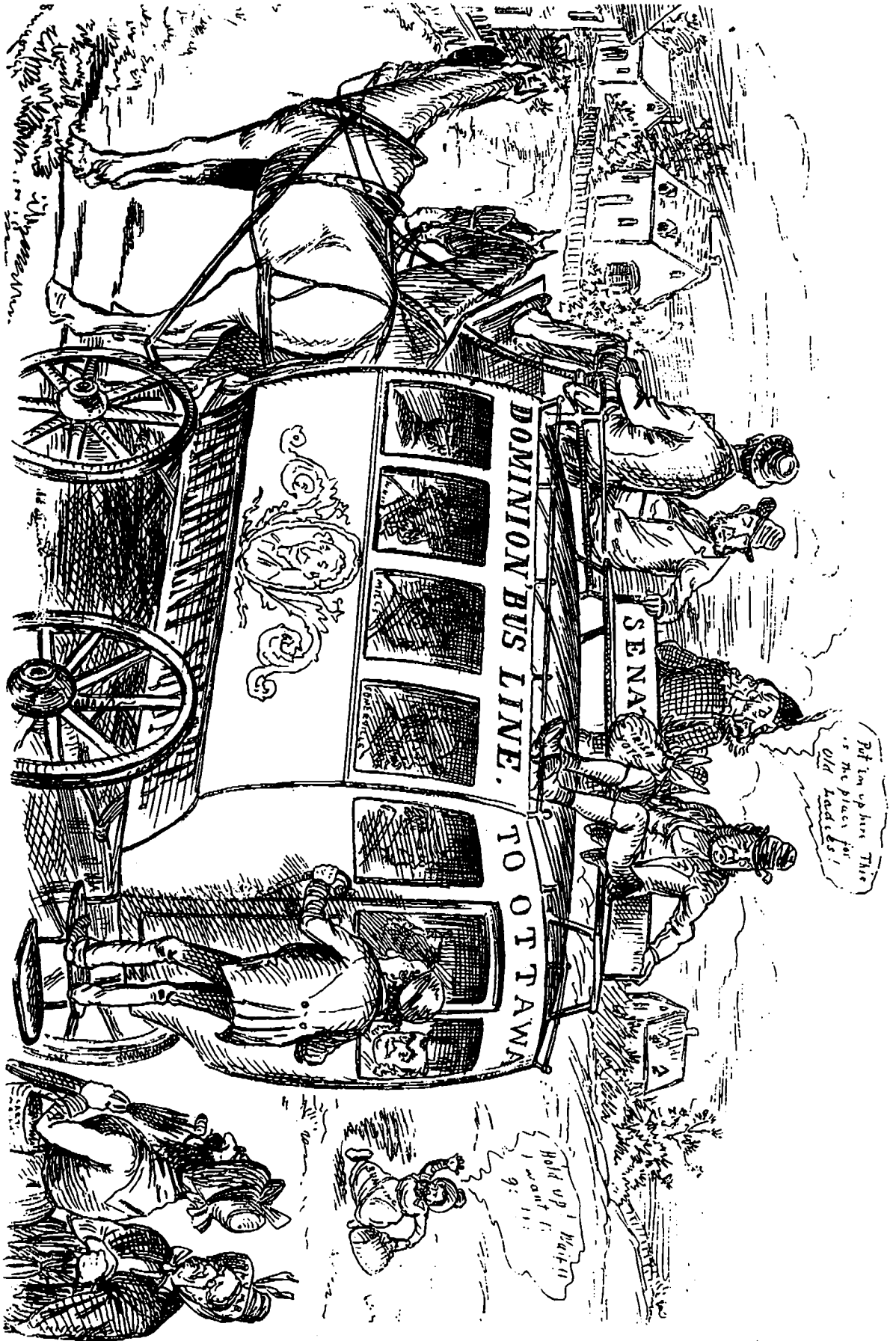
And these are detectives who found the clue which led them, with instinct unerring and true, to the house where the Cash'er devoured his hash, where they found the stolen bonds and cash. His uncle was president in the bank resident, so they arrested the Teller we see in the dock, and charged him with busting the patent lock of the safe of the Canada bank.



And here is a judge as firm as a rock, and holder of millions of Canada stock; he's a friend of the President in the bank resident, whose nephew's the Cash'er, that dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, the swell of a feller, who spooned the girls with frizzes and curls, and gave them diamonds, rubies and pearls, but who only drew a salary amounting to something like dollars three, and clerked in the Canada Bank.



And here is the Prison—but why continue this harrowing tale? Rather let us draw a veil over the unfortunate victim of the Cash'er's perfidy, and drop a tear over the errors and indiscretions of the unfortunate Teller.



IS IT A VAIN APPEAL?

JOHN A., (Conductor).—WOULD ANY GENTLEMAN MIND GIVING UP HIS SEAT TO ACCOMMODATE AN OLD LADY?

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Does the world miss anyone?" you ask, Julia. No, it doesn't miss anyone, unless he takes somebody's money along with him.—*Lowell Citizen.*

That Egyptian rioter who fought a man in a dark room for two hours must have been awful mad when he got him outside and found it was a mummy.—*Boston Post.*

It is stated that Levy, the cornetist, gets more salary than an editor. He does, and it isn't fair. We know lots of editors who are bigger blowers than Levy.—*Lynn Bee.*

It is rumored that Oscar Wilde will wed a Boston girl. The change from a diet of lilies to that of beans will probably extinguish him.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Smith discovered, after marriage, that his wife wrote poetry; but he couldn't do anything about it then. He had taken her for better or for verse.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bismarck has presented to the botanical garden at Dusseldorf a large wolf given him by a Russian prince. Wolves, like bad cigars, are nice things to give away.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An iron fence is being built along the banks at Niagara Falls. This will head off suicides, as no man with tight trousers or a woman with a hoopskirt can climb a fence.—*Boston Post.*

"You've made a fool of me," said an irritated man to his wife. "My love," she sweetly responded, "you do yourself injustice; remember that you are in all respects a self-made man."

A wife having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves: a mere nothing upsets them."

A passer-by gives two cents to a beggar—"Thank you for your good intention," said the beggar, "but I no longer accept cents. They did very well when I began to beg, but now"—*Paris H't.*

Here lies a man whose earthly race is run:
He raised the hammer of a fowling gun,
And blew into the muzzle just because
He wished to know if it was loaded: and it was.
Somerville Journal.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "The man who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare." But Ralph never was a newspaper man, supposed to be absolutely staggering under a load of circus tickets.—*Boston Post.*

A crusty old fellow once said, "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.—*Quiz.*

"Yonder go the most disobliging couple in our neighborhood."

"You surprise me; please explain?"

"Oh, they always close the windows when they have a row."

The Popular Science Monthly leads off with an article on plant cells, which is, no doubt, very erudite, but the worst plant cell we know of is when mullens are dealt in as pure Havana leaf.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

THE WISE PEASANT.

A wealthy Peasant, who felt that his hours were numbered, called his sons around his bedside, and began:

"James, you are the eldest, and I bequeath you my blessing."

The second son came forward, with bowed head, and the father said:

"John Henry, you have been a good boy, and I bequeath you my good name."

The third son showed up, and the old man kindly remarked:

Andrew Jackson, you are my youngest, and I bequeath you the care of my grave. Good-bye my dear sons. Each of you press my hand for the last time, and then skip back to the field, for this is glorious weather for corn."

"But, dad you are worth \$20,000!" they protested in chorus.

"That is true, boys, but I have tried to make an equal division. I have left all the honor to you and all the money to the lawyers. They would have got the sugar, anyhow, and in the getting would have left you nothing, and proved your mother a fool and your father a lunatic besides. I die happy and full of peace. Bury me just to the left of the old cow-shed, and pay for my tombstone on the monthly instalment system."

MORAL:

The Lawyers were of course dissatisfied with the will, and carried the case into court.

HOW IT WORKED AT THE MURRAY HOUSE.

Among the cosiest hotels in Ontario is the Murray House of St. Catherines, kept by Mr. Thomas Scully, where the writer always stops when in that city. Upon a recent trip, the writer was speaking with Mr. Scully concerning his old ailment, weak back, when Mr. S. observed: "I take sincere pleasure in recommending St. Jacobs Oil to all sufferers. I have found it a most excellent remedy myself, and I know of others who have used it with great success. I would not be without St. Jacobs Oil, nor do I believe any sensible man ought. I caught a cold about three years ago, which settled in my back and sorely afflicted me between my shoulders. The pain was almost unendurable at times, especially at impending changes of the weather, and at such times I used to be incapacitated for attending to my business. I tried electric baths, salt baths, various strengthening plasters and other such means without success. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and was cured at once and permanently. St. Jacobs Oil is a most excellent remedy and I would not be without it at any price."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAIL'Y

COMPANY.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the **Fertile Belt** of Manitoba and the Northwest Territory for sale, on certain conditions as to cultivation, at

\$2.50 PER ACRE.

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments with interest at Six per cent.

A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE being allowed for cultivation, as described in the Company's Land Regulations.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all agencies of the Bank of Montreal and other banking institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

For copies of the Land Regulations and other particulars, apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg; or to the undersigned,

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER.

Montreal, May 19, 1882.

Secretary.

THE CRAWFORD ESTATE.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND CONVENIENT SECTION OF TORONTO.

IS NOW IN THE MARKET

FOR SALE.

This splendid property, embracing choice building lots and very

ATTRACTIVE

VILLA SITES,

is now offered for sale by the ONTARIO INDUSTRIAL LOAN & INVESTMENT COMPANY at low rates and on very favorable terms.

The southern portion of the property adjoins the charming grounds of Trinity College, and that picturesque plot known as

SHAW'S GROVE,

which is likely to be dedicated to the city for a PUBLIC PARK, is also on the estate. The healthfulness of the locality and the attractiveness of its surroundings render it one of the most desirable spots in the city for private residences; while the rapid advance in the value of real estate in the West is ample security that investments made here cannot be otherwise than very profitable.

Already several lots have been disposed of to parties who are about to erect

Handsome Suburban Residences

thereon. The College-street line of cars will accommodate the northern section, while the projected Dundas-street extension track will pass through the southern portion.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES

will be offered to purchasers intending to build immediately as well as to those who wish to secure several lots.

Plans of the property may be seen and every information obtained at the office of the Company,

VICTORIA CHAMBERS,

No. 9 VICTORIA STREET.

JAMES GORMLEY,

Managing Director.

Toronto, June 1, 1882.

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

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

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(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do **FIRST-CLASS WORK**, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

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

Evening office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

UNDER THE ROD.

A NOVELLETTE FOR GIRLS.
CONCLUSION.

The momentary unpleasantness caused by Mrs. Jevons' manner soon passed off, and Julia was allowed to enjoy her first party in London. She was engaged for nearly every dance, several of them with the Hon. Cecil Grosvenor, who, when the evening was over, took her in to supper. Mrs. Jevons sat opposite, beside her an old gentleman in a wig and with a generally artificial appearance, to whom Julia's mamma showed great deference. "That is old Lord Silenus," said Cecil, "a great friend of a certain very exalted personage, and one of whose morals it does not do to speak before ladies. He is talking to your respected parent, and he is looking towards you. You'll see he'll send to ask you to take wine with him. I hope you will stand by your principles." He and Julia had been talking much on the very subject on which she differed from her mamma. The young nobleman, disgusted with the artificiality and laxity of morals of the society around him, looked with undisguised admiration on the beautiful, high principled, and modest Canadian girl. "I told you he would send," he added, as a servant came round with a message from Lord Silenus, asking Miss Jevons to take wine with him. Julia felt her mother's eyes to be fixed on her; coloring deeply, she sent a reply that Miss Jevons regretted that her principles prevented her accepting the honor of his Lordship's invitation. "As to the matter of evening dress," said Cecil, "I quite sympathize with the Canadian ladies; their ideas of decorum are those I should like in a sister, if I had one, and in a wife. Just look at that girl opposite! how the transparency of her lace suggests a fairer neck than it reveals!" "But what magnificent diamonds," said Julia, anxious to change the topic that seemed personal, "that cross must have cost hundreds of pounds!" "Oh no," replied he, "you know the poet says, 'things are not what they seem.'"

Upon her neck a diamond cross she bore,
Which Jews might price at dollars twice a score.

"Stop, sir," said Julia, smiling. "I like Pope, and I detest parodies." And so they talked on, Cecil being more and more charmed with his companion as he saw that she cared for something higher than mere fashionable folly, and could follow him through regions of thought where the ladies he had hitherto met little cared to penetrate. They talked of the great American writers with whom Cecil was familiar, and Julia described some of the cartoons and repeated some poetry from her favorite GRIP. Cecil was delighted, and said so. Meanwhile the carriage had taken Julia's papa and mamma home—it was to return for the young ladies in a few minutes. During these, Cecil led Julia into a conservatory where they could be alone, then, amid the fragrance of blossoming orange and myrtle, he asked her the one all-important first question in Love's catechism. He was not rich; as a younger son, he said, he would have but a few hundreds a year, but from all he had heard he wished to live in Canada; would she go with him? "Where thou goest I will go," was her reply in those sweetest and most tender of loving words recorded in the ancient Hebrew idyl. They had but a few moments more together, a number of mutual explanations and confessions, an arrangement to meet next morning at eleven in the gardens of the neighboring square, and a parting kiss, the record of that interview. Then Julia drove home so absorbed in the new happiness that she hardly noticed the cold looks and altered demeanor of her sisters.

Next morning Julia breakfasted by herself, her father had gone to his office, and the young ladies were with their mother. After

breakfast Julia received a message from the governess that her mamma desired to speak with her in her own private *boudoir*. "And Miss Julia," added Miss Spifkins, "do let me advise you to submit to your dear ma's rule, she means it for your good; she has punished each of your sisters in the same way, and I assure you the occurrence has scarcely led to an hour's suspension of the good understanding that has ever prevailed between us all. Julia did not reply. In the boudoir stood her mother, tall, pale and very determined-looking. Beside her were the two girls, reinforced by Miss Spifkins. Mrs. Jevons held in her hand a wooden implement covered with green cloth, and furnished with a number of lashes of thin but knotted whipcord. "My daughter," she said, "you have shown a spirit of marked disobedience and insubordination ever since your arrival here from Canada. You have insulted my friend, Lord Silenus, when he did you the great honor to ask you to take wine with him; and you have insulted me by refusing to wear the ball dress which I took the trouble to provide for you. You set your sisters an example which I will not tolerate. Because you are eighteen, you are not beyond the range of a mother's authority. Prepare yourself instantly to receive the chastisement I intend for you; if you do not do so I shall call in the servants, and your disgrace will be the greater!" "I will never submit to such an insult!" cried the girl, "the disgrace will be yours, not mine!" The sisters at that moment screamed hysterically, as Mrs. Jevons rang the bell, which was answered by three stolid looking British servant women, accustomed to obey like slaves a mistress whom they hated, and glad to see the disgrace of one of her daughters. Julia was seized and held down. She felt but one stroke of the lash on her shoulders, and then fainted. When she awoke she was in her own room, a fresh breeze from the window blowing towards her the fragrance of a bouquet sent by Cecil. He had been informed that Miss Jevons was ill.

Mrs. Jevons, according to her usual practice after such a vindication of her authority, tried it every way to show kindness to Julia. But her daughter made no response. Her engagement becoming known gave her a somewhat more independent position in her family, and when the routine of courtship had been duly gone through, a splendid wedding took place at Mrs. Jevons' house. When the "twain of yesterday" had been made one by a bishop hired for the occasion, and the guests were seated at breakfast, Julia's father proposed the health of the bride. Cecil replied. He said, "I know, though Julia has never told me, the whole history of her home life since she returned from Canada. In her name I decline to reply to the health you have proposed, and we leave behind us in this house the presents, costly as they are, which are valueless from a mother who has outraged a daughter's self-respect." Of course there was a scene, but Julia left with her husband, and without tasting a morsel of that sumptuous wedding breakfast. They left London *en route* for Canada, where Cecil fixed his abode, having taken a house in Toronto in order that he and his wife might be on the spot to obtain the earliest obtainable copy of GRIP on the day of publication. Cecil's father and elder brother died, and he became an Earl and Julia a Countess. She sent money from time to time to Mrs. Jevons, but would never consent to visit that person. Of course it was wrong in her not to honor her mother, but a mother cannot expect that duty from a child, who does not set the example of honoring her daughter.

When a guest at the Lindsay hotels asks for some "albuminous protoplasm" the girls get mad and consider it improper. They prefer the good old-fashioned name of hen fruit.



GOT HIS ANSWER.

SWELL.—Is that animal any relation of yours?
RURAL PARTY.—No; just an acquaintance, like yourself!

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. 1.—THE CAT.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Next to the baby the cat is the pet animal about the house. Of course the canary is a pet too, so much so that the cat wants to chum with it, but the appetite for feathers of the one is too great for the personal safety of the other. To look at a cat when it is good natured is as common-place a sight as can be seen. There is nothing at all odd about it except its tail, which is odd because it is singular. The cat has a taste for architecture, which taste may be discerned when it forms a Gothic arch out of its back, and elevates its tail like a Corinthian column. The cat does this only when its blood is riled. It has also a great taste for spring chicken, steak and new milk. This is its most cultivated taste.

The only people who like cats are children and old maids. (Sausage makers like them when pork is scarce.) Allow a child and a cat to play together for three weeks, till the child has cut off the animal's tail, and removed what little hair it had, and if that cat doesn't feel as miserable as a Grit on June 21st, then I want to be a cat. About one of the most interesting trios in the world is composed of a cat, a cup of tea, and an old maid. There is something touching about the love and esteem that an old maid has for a cat. No doubt the reason is that having thrown away bushels of love on false men, and having received none in return, she showers all that is left on the cat, said cat having no objection to being the recipient of such attention. Tabby is the old maid's *confidante*. If she could speak, she could tell us the old maid's age, if those cork-screw curls are false or not, if the old maid would like to be married, and if she really hates men as much as she says she does.

The cat is a formidable rival of the Spanish lover who serenades his love on a summer's night. Being possessed of a voice melodious as a steam-whistle, it gives open-air concerts every summer night—weather and health permitting. It serenades promiscuously. It does not endanger its lungs and life by singing to one citizen, but taking a position on some back fence within hearing distance of the neighboring houses, it throws its whole soul into the attempt. Its efforts are appreciated, for although hot-house bouquets are not plentiful at

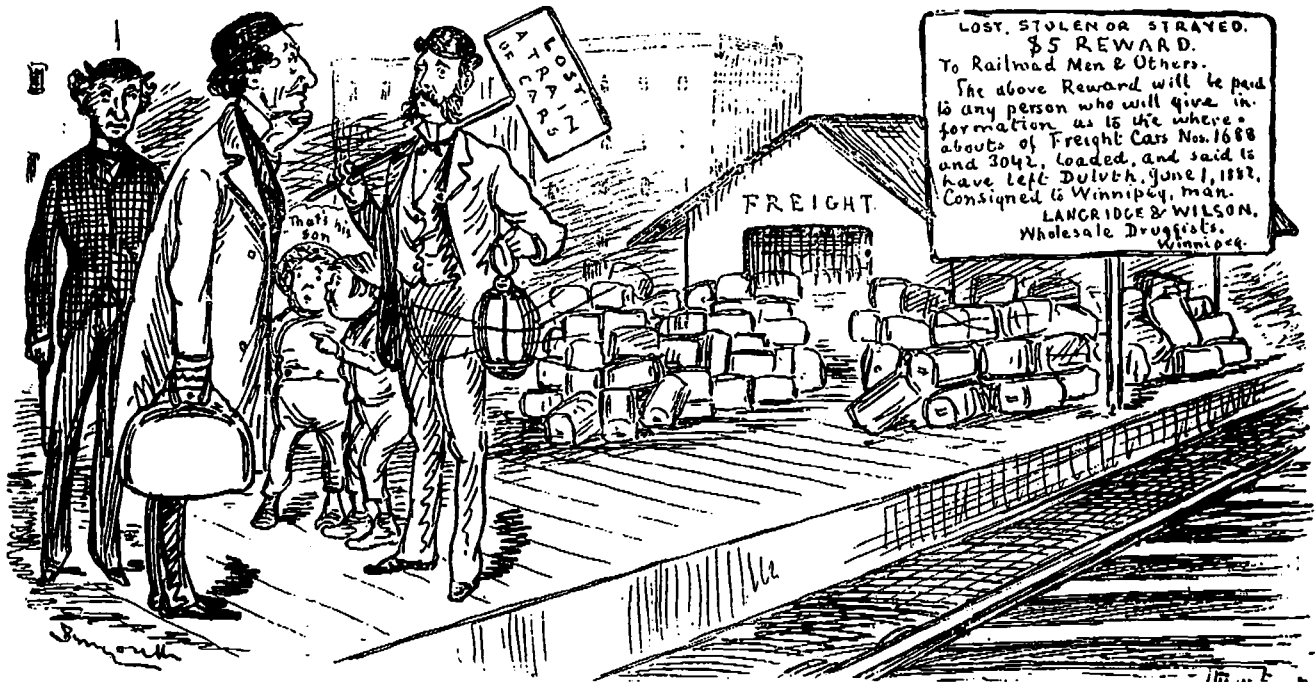
See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

MACHINE OILS.

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Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

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TORONTO.

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



SIR JOHN'S RECEPTION AT WINNIPEG, (If he had gone.)

WINNIPEG MERCHANT.—BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE ANY OF MY STRAY FREIGHT-CARS ON YOUR WAY HERE?

that hour of the night, the want-to-be sleepers cast out dozens of boots, hair-brushes, chairs and hoop-skirts at the feet—no, head of the warbler. I might here say a few words about the modulations in the voice of a cat. There is that deeply solemn mew that is manufactured to be used at funerals only, and sounds as if it came from the grave. Then there is one short, sharp, piercing shriek, that seems to come from the tipmost hair on the cat's tail, and makes one feel as if a whole squad of artillery had shot tunnels through one's body. When heard unexpectedly, that modulation of a feline voice is apt to scare a fellow. Then comes that most surprising of all. I refer to that conglomeration of shrieks, yells, howls, sob, screeches, groans and despairing wails. That modulation that combines in one the cry of a hungry babe, the blowing of a fog-horn, the shriek of a five-minute-late locomotive and the sorrowful exclamation of real pain emitted by a boy who has risen from a seat on a carpet tack. Can it be better described? I think not. Reader, you must have heard it. If so, imagine it. If not, there is yet some hope for you.

At the present day, there are some people who believe that a cat has nine lives. I believe that that is an exploded theory. In days gone by when cats were few, it might have been necessary for a cat to have nine lives in order to preserve the species, but in this age when they are as plentiful as dead beats round a free-lunch counter, it is against common sense and the laws of nature for a cat to have more than one life. In this case my argument is founded on the fact that necessity is the mother of invention. The necessity of having cats led to the invention of the nine lives. That necessity was done away with when cats became as numerous as they are. Therefore a nineteenth century cat has but one life. That's logic.

Cats have always occupied a prominent place in history. There is the cat of Dick Whittington, the cat that associated with the fiddle, Puss in Boots, and other notable cats that I suppose have existed but whose names and achievements I cannot recall.

Taken on the whole, a cat is just as good as any other animal,—except a man.

When you kiss a girl named Sarah it's a Salutory thing.

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*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
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Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
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JOTTINGS.

Coopers' disease—(w)hooping cough.

Shoes cannot be sold unless they be soled.

A dentist is like an infant when he is teething.

There is a large wild beast which yet is only an ounce.

It is a curious fact that though a saw has teeth, it has no mouth.

One kind of mortar is used for construction, and another for destruction.

When you see a wild bear making for you you may be sure that he is brain mischief.

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-aid 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 2,000 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.

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