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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

#### Please Observe.

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

### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is not likely that very many Canadians who celebrate the First of July take any particular thought of the fact intended to be commemorated by the festival of Dominion Day. The holiday is devoted to fun rather than political moralizing. If we were given to "orating," as our Republican neighbors are, there can be no doubt that the burden of Dominion Day speeches would be the glorious fact that on the first of July, 1867, the Provinces achieved Home Rule, and the peroration would undoubtedly be an apostrophe on the sacredness and preciousness of that boon. But we have no First of July orators—we take it out in general diversion, with special attention to athletics. At the present moment thoughtful Canadians are a little exercised as to future celebrations of our National Holiday, as the facts would seem to warrant the fear that we may soon have nothing to celebrate, if the Government at Ottawa continues its hostility to Provincial autonomy. Sir John Macdonald has rolled the wheel of Federal authority over Manitoba and Ontario of late, and the only excuse that can be found for him is the plea that he is not a free agent—that the Bleus of Quebec move him at their own sweet will.

FIRST PAGE.—The spectacle of Uncle Sam shipping Irish paupers back to John Bull is one sufficiently disgraceful to our modern civilization, though we cannot blame our Uncle under the circumstances. In the first place John Bull has no business to have Irish paupers. They are the natural product of the bad government of past ages. But, having been produced, there is certainly no excuse for the wholesale deportation of them into the United States. Why cannot the Imperial authorities use the wealth at their command in the more productive and patriotic form of endowing these poor Irishmen with homes in our teeming North-West?

EIGHTH PAGE.—And now Senator O'Donohue is beginning to howl for that seat in the Cabinet. Small blame to him; the seat was undoubtedly promised—and he has fulfilled all the conditions required of him in the premises. But of course he will not be "taken in" to the Cabinet. Let him be content with the fact that he has been most effectually "taken in" otherwise.



A paragraph has appeared in the Hamilton *Spectator* claiming the authorship of "Bunthorne Abroad" for Mr. Swire, Associate Editor of this paper. It would seem that the Editor of the *Spectator*, after witnessing the performance of the operetta, became profoundly impressed with the belief that the libretto strongly resembled Mr. Swire's style of composition, and wrote his notice accordingly. That he was in error, Mr. Bengough's name on the libretto as the author is sufficient evidence. Mr. Swire wishes to obtain credit for nothing he did not do, and makes no such claim, himself, as above stated.

Queer people, those Hamiltonians. Only a few days ago they presented John Smith with something or other and made a big to-do over him on the eve of his departure, and now a lot of them are abusing him like a pick-pocket. Apparently John Smith didn't leave, as he seems to be still in Hamilton.

We wish to know the reason  
Why up to date this season  
There has been so much diminishment in lies  
About that 'luscious fruit,'  
Which grows down near its root,  
The strawberry we mean, and why its size  
Appears to be diminished.  
This poem's finished.

Dominion day has come and gone once more and the usual number of casualties have occurred, mainly owing to the carelessness of young men who wish to 'show off,' as children say; but perhaps the most glaring piece of culpable foolhardiness that took place was that performed by the editor of the *Mail*, who is reported to have crossed over to the Island in a small boat, when the Bay was very rough, with one of his own editorials in his pocket.

A poet sweetly sings:

"There is no river-bed but purer grows  
As onward far its water flows  
To depths beyond."

If we knew who the bard was we would invite him to take a stroll down the banks of the Don, and if the fresh, Ceylon-like odors of the sewers towards its mouth, and a dead cat or two in an advanced state of decomposition floating on its placid buzzin, didn't shake his opinion we would—, well, we would shake him.

"The young fellows who fascinate in America are now no longer called 'mashers' or 'dudes,' but 'carpots.'"—*Weekly Journal*. This is the first intimation we have received that dudes and mashers ever fascinated anybody, anywhere. If by the term America the

*Journal* meant to imply Canada as well, then it makes a grievous error. Canadian girls are not so easily fascinated as to fall victims to the charms (save the mark) of the 'dude,' 'masher,' 'carpet,' 'shummy,' or whatever name he is known by. Avaunt! carpet; and get thee hence, &c., &c.

No one can possibly object to Wun Lung, the Chinese tragedian, playing *Othello* with an English-speaking company in this country, as it is stated he proposes to do; but his unfortunate name has already been nearly fatal in several instances from the fearful array of facetious paragraphs to which it has given rise. The terrible consequences to the public, should the tragedian and his name be once more prominently brought before it, may be foreseen, and he should be made to change the latter before it appears on the playbills. There are plenty of good stage names lying round loose, and Chester, or something like that, would be appropriate. Let the public, then, be warned in time. The paragraphers are already sharpening their pencils. We shan't charge Chester anything for this suggestion, if he will only make the change in Stanley.

A phenomenon was witnessed in Yorkville, north of the toll gate, a few days ago, that has filled the residents of that neighborhood with wonder, if not even alarm. The extraordinary occurrence was the apparition of a corporation watering cart. The weird visitant, after sprinkling the city side of the road, and leaving that belonging to the county to make some arrangements with the weather clerk for an occasional shower, departed as mysteriously as it had come and has not since been seen. Children, who had never before beheld one of these machines, ran crying to their mothers, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant has been taxed to its utmost in the endeavor to recollect when last a similar occurrence took place. Much anxiety is felt up north as to what this unusual event may portend. Meanwhile the watered side is rapidly drying up.

Plutarch said that "it is no disgrace not to be able to do everything, but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious." Plute hit it square on the head that time; he had evidently been bothered whilst writing his learned editorials by the frequent interruptions caused by the entrance into his sanctum of seedy individuals with "a little article for his perusal," or he was well nigh goaded to death by the piles of MS. poetry commencing "If you're eager for to shine," or something in that way, that the mail brought him. We can sympathize with our old friend Plutarch, and acknowledge that it is "extremely troublesome and vexatious" to have these Heaven-born hod carriers pretending to twang the Parnassian lyre. (Patent applied for.) Even as it was in the days of Plute, so is it now and will be to the end, as long as some papers encourage the efforts of aspirants to poetic fame who ought to be at home keeping the pigs out of the potato-patch.

The New York *Mercury*, usually so very correct and proper in its dramatic critiques, makes the following astounding statement concerning the villain of Louis Frechette's play, "The Thunderbolt," produced at the Union Square Theatre a short time ago. "His blue-black long-haired wig, ditto eyebrows and ditto large moustache were carefully crowned with a wide-rimmed drab felt hat, surmounted by a carefully buttoned Prince Albert frock coat and light pants." The *Mercury* says that the play caused much disappointment, and we don't wonder at it. The idea of any character, even the villain, having the audacity to appear with

his coat and light 'pants' on top of his drab felt hat! This in itself would be enough to condemn any play, however good, though it seems incredible that M. Frachette could have intended the villain to wear his clothes that way. That actor, however, deserves some credit for his originality, and probably the disappointment felt by the audience was caused in a great measure by the fact that he had omitted to wear his stockings on his ears.

### THE SURE ROAD TO RICHES.

"Oh! father, father, I must wed  
Some noble lord of high degree,  
With ducal knobs upon his head,  
Encircled by the strawberree."

"'Twas thus the merchant's daughter spake,  
A fair young eighteen year old miss;  
And youths might die for her sweet sake,  
But little cared the girl, I wis."

I like those words "I wis," they sound  
Like something odd; their meaning I  
Do know not. Chaucer's rhymes abound  
In such expressions, quaint and dry.

"Thou shalt not wed a noble dook,  
Thou must not splice with belted earl;  
Nobility must all be shook  
Or shaken, yes, my darling girl."

"Blue blood, escutcheons, titles and—  
'To use a latin phrase, et cetera,  
Are well enough, but thy fair hand  
Must go to something far more betterer."

"I have a match for thee, my child,  
A match will bring thee lands and gold;  
Keep still—I'll draw it very mild—  
The youth is not of lineage old."

For 'tis young Snobkins, gifted bard,  
E'er now Fame's trumpet toots his praise;  
And now, methinks, it will be hard  
If he's not rich ere many days."

"Oh, pappy, pappy, goodness knows  
Young Snobkins no'er can be a peer;  
His features bear not that repose  
That stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

"I want a youth of high degree,  
Whose features his b'ne blood reveal,  
With such a lengthy pedigree  
One needs must wind it on a reel."

"Tush! tush! my child, I still must hold  
Young Snobkins is the man for thee;  
For, tho' he's not of lineage old,  
Nor yet of lengthy pedigree,

Still he's the man for thee, my dear,  
In this he's backed by thy mamma,  
For, tho' he may not be a peer,  
He's going to write an operal!"



### TOO CRUEL.

SMALL BOY.—Half fare ticket for Lorne Park.

TICKET AGENT (who doesn't see small boy—addressing Snobkins).—Half fare? Isn't it about time that you paid full fare, young man?



### A GREAT INVENTION.

NO MORE EGGS THAT HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

Eggs in the sere and yellow leaf may be all very well as means of reminding an objectionable speaker at a political caucus that silence is golden, and that he looks better sitting down than standing up, but as an article of diet they fail to command respect. The season of the year is now at hand when the grocer's cheek assumes an adamant hardness as he discounts upon the freshness of his eggs and he talks as though Ananias and Sapphira had never been; but the grocer is not a man without guile: the truth is not in him when eggs are his theme, and he seems to think that though his wares are not fresh, you must be.

This is an age of progress, enlightenment and invention: philosophy, or something, demonstrates that where an evil exists, a remedy for that evil is required: eggs from which the freshness of youth hath departed are an evil, and a remedy for that evil is required, and is forthcoming. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not claim to be able to banish stale eggs from the face of the earth, nor yet do we vaunt our ability to prevent eggs becoming old: all we do claim to be able to do is to place before the public an invention of our own which, if taken hold of by influential people, will not only rank us with Cresus, Jay Gould, the Rothschilds and that gang, but will prevent a guileless public from being imposed upon in the matter of insane eggs.

Our invention is as simple as it is ingenious, consisting merely of a little machine, a contrivance of our own which the law should compel all poultry keepers to use under pain of death, and which is intended to be attached to the hen whenever she gives the first intimation that she means business. This contrivance, by a most ingenious arrangement, is so fixed that the very moment the egg is laid, and before the shell becomes thoroughly indurated, a spring is touched and the egg is stamped with an indelible composition, whose component parts are known only to us, and the minute, hour, day, place, &c., of the egg's coming into this vale of tears are ineffaceably imprinted on the shell. It should be made a capital offence for any person to exhibit eggs for sale which do not bear this stamp: the result would be that stale and decomposing eggs would disappear from our midst, or would be reserved as presents from friends in the country to those they hold dear and to whom they wish to make some rural offering in the city.

By our patent invention, (we have copyrighted it) fraud in the matter of eggs will be annihilated, friendship and love between rural and urban relatives will be more firmly cemented, and peace, joy and harmony will shed their golden rays over spots where once there was nought but hatred, malice and feelings of re-

venge; the breakfast tables of our citizens will not reek with the odor of profanity and weary eggs, and the nation will rise as one man and bless the inventor of this priceless boon.

GRIP-SACK will be out very shortly now: full of all sorts of fun, pictorial and literary: price, the same as the egg invention, only 25 cents.



The farewell performances of Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," will be given in the Horticultural Gardens on Saturday afternoon and evening. It is the intention of the author to arrange for the performance of the piece throughout Canada and the United States during the coming season, copyrights having been secured for both countries.

Miss Minnie Walsh, the prima donna of the Standard Company, has made a particularly fine hit as *Ethel* in "Bunthorne Abroad," and has become a great favorite in Toronto. In addition to her splendid voice, this young lady possesses a pretty face and figure, while the part affords an opportunity of displaying both voice and figure to advantage. The other principals of the Standard Company are also worthy of more than passing notice. Mr. Stuart, who has a rich bass voice, is also a consummate actor; Mr. Hatch is the most pleasing tenor who has been heard in Toronto for many a day; Mr. Gaston, as *Bunthorne*, displays high talent as a comedian, and Mr. Barker's *Lieut. Deadeye* is a first-rate bit of character acting. Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned the *Buttercup* of Miss Abbie Nicholson, a part which she sings and plays to perfection.

### WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD HER.

"Sure, it's a hot mouth I've got an me, Mickey," said Kathleen, who had just returned from a visit to the physician, to whom she had been with a sore throat.

"Haow's thon?" asked Mickey, who was from the "Neurth."

"The docther says my tongue has a heavy coat an it, an' that my throat is wan mass o' 'ulsters!' Ochone, ochone."



### QUOTATION

BY A DUDE REGARDING HIS TOOTHPICK SIBBS.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

## MUSIC AND ART.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. F. J. Moore, of London, for copies of her latest musical compositions—"Farwell, dear love, to thee," (tenor), and "Blackberries and Kisses" (soprano). Both songs are tuneful and pretty, and in all respects worthy of the daughter of Mr. J. C. Hatton. They are published by Ditson & Co.

Mr. Dickson Patterson is painting an ideal bust from sittings given by Mr. J. L. Stuart, in his make-up as the Pirate King in "Bunthorne Abroad." A very effective bit of work may be anticipated.

## NEIGHBORS,

## AND THE ANGELIC REMARKS THEY MAKE.

When a new family—no, that's not right,—let me see, when a family moves into a new neighborhood—no, that's not right, either, for the neighborhood may be a very old one,—ah! I have it: When a family moves from one neighborhood into another, the residents of the latter—that is such amongst them as are given to the odious habit of gossiping,—ho'd conclaves at which some such remarks as the following may be heard. This habit is not confined altogether to the illiterate and vulgar, detestable as it is.



SCENE I.

MRS. CHAMPIGNON (very wealthy).—Nice people, I think them as has just moved into the corner house?

MISS MOULDY.—out. 39 (owned to). Yes, I think they are; but my! *did* you see the furniture?

MRS. C.—I didn't take no particular notice of it as I was out in the herryidge when they come, but I think they're nice folks, and she is well eddicated I'm told.

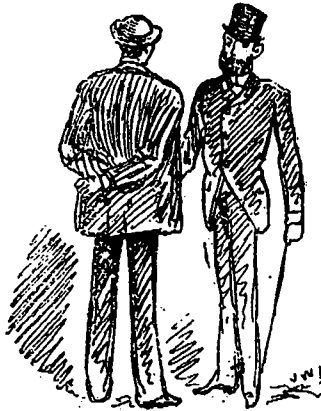
MISS M.—Educated! (scornfully) and well she might be, for I'm told she was a governess before she married.

MRS. C.—(who was a cook at one time but rather good-looking,—aghast) A governess! why—what! a governess! I shouldn't never have thought she was as low as *that* (concentrated scorn on the last word).

MISS M.—Well, I'm assured such was the case as I had it from Mrs. Clatter who heard Mrs. Bletcher tell her sister all about it. By the way, you were once *visiting* at the Bletcher's (the family where Mrs. C. used to cook, and of which fact the amiable spinster is well aware), were you not, Mrs. C.?

MRS. C.—Good morning: I am in *such* a hurry.

MISS M.—Good morning, dear (kiss and part).



SCENE II.

MR. JONES.—Think that fellow across the way, who's just moved into No. 23, drinks like a fish. Came in very late, or early, yesterday morning.

MR. SMITH.—Oh! he's a newspaper man and has to be out all night.

MR. J.—Don't know, 'm sure, but he looks bleary about the eyes.

MR. S.—Well, he does, that's a fact. Nice-looking wife, though?

MR. J.—Yes, fine woman, very. Take something?

MR. S.—Thanks, don't care if I do.

(*Exeunt.*)



SCENE III.

MISS PECKY, (age uncertain, to MRS. BOODLETWANG).—Well, well, it is scandalous the way those new folks next door go on. I'm shocked. You know my *dear* Mrs. Boodletwang, he's what they call an athlete, and every afternoon as soon as he gets home, he—he—yes, he takes off, actually takes off his coat and vest, and, yes, *actually* the garment underneath, just fancy, and goes out in his yard and throws a great heavy stone about, and swings clubs and so on: I'm scandalized, just fancy a man exhibiting himself in that state—why, the police—

MRS. B.—But, my dear Jemima, why do you look at him, if you are so shocked?

MISS P.—I can't *help* it, dear. You know it is right in the next yard, and—

MRS. B.—But isn't there a high seven feet board fence between your yard and your neighbors?

MISS P.—Yes, but there's a knot-hole that I can just reach by standing on two bricks, so I can't *help* seeing him, can I?

MRS. B.—Well, I—  
Miss P.—Good morning, dear.  
Mrs. B.—Good morning.

## KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

"Oh! I wish it was winter," sighed poor little Johnny Hardup, as he walked into a friend's office the other day and sat down dejectedly on a stool. "I'd give anything if it was winter once more," and he fanned himself vigorously with his hat.

"Yes," remarked the other, "you do look hot, Jack, and no mistake."

"Tisn't that," went on Mr. Hardup, "I don't mind the heat, that is, I don't object to it as heat, but merely as a means of driving those confounded tradesmen out of their stores."

"Why, what on earth can it matter to you whether they stay indoors or out: My goodness! they've a perfect right to stop out if they like," said his friend.

"Don't doubt it for an instant," responded Jack, "but you see in winter I can walk along any street I like and know that every shop door is closed and that there's no chance of the proprietor popping out at the door to (tun me: but now—my stars! I can't go two steps but out comes, first a tailor, then a grocer, then a something else to get a breath of air at his store door, and I owe 'em all, and they invariably feel this want of air just as I happen to be passing. By Jupiter! I can't go along a single street this weather, without feeling like a vessel running the blockade; I tell you, old man, to get to my rooms on Yonge near Shuter, I have to start from the office on King, you know, there near the *Mail* office, and go along Bay to Queen, thence westerly ten blocks more or less, then down to Front and back to York, up York to Wellington and along that street to Cherry: up Cherry to—" "Oh! come, Hardup," said his companion, smiling, "surely you don't make that *detour* every time you go home."

"Why! I haven't half done, man," replied Johnny, "I have to dodge up alleyways keeping my eye skinned all the time for some prowling dun, into front doors and out at the back, over fences, through vacant lots, till it sometimes takes three hours to get home, and all because those confounded tradesmen will stand at their doors during the "heated term" as they call it. Give me winter or give me death, I tell you—but here comes Thingummy & Co's. collector, and I guess he's seen me, so tra-la," and he slid off the stool, skipped through an open window and fled like a whale pursued by threshers.

## A SUMMER CURE-ALL.

What is it cheers me in the days  
When Phoebus pours his scorching rays,  
And all his fiery power displays?

The Grip-Sack!

What cools me when I toss and turn  
At night, and all things seem to burn?  
What makes me all these evils spurn?

The Grip-Sack!

What is it, sparkling thro' 'chaff'  
That makes me, if I would not, laugh:  
Half pictures, wit the other half?

The Grip-Sack!

What comes like some sweet tonic light  
To bring me back my appetite,  
And makes me feel quite right and bright?

The Grip-Sack!

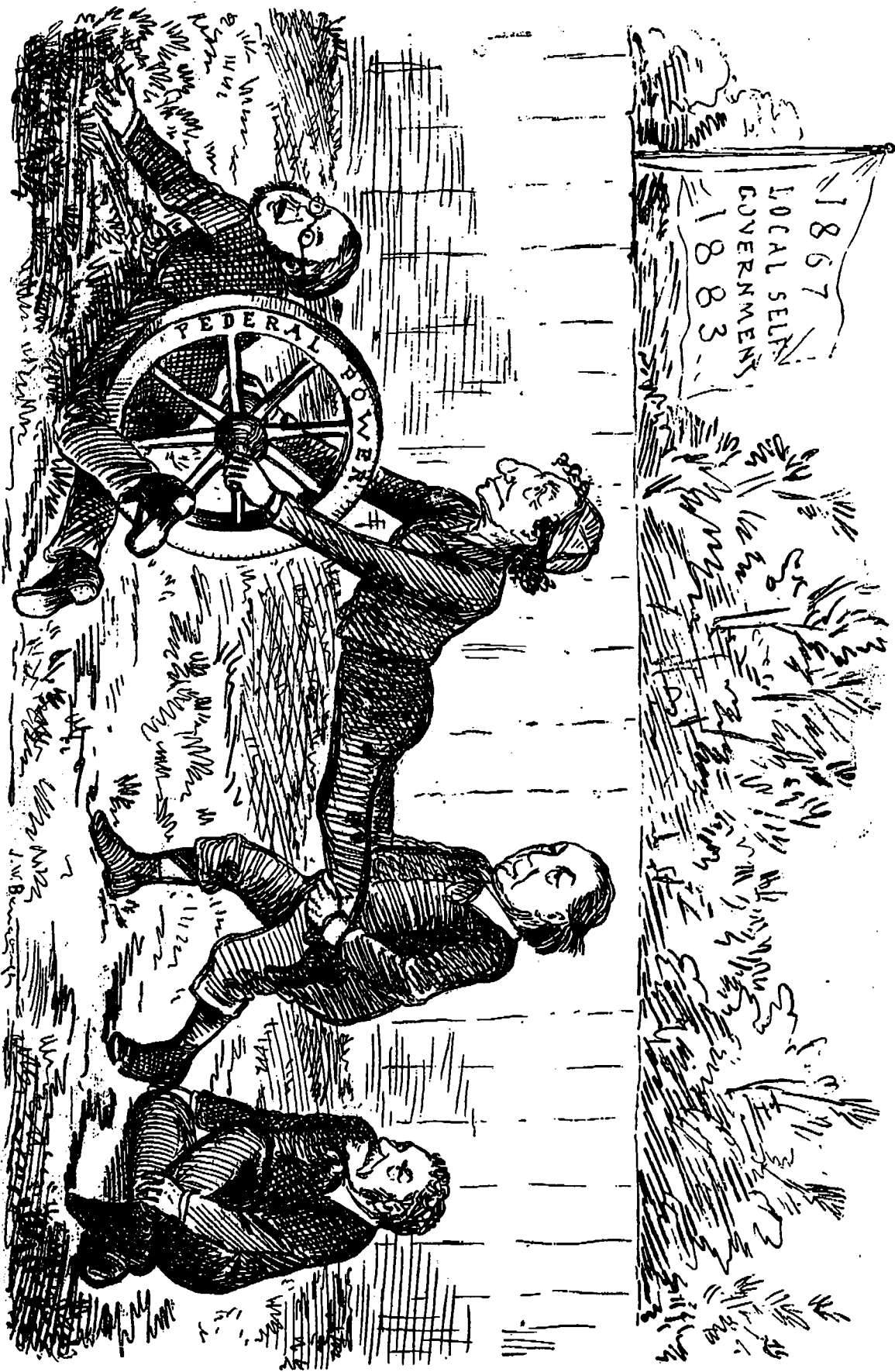
What is it men of taste should buy,  
If they would have life's troubles fly?  
Of course you instantly reply—

The Grip-Sack!

What is it that I'd gladly store  
From all my wealth a quarter for,  
Which when I've read I wish for more?

The Grip-Sack!

Now packed, but so full of good things that the publishers are trying to ram in those that hang out with their feet, the latter straining the capacity of the GRIP-SACK to its utmost extent. Will soon be locked and dispatched to every quarter of the globe. 25 cents will open it.



TYPICAL SPORT FOR DOMINION DAY.



"So the world wags."

The average peer is not a particularly brilliant personage, and the nobleman treated of below does not seem to have been much cuter than the rest of his kind, though, for the matter of that, it is about as difficult to get ahead of the regular professional picture-seller as it is to "best" a Yorkshire horse-dealer, and that is saying a good deal. This was Mr. Megilp's way of

#### OBLIGING HIS LORDSHIP.

A renowned picture-dealer possessed an undoubtedly genuine and splendid "pig" picture by George Morland. He sold, at good prices, fourteen copies of the work as originals. One day a nobleman called upon him. "Mr. Megilp," said his lordship, "I know you have a very fine Morland. It is the very painting that you have on your wall. If you please, you will name your price. I will hand you the money in bank notes, and, to prevent mistakes, I will take away the picture in my carriage, which is waiting below; and you will precede me down stairs, if you please." The bargain was struck, and the peer followed the picture to the hall. On reaching the door, however, Mr. Megilp naturally drew aside to allow his lordship to pass first into the street. But Mrs. Megilp was waiting behind the parlor door with a "pig" picture; and it was not the original George Morland that his lordship took home with him in his carriage.

I don't know whether Detroit *Chaff* has any authority for the following statement, and I must confess that I am a little sceptical upon the subject; however, as all that appears in a newspaper ought to be true, I must take it for granted that this is, though it seems a little rough on the aesthetic apostle. *Chaff* owns that it may be a *canard*, and possibly such is the case.

#### OSCAR'S PLAY.

Mary Anderson is said to have rejected the play written for her by Oscar Wilde. The interest of the play centres upon the trials of the heroine, who is beloved by a human fence-rail in knee-breeches and long hair. She finally falls in love with him, which justly causes her papa to think she has gone insane, and she is shut up in a donjon tower by the murmuring waves of the Chicago River, where the hero serenades her nightly with a trombone. Finally he sends her a present of a sunflower, in which is concealed a poem of sixty-three stanzas, informing her that he will rescue her with an extension ladder the next night. He comes, but in her excitement she drops a sunflower seed on his head and kills him. She then uses the poem for a rope ladder and escapes, eventually eloping with the colored coachman and the silver spoons. Miss Anderson, it is reported, rejected the play on account of a slight lack of consistency in the plot. But this may be a mere *canard*.

Excessive exaggeration seems to be one of the chief features of American humor, and the

following "yarn," spun with very stretchable materials, is a good specimen of the average Yankee drollery. It is droll too, now, hanged if it isn't. I could't say who the author is, or to what paper credit should be given. It has been floating around for some time, and I gathered it in with my little scoop net.

#### COMFORT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIVE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The railroad station at Mississippi City is located among the pines, and the way the mosquitoes were biting even then in April was enough to keep a mule moving. After a while we got to talking about the insects, and I asked a native of the country:

"Are they thicker than this in the summer?"

"Thicker! Why, in July there's a million to one!"

"And larger?"

"Larger? Why, sir, one of the regular 'skeeters of this section could carry twenty of these on his back and still fly high."

I thought I'd down him at once, and so continued:

"Now, sir, answer me in truthfulness. Do you believe that two of your biggest mosquitoes could kill a mule if he was tied up out here?"

He looked at me in amazement for a minute, and then went to the door and beckoned in the man sitting on the box and watching the horses. When the man came the native said:

"William, you remember that air roan mule o' yours?"

"I reckon."

"In perfect health, wasn't he?"

"He was."

"Could run like a deer and kick like a saw-log?"

"He could."

"And he was all alone in a ten-acre lot?"

"He was."

"And two of them mud 'skeeters got after him one morning and run him down and killed him and devoured both hams, and sucked every drop of blood in his body. William, speak up!"

"Stranger, if they didn't, then I hope to be chewed to rags!" said William, and he said it exactly like a man who wouldn't have allowed there were two 'skeeters if he hadn't been earnestly convinced of the fact. He walked out doors, and a deep silence fell upon us two, broken only after a long interval by the native saying:

"I've allus kinder suspected that them two 'skeeters had assistance from a hoss-fly, but I can't prove it. I kinder think the hossfly held him down till the murder was committed!"

The redoubtable Major Phipps, of Philadelphia Almshouse notoriety, would seem to have been actuated by something of the feeling in which the hero of this anecdote confessed he was deficient. Nothing should be done by halves, and in these times it does look as if the greater the steal the less the punishment to the thief. The ex-warden tells where he made

#### HIS MISTAKE.

They knew he had once been the warden of a Western States prison, and were asking him how he came to lose his place, and he answered, with a sad shake of the head:

"I made a great mistake."

"How?"

"I stood in with the beef contractor, and the meat was so bad that the prisoners raised a row. A committee investigated, and I got the bounce."

"Where was the mistake?" asked one of the group, after a long silence.

"Why, if we had stolen all the meat the prisoners wouldn't have had any shanks or neck-pieces to kick about."—*Wall Street News*.

#### MRS GUMMIDGE ON FEMALE PHYSICIANS SHE PROTESTS.

It really seems as if the world wants marking "This side up"; Such topsy-turvy work goes on, ideas get so astray: Some time, no doubt, we'll breakfast at the hour when now we sup, Wear shoes upon our heads, and ask the moon to shine by day.

There's Gummidge, as turns yellier this hot summer-time like wheat, And goes on drinking beer as if he never would be done; That's a man's stupid way, of course, of fighting with the heat, As if the floods of beer he swills would quench the July sun.

Well, what can we expect but pains, headaches and such-like ills? For liver ain't like conscience, it *compels* one to attend; Five years ago he would have took two anti-bilious pills, But now, unless a doctor's fetched, he thinks he'll never mend.

"He'll only tell you what you know" says I, "and run a bill, But I sent out our Biddy for one that very day; And then I went out in the shade to weed n.y. flowers, until I heard a sound of voices in the room where Gummidge lay.

It was what musician people call a treble to his bass, It set me in a flutter, like, and straight indoors I ran; And Biddy passed me on the stairs, her apron to her face, And whispered with a giggle, "For! the doctor ain't a man."

If you'll believe me, even then I didn't see it clear; But when I peeped in at the door I gave myself a shake, And said I wouldn't dream no more of things so wild and queer, And thought I must be sleeping, and tried my best to wake.

A female held my William's pulse, I *know* she gave a squeeze, And he seemed cured at once and grinned just like a Cheshire cat; A yellow-headed mix she were, with ear-rings, if you please, And such a nasty set of bangs beneath her broad-brimmed hat.

"You'll just walk out of here," says I, as soon as I could speak, "And go and find some work at home that's fit for such as you, Instead of playing doctor for a wager or a freak; There's shirts to stitch, and socks to mend, and lots for gals to do."

"Oh! this here ain't no freak," says he, "she's doctor, true and right," "More stupid she," says I, "to throw her proper rights away; A woman's work is in her home, to keep things neat and bright, And if she looks about she'll find enough for every day.

'How d'ye mean to manage, Miss, when you get married, too, With half a dozen children, and a baby every year? Them pretty dears will cure you of these notions strange and new, And put you back in woman's place, as sure as I stand here."

"I came to be consulted, not insulted," says the gal, And tosses up her head so high, her hat a'most flew off, And marched downstairs for good and all (come back she never shall); And Gummidge covered up his face and made believe to cough.

'Now just you take two pills," says I, "and not a drop of beer, A pint of gruel for your tea, and stop in bed all day; I'll be your Female Doctor, please, if one is wanted here, A wife's the best a man can have—the rest may stop away."

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.—*Id.*

Jack Oldstock: We're very proud of our ancestry, you know. Tom Parvenu: Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?—*Lampoon*.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellots"—or antibilious granules, 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

SEASONABLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN  
AND OLDER PEOPLE.

## THE AMBITIOUS GOOSEBERRY BUSH.

## I.

## INTRODUCTORY.

A gooseberry bush grew in a large, handsome garden. It was but a little bush and there were many others far larger and more handsome than it, still it aspired to become famous and to do something to win renown; and it spoke to its friend the apple tree near by and said, "Tell me, O apple tree, what can I do to become famous?" And the apple tree only shook its head till its blossoms fell like summer snow round the little bush and said, "Wait, little gooseberry bush." And Zephyr came singing by and heard what the two were talking about, and he smiled, and passed along, kissing the cherry and apple and plum trees so roughly that the ground was white with the blossoms that fell from them.

## II.

## MORE CHARACTERS.

Two beautiful children played in the garden where the fruit trees grew. Their long golden hair fell down in bright, rippling cascades over their shoulders, and they were full of life and joyance. And the birds sang the sweeter when the children were near, and the flowers gave forth their most delicious perfumes as they bent over them, and their laughter rang through the garden as they played at "I spy" and "hoopie," till Echo joined in their frolics and laughed with the children. And when they were tired with playing, and chasing the bright dragon and butterflies they walked about till they came to where the apple tree and the gooseberry bush grew. "Oh! what a pretty little gooseberry bush," cried the boy, clapping his hands in his childish glee. And the little bush was very happy, and bowed its head to the children. "This shall be my bush," said the boy, "and I will watch it and love it, and soon it will be loaded with fruit," and his little sister said, "Yes, we will love the little bush," and they ran away. And the bush whispered to its friend the apple tree, "I shall be famous after all, shall I not, good apple tree?" but the apple tree only said, "Wait." And Zephyr heard it, and kissed a passing cloud sadly; and the eyes of the cloud brimmed over and its tears fell on the garden.

## III.

## LATER.

"Look, look, sissy," cried the pretty boy, pushing back his golden hair and throwing it over his shoulders, "my little bush is all covered with fruit; how nice and bright and green it looks: let us eat some." And his sister took her arm from around her brother's neck and they sat down and ate and ate till all the beautiful emerald fruit was gone. "Thank you, little bush," they cried, as they ran away. And the little bush was very sad and said to the apple tree, "How can I now become famous? Those little wretches have robbed me of all my pretty fruit?" But the apple tree only said, "Wait."

## IV.

## A CHANGE.

A grave looking man, standing by the bedside of a little boy whose long bright hair is tossed over the pillow like miniature waves of gold on a snowy iceberg, shakes his head sadly as he says, "No hope," and then passing into another room, where a sweet little girl is moaning in agony in her small white bed, he feels her pulse and again says, "No hope: they must have eaten three quarts."

And that night, when the stars were shining, bright beings from another land than ours visited the house in the garden, and two children went away with them, robbed all in white: and their long, bright, golden hair streamed away behind them as they clove through the air in

their flightway upwards and upwards beyond the stars which shone upon the garden where the children used to play.

## V.

## FAME AT LAST.

"What sounds are those I hear?" asked the little gooseberry bush of the apple tree, as strange sounds of melodious music fell on the night air, and mingled themselves with the sighs of Zephyr who was very sad, and played and sported no more, but only talked with Echo about the voices that once rang so joyously through the garden but which were now hushed and silent forever, "and where are the little boy and girl who robbed me of my fruit, for I have not seen them for several days?" "Those sounds are the sounds of harps played by childish angel fingers, dear bush," replied the tree, as the soft sweet strains again fell around, "and those voices you hear are not voices of this earth; and the little children will come to you no more."

"Then am I famous at last?" asked the little bush. "You are famous," replied the tree, "You have made two child angels."

And the little bush bowed its head, and the dew fell from it on the ground: for that is the way that trees and flowers and bushes weep.

## ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE  
DROUTHY.

GREENY, Port Hope, says he has heard of Barristers and Solicitors and would like to know what they are. Can GRIP tell him?—Certainly. They are gentlemen learned in the law, or rather get credit for being so. They are of two kinds, one practising at the bar of justice, the other at the hotel, saloon and corner grocery bar. The former are of some use; the latter are playfully known as bar-roosters, famous for "chick" anery, recognize all drinks as hentailed property and are excellent judges of all brands of liquors. When one of this class pleads successfully for the slate with the "urbane and gentlemanly bar-tender," he is called a solicitor. When the u.g.b.t. can't see it, demands payment of old scores and issues a writ of ejectment, he is known as a solicitor in chancery. They mostly belong to the fiery-face-he-has practitioners. There are none of this class in Toronto.

\* \*

Messrs. Mivins & Smangle wish to be informed of the proper method for the treatment of duns.—As they deserve. Mechanics and tradesmen in the days' o'uld lang syno were honored by the custom of gentlemen, and never expected, seldom obtained, payment.

If you are in debt and happen to possess property, make it over to your wife, or, if a single man, to your mother-in-law or some one who 'understands.' The pertinacity of the lower classes, especially tailors and washerwomen, is distressing beyond measure. Tell the dun loftily that your Irish agent has not yet collected your rents, or that your bank dividends are not available, or, in fact, anything but the true reason.

Ancient Pistol, a true son of a gun, and grandson of a canon, uttered the famous truism, "Base is the slave that pays."

Shall a gentleman go shabby that tailors may live? or be hungry that butchers, bakers and grocers may thrive? Perish the thought! Will Messrs. Mivins & Smangle call and dine at the Upper Crustacea Club (none but blue blood there), No. 101 Pudding Bag Lane?

\* \*

The following quotation is very popular with our American neighbors; please explain its meaning:

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,  
For the whole boundless continent is ours."  
—Paul Pry.

The grand Monarque when obliged to cede Canada sneered at the country as a few ar-pents of snow. After the Stoney Creek affair the star spangled banner men discovered that Canada was not worth the trouble of taking. Major Generals Epaminondas Nehemiah Doolittle and Ichabod Washington Peabody led their troops, Xenophon-like, homewards. They embarked in batteaux, dug-outs, birch-barks and schooners, and landed at Applesastown, Doughnut County, N.Y., at the confluence of Lake Ontario and Catfish Creek. Here their fellow-citizens received them with all honor and festivities. In his speech, Doolittle declared that, "This here government could take that there country just when they had a mind to," and wound up a two hours' oration with the couplet quoted. It caught the nation's fancy; it was telegraphed, telephoned, itemized and enterprized all over the country, and from that day to this has formed a component part of the speeches at every convention, militia gathering, post prandial exercise and election in the United States. Peabody, on the same occasion, originated the well-known couplet:

"We fit, we bled in Freedom's cause,  
And pared the British Lion's claws."

He (Peabody) afterwards commanded at Bladensburg. Doolittle aided the President in formulating the wonderful document known as the Monroe doctrine, and died full of years and honor, being at the time proprietor of the celebrated circus which still bears his name.

## SIMON SNIGGS;

OR,

## JEALOUS YOUNG MEN SHOULD NOT BE HASTY.

Simon Sniggs was a strong young man.  
An Apollo quite in the eyes of some belles;  
He developed his strength by a daily plan  
Of exercise in clubs and dumb-bells.

But tho' damsels fair cast eyes admiring  
On Simon Sniggs' strong development,  
He had long to the hand of a girl been aspiring,  
And this was brought to a point by an el-opement.

So Sim got married, and in all his duties  
Was most remarkably good and zealous;  
But he, as his wife was a beauty of beauties,  
Soon showed by his conduct that he was jealous.

Now Simon aspired to show his power.  
(In this he resembled many fellows), he  
Was fast becoming in temper sour,  
All caused by his own uncalled for jealousy.

One day in a street car he and his Mrs.  
Were riding along (having paid their fare in,  
A practical everyday history this is),  
He beheld a passenger rudely starin'

At his new-made bride, and the stranger's eyes  
Ne'er moved from that lady's beautiful features,  
And he said to himself, "I will soon arise  
And smite this most impolite of creatures"

If he keeps on staring," and he frowned and frowned,  
But the gentleman opposite stared the harder;  
(I really don't see how a rhyme can be found  
To finish this verse with—ah, yes,—harder).

So, as the other in staring persisted,  
Sim Sniggs rose up and he said, "Look here, sir,  
If your wish to stare can't be resisted,  
I shall feel compelled to cuff your ear, sir."

And he smote the other with his open palm,  
(I like to ring in a word that's classical,  
It puts me in mind of my "Alater Alma,"  
Tho' it may be pedantic and somewhat ass-ical).

The stranger spoke not a word to Sim  
When he slapped his face; tho' it was a tinger,  
And it seemed in a man of his size of limb  
To be rather cowardly, at any rate sing'lar.

But Sim felt cheap when the street car stopped,  
(I do not envy his state of mind, sir.)  
And he to the fact quite suddenly dropped  
That the stranger was deaf and dumb and blind, sir.

For a boy by the hand led him off the car;  
The deaf-dumb-blind man never knew why  
He had been smitten, but the reasons are  
He'd appeared to stare with his stoneblind blue eye.



O'DONOHUE'S SUPPLICATION.

SIR JOHN.—TAKE YOU IN? WHY, MY DEAR SIR, I HAVE TAKEN YOU IN MOST BEAUTIFULLY!



**SPRING MATTRESSES.**

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of **Spring Mattresses** in this market, comprising **The Woven Wire** (four grades), **Button Tie**, **Triple Coil**, **Improved** and **Plain All Wire**, **Common Sense** and **U. S. Slats**. Parties in need of **Spring Mattresses** will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their order.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

**R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.**

Grace church, New York, is to have a new marble spire, 219 feet high, costing \$50,000. A \$50,000 spire ought to relieve a great deal of distress among the poor, and bring many souls to repentance.—*Norristown Herald*.

**Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases** a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**, Buffalo, N. Y.

"A woman's devilish deed" is the heading of an article in an exchange. We haven't read it, but we suspect the editor's wife has been putting up a new clothes line, and that the editor has come home late in the night and hung himself up on it by the chin.—*Middleton Transcript*.

**TWO-THIRDS OF A BOTTLE CURES.**  
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured.

Gratefully,  
**MRS. H. C. LOVETT**, Watscka, Ill.

Often in very poor spirits—The cork.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

Since 1883 Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm, 357 King Street west, Toronto, has made a specialty of treating bronchitis, catarrh, consumption etc., by the inhalation of vaporized remedies. If unable to call for personal consultation send for book and list of questions.

**The Physical Culture Rooms**

will be  
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from the end of May during the summer months. In the meantime await the publishing of

**Cuthbertson's Manual of Health,**

Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, versus the Injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

**IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.**

**THE Domestic Sewing Machine**

**A. W. BRAIN,**

SOLE AGENT

Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.  
**98 Yonge Street, TORONTO.**

An Iowa editor has a lengthy editorial entitled "A Month of Horrors," and he was married only about six weeks ago.—*Ex.*



**GENTLEMEN,**

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try **CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,** 110 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 110



**DR. E. G. West's NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT**, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by **JOHN C. WEST & CO.,** 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

**A. W. SPAULDING, DENTIST,**

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) } ..... TORONTO, Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.