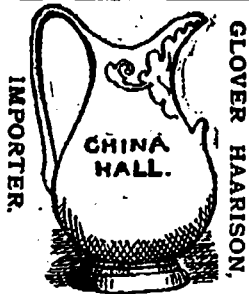


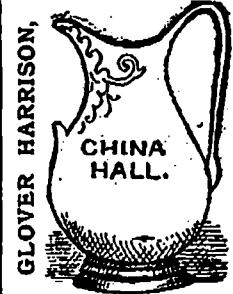
# THE MONSTER WHALE AT 'THE ZOO.

Address Orders to  
GRIP OFFICE.

The PARAGON COUNTER CHECK-BOOK. Perfect Finish, First Class Black-Leaf.



49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



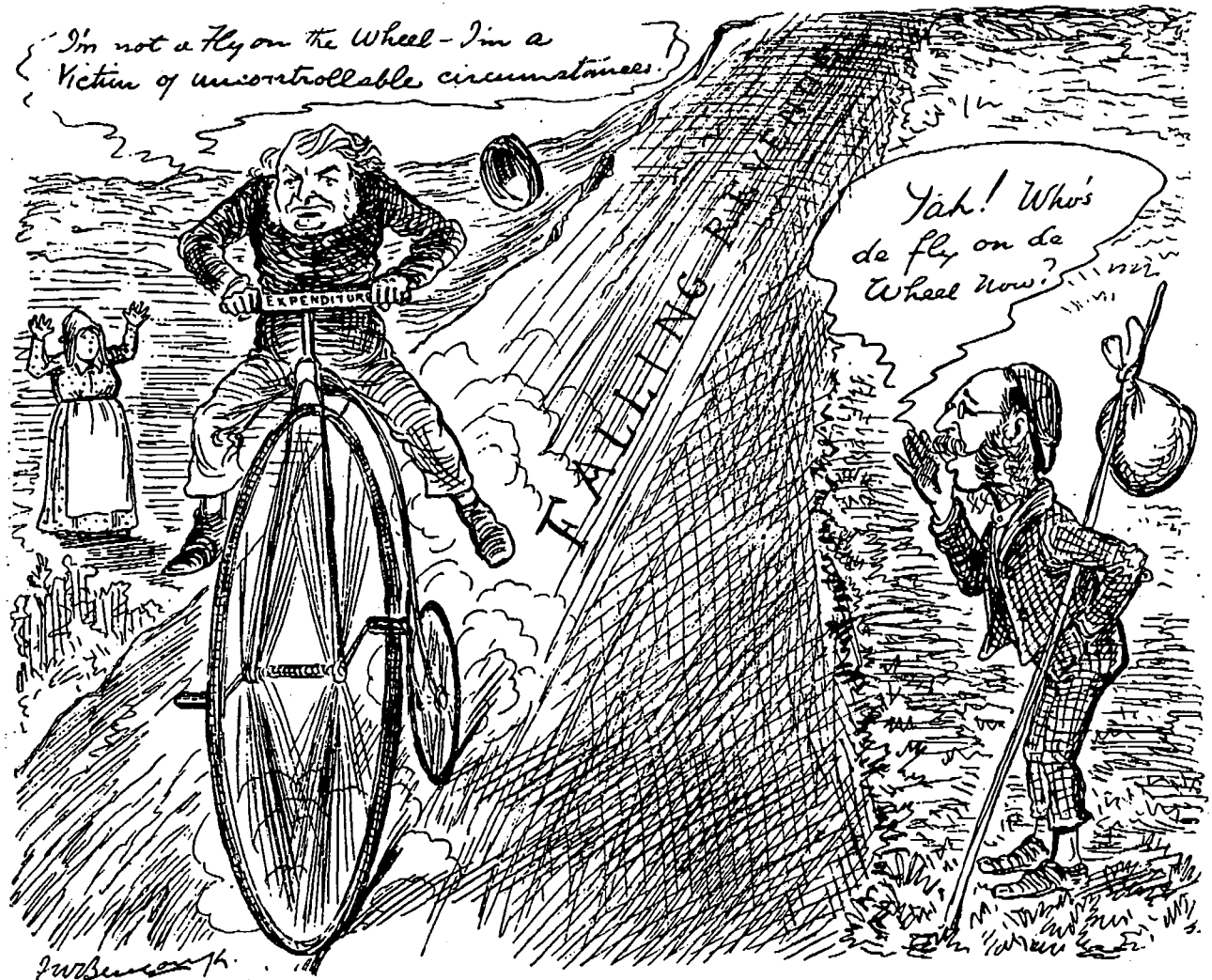
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

ASBESTOS I. R. MONTGOMERY MILL AND ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES. OILS. COTTON WASTE. 73 Adelaide St. W. Toronto ASBESTOS

VOLUME XXI.  
No. 13.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1883.

\$2 FEB ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



DICKY CARTWRIGHT MADE HAPPY.

## AT THE EXHIBITION.

Toronto Globe (Sept. 11.) -  
"TYPE-WRITING."

This comparatively new, but delightfully legible and rapid mode of writing is well represented in the Exhibition by Mr. T. Bengough, of Toronto, having sent up three machines, which were already being operated yesterday afternoon. These machines are rapidly growing in favor, and the present is an excellent opportunity for the public to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the invention and convince themselves of its advantages over the old, laborious, often illegible system of Calligraphy.

See our exhibit—head of stairway, main building. If you can't come to the Exhibition, send for catalogue and specimens.  
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND, ATHENEUM AND TYPE-WRITING HEADQUARTERS,  
29 King Street West, Toronto.

## USE WILSON'S FLY POISON PADS.



SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Fortia'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.  
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL-LOWEST RATES-A. & S. NAIRN-TORONTO.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL  
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company  
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2 00 per ann. in advance.  
All business communications to be addressed to  
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

The gravest least is the Ice; 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.—The *Phillipics* of the *Globe* and other organs of the Opposition against the Government of the day will avail little so long as the leader of the alleged Reform party maintains his present "masterly inactivity"—an attitude which he gives no sign of changing. If the Grit newspapers are to be believed, Sir John and his Cabinet are galloping the country to destruction; on all hands the very stones of the streets are finding mouths to denounce them. Manitoba is talking of Secession as a means of escape from the miseries of misrule;—Rat Portage is tortured with investment by a ragged regiment of an unconscionable Cabinet's myrindons; the poor and needy throughout the wide Dominion are being ground down with cruel and needless burdens of taxation—brazen corruption is stalking through the opened constituencies under the immediate patronage of the Prime Minister—and yet, notwithstanding all this and much more, Mr. Blake snoozes at his office desk, and his lieutenants with due deference snore on the rug beside him! Meanwhile the party strain eager eyes for some sign of life at headquarters, and there being no prospect of any such thing Mr. GRIP in his compassion draws a purely imaginary picture to relieve their pent-up feelings. He depicts a caucus which *ought* to be held, and he places in a prominent Reformer's mouth a happy suggestion well worthy of Mr. Blake's consideration—"Suppose we declare for Reform!"

FIRST PAGE.—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." The author of this wise saw would undoubtedly agree that it is now Sir Cartwright's turn to laugh. Sir Leonard Tilley is at present enjoying a falling revenue with good prospects of a deficit, and although it would be too much to expect him to confess himself a "Fly on the Wheel," he must feel, in his peculiarly painful position, that he is certainly a victim of "circumstances over which he has no control."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The cotton manufacturers, in conclave assembled, have decided to run their mills only four days per week. At the same time they have mutually agreed to keep the prices of their products up to the present figures.

### Our Leading Article.

Supplied each week to GRIP, gratis, by a Syndicate of Grit and Tory editors.

#### THE ALGOMA ELECTION.

As the time draws near for the contest in Algoma it is amusing to witness the desperate dread which crops out in the columns of Grit newspapers. To one who can read between the lines it is plain that while the paid hacks of the party write their turgid Falstaffian bombast—

"Each particular hair  
Stands up on end."

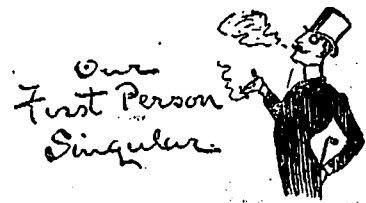
Already the gang of convicted Muskoka corruptionists are spreading like a pestilence over the face of this fair constituency, and "if money can do it" the Grit candidate will be elected. Victory to the Tories in this case means the perpetuation of the disgraceful inter-provincial squabble at Rat Portage, and the enforced retirement from the district of the hired ruffians of the Mowat oligarchy. Victory to the Liberal Conservative candidate also means the overthrow of that discredited government itself, for be it remembered that it is not given to the electors of Algoma at this time to decide the question of Mowat's fate. The Ontario Government has governed the country so well for a dozen years that Tory malignity—blinded by the unaccustomed glare of purity,—and Tory turpitude palsied in the presence of political virtue—are alike futile against its shining shield and stalwart arm, and that government will continue to disgrace the Province until the stroke of the hour of five on the day of the Algoma polling. In our mind's eye even now we see the cyclone of public indignation gathering head; an atmosphere surcharged with perfidy and dishonor, greed and corruption furnish the elements of the black cloud; hour by hour it grows blacker and wilder,—on that day it will burst from the honest hands of the Algoma yeomanry in an irresistible tempest of ballots before which the frail defences of the Hardys and the Pardys, the Frazers and the Blazers will stand unharmed. Mowat's working majority is perfectly safe, and beyond the reach of Algoma whichever way it goes. The desperation of the Government may be judged by the fact that already they have displaced an impartial returning officer, and appointed a creature of their own, a thing which it was necessary to do as the Sheriff sent in his resignation of his own accord on account of ill-health. Straws show how the wind blows, and all the straws we have yet seen show unmistakably that Algoma will declare for Meredith and Good Government.

*The Syndicate*

[No article genuine without this Signature.]

#### TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

C. C. A.—Your 'pome' received: the joke about putting a tack upon a chair and someone sitting down on it has been treated of before. Chancer, Spenser, and Marlowe have all spoken of such a thing, and the Shapira MSS. contain an allusion to it. Under these circumstances it is better to let your charming verses remain 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,'—also unpublished, eh?



It looks as if Mr. Shapira had been trying a skin game in which he is going to be beaten.

A box of live bees addressed to Canada recently found its way into the United States dead letter office.—*Exchange*. Dead letters! ye gods! I should think those would be the liveliest B's ever seen.

A country paper advertises for "board for man and wife with gas." *Hamilton Times*.—Then, by the beard of the prophet! let that man and wife go and put up with the Hamilton Board of Works.

I see that a gentleman tumbled into a Church-street excavation the other day, falling on a man who was working in the hole and astonishing him. The gentleman afterwards presented the man with \$20, I humbly beg to state that I am ready and willin' to be astonished by gentlemen tumbling on me all day long at the same price per tumble. Address right here.

Lovers ought to move to Havre.—*Gouverneur Herald*. But if her Marseilles in and says he is Toulouse, what then?—*Winnipeg Siftings*. Why, then the Paris probably separated.—*Chicago Times*. This style of thing has been going on Toulon, and I've been Bourdeaux-ver and over again by it, and it is Rouen-ing genuine wit, but I suppose I shall become Calais to it in time.

Several papers, in speaking of the late lamented Mr Marwood, the English executioner, state that he was a firm advocate of the long drop, and from the state in which that gentleman appeared at a couple of recent executions it would seem that it was not the only kind of drop that found favor in the eyes of the gifted being who has passed away.

"Pure Air" in his letter last week to the *World* respecting smoking on the streets, compares the smell of tobacco smoke to sewer gas. If "Pure Air" had been with me on a certain street car a day or two ago, when a thing—a Dude, I imagine—was smoking something on the front platform, he would not have insulted sewer gas in that manner. But then it was just possible that it was not tobacco the Thing—a Dude, I think—was smoking, though done up in cigar form.

I was delighted to read in a Hamilton paper that a bold, bad man who had the audacity to call an alderman a liar, got very properly knocked down and pounded by the alderman, and when he hauled up the latter for assault, the member of the municipal board got off scot-free. Such things as this tend to show that aldermen have feelings, just the same as respectable people, and we should be made to feel, even though we know some of them to be the most incorrigible Anapiases living, that we have no right to tell them we think so. No, no: such things must not be.

I see that some of the newspapers seem to think that the Hamilton police magistrate must be in a quandary concerning Capt. Ludgate, S. A., who was fined \$5 a little while

ago, for drumming and being a nuisance generally in the public streets, and who, refusing to pay that fine was threatened with imprisonment unless the money was handed over before the following Monday. Ludgate had no effects; there was nothing to seize for the amount of the fine; the fateful Monday has come and gone, and Ludgate still drums and exhorts as usual. However the p. magistrate need not fret. His remedy is very simple. True, he cannot get the \$5, but he can put a stop to the drumming, which is the principal thing. He can get some impecunious individual, there are plenty handy, who is possessed of 'no effects,' to bust that drum, knock Capting Ludgate, S. A. silly, put the army to flight with the aid of the evil one, and keel Shouting Annie and Howling Jemima over into the gutter. The P. M. can then fine the man of no effects for this conduct; the man of no effects can't pay, he must be let off, scot-free a la Capting Ludgate, S. A., and everything will be lovely. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, of which birds this article has been mainly treating, First Person Singular, of course, excepted.

With regret at the departure of summer, a feeling akin to pleasure, at the same time, creeps over me, as I reflect that with the advent of the cold weather the 'fr-r-resh feesh' fiend gets knocked out. This diabolical imitation of a man has made the past summer mornings hideous: his lungs, as brazen as the fictions he related about his finny wares, have awaked me, day after day, with their resonant bawling at an hour when no man should work, and if I can only be assured that this malignant fiend has not saved a cent of his summer earnings, and will surely put in a winter of discontent and suffering I shall feel much happier. I do not wish him to freeze to death: for the sudden change of temperature which he would experience in that case would be a little too much of a punishment; but I trust he will be horribly miserable for the next six months, for he has caused me to be so for the last half dozen.

I have been highly entertained by reading the correspondence in the *World* respecting smoking on the street. It may or it may not be right to do so, I don't wish to give an opinion on the matter, but what I wish to say is that if some ladies object to the smell of "that filthy tobacco smoke," and wish men to refrain from smoking out of doors, they themselves might set an example of self denial, and give up the use of that abominable perfume (?) patchouli, which, to my notion, is very much more objectionable than the fumes of tobacco. It may be that the patchouli is used to conceal some offensive personal odor; I know it is, in fact, in many cases, but if that personal odor is any worse than the patchouli, well— I actually heard a lady make use of this argument against smoking in public: "Why, when we get that nasty smoke into our mouths, we get the breath of the smoker as well: pah! isn't it horrible?" Did she not reflect that she was breathing second hand breath at any rate, whether tobacco-tainted or not? All I have to say is that if public smoking is to be stopped, public patchouli ought to be put down as well: better breathe tobacco smoke a hundred times than a concoction of patchouli, bergamot, musk, and heaven knows what villainous human fragrance as well.

I have been shown one of Mr. R. W. Phipps' circulars, which he is sending round everywhere asking for information concerning the planting of forest trees, etc. For my part I shall be only too happy to give Mr. Phipps my own personal experience, and I hope others will do the same as that gentleman is engaged in a noble work

and should be given every possible aid. On June 14th, 1883, I lugged up a forest tree by the roots;—it was a pine—height 5ft. 2—and I transplanted it in the grounds surrounding my feudal castle. The foliage, if such it may be termed, kept green for nearly three weeks and then began to look tired and weary. I watered my forest tree regularly, but melancholy seemed to have marked it for her own: It was evidently pining for something or other, and I hauled it out of the earth once more to see what was the matter, I did not know but that it might be suffering from bunions or corns. I found the roots were quite dead, and on further inspection I ascertained that the rest of the tree was mortifying. I may, possibly, have failed to employ the proper method of planting a pine tree: quite likely if I had put the head underground and left the roots kicking about in the summer air, I might have been favored with a different result.

I never planted forest pines  
To glad me with their sighing shade;  
But soon I found unerring signs  
That some mistake I'd gone and made;  
For when the tree should flourish well  
It died, and proved an utter sell.

Mr. Phipps wishes to know what varieties of trees I and others found to thrive best: I cannot say; the one I tried apparently belonged to the variety that doesn't thrive at all, at least not under my system of planting.

Mr. P. says in his circular that he may possibly be passing my way—everybody's way. I shall be glad to see him and will do my best to entertain him royally; I will read some of my own poetry to him; I believe I will brace myself up with strong waters and listen to him read some of his. I will do all I can to make him feel at home: I will show him the spot where I planted my pine; I will plant him there if he objects to my method of forest culture, but I hope we shall pass a jolly, sociable time together; I feel that such will be the case, and in conclusion I might state in reply to a clause in Mr. Phipps' circular, that, since my grounds were cleared of my forest orphan, I have not noticed any change in rainfall, and that none of the creeks or rivers near me have dried up that I know of. There are no creeks or rivers near me, but if there had been I don't think they would have been affected by my failure to induce a pine tree to become one of my family. FREDDIE.

#### PASSING SHOW.

It is perhaps unnecessary for us to mention that Canada's Greatest Fair is at present going on. Such indeed is the fact—and it is further beyond dispute that the attractions are greater than ever before. Good management is evident throughout in the order and smoothness with which each day's programme passes off, and for this admirable result a large share of credit is due to Mr. H. J. Hill, the Manager.

Mr. J. F. Thompson has been the means of giving the music lovers of Toronto more genuine "treats" than any other manager we have had. The brilliant concert of the 13th is to be followed by something equally good in a different way on the evenings of the 19th and 20th. The fame of Gilmour's Regimental Band is such as to warrant a crowded pavilion on the occasions of their concerts, and we hope Mr. Thompson's enterprise will be appreciated in that form. Gilmour brings his entire force of 55 picked musicians. Let them receive a royal welcome!

Baker and Farron have re-written their new piece, "The Government House," and although it is still inferior in many respects to their old play, it is much better than when first produced here. It affords good scope for the vagaries of the inimitable Dutchman and the unapproachable Irishman, and that is all the most exacting patron of Baker and Farron

need ask. Of course they are doing a good business.

The Holman Opera House looks very much like a success. Manager Conner's motto of "light prices and heavy receipts" is happily chosen, and bids fair to be verified during the Exhibition season.

#### MR. GRIP'S EXHIBIT.

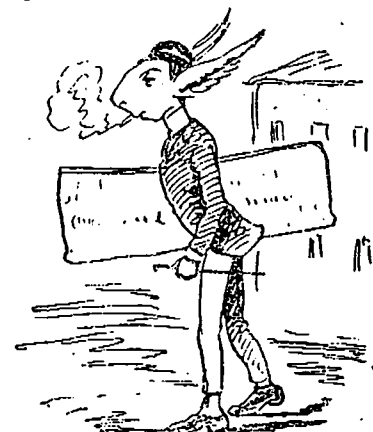
AT THE GREAT NATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Mr. GRIP being ever anxious to please, determined, some little time ago, to exhibit some rare and unparalleled curiosities at the National Exposition now being held in this city. He accordingly procured, at a vast expense, the curiosities of which a list and description is here given. None of the articles cost less than five cents with the exception of No. 2; this animal was obtained free, as he "gave himself away." Now, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission we will take a stroll through "Grip's Exhibit," commencing by examining



No. 1.

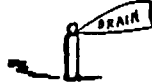
This is a *Professional Athlete*: Nothing very extraordinary about that, you say: Granted; but this one never was a champion, and that fact is something uncommon. Stir him up, Jabez, and let the gentlefolks see his bicipes.



No. 2.

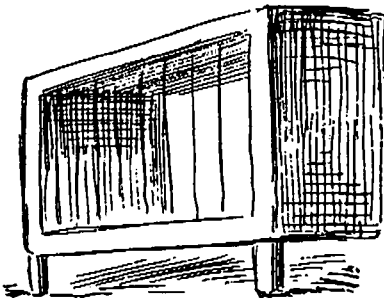
Rum looking critter, ain't he? As yet no name has been found for this remarkable thing. The way in which Mr. GRIP became possessed of it was as follows. Alderman Piper lost one of his monkeys out of the Zoo. Detectives were employed to hunt for the animal, and traced him, as they thought, to another city, where they captured the creature now before you. When taken, this animal protested with tears in his eyes, that the officers were mistaken and that he was a corre-

spondent of a metropolitan journal. This tale was not credited, however, though it appeared a plausible one, and the curiosity was brought to Mr. Piper, who admitted that it was *not* his monkey, but closely resembled it. Accordingly the detectives handed it over to Mr. GRIP, and here he is. Give him a whack on the head, Jabez, and make him talk.



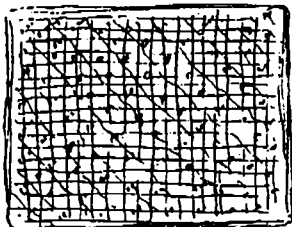
No. 3.

**A Dude's Brain:** After splitting open the crania of seven hundred dudes, all of which were found to be empty, the seven hundred and first yielded this filmy, gossamer-like substance. The Dude from whom it was taken has not yet missed it.



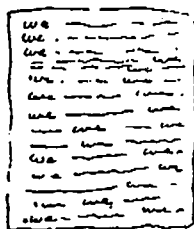
No. 4.

Empty! Cage intended for newspapers of 1st September which contained no allusion to oysters and the letter R. The whole Dominion was scoured for these articles, but not a single paper could be found but what had some allusion, either original or "scissored," to these things.



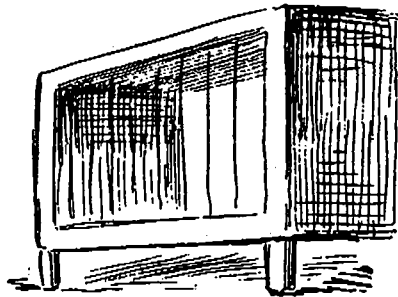
No. 5.

**A Quilt of 9203 pieces:** Nothing so very remarkable, you mutter. Aha! but this one was worked by a church sewing society composed of eight spinsters, one minister's wife and four matrons, and it is made up of bits of the characters of other ladies who were not present, and whose reputations were discussed in their absence. Pretty badly tattered, some of the patches, but some of the characters were torn into such small bits that they positively could not be worked into the quilt. Hold it up to the light, Jabez, so that the ladies can see that pretty Miss Johnsing's reputation



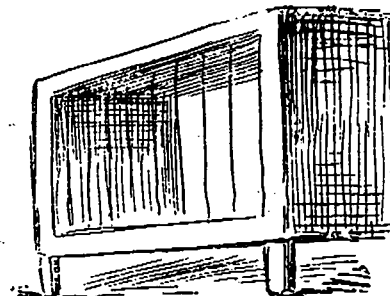
No. 6.

**Editorial from an Amateur Newspaper:** Observe, ladies and gentlemen, that there are thirty-seven lines in this wonderful work of art. Observe, also, that the word 'we,' only occurs thirty-six times. It is on this account,—the infrequency of that personal pronoun—that this article is regarded as a curiosity. The English is very cleverly constructed, which fact also adds to the remarkable nature of the production.



No. 7.

This cage, which, you perceive, is empty, was provided for those Toronto liquor dealers who sell their wares after legal hours. Not one could be found.



No. 8.

Another empty cage! Yes, gentlemen and ladies, this one was intended for the memories of witnesses in several Hamilton liquor cases, in which saloon-keepers were charged with breaking the laws. Not one of the witnesses against them could remember anything that had happened. *Most* remarkable.



No. 9.

Here is the sand-bag with which Mr. Charles E. Courtney was lately struck. It was donated by that gentleman himself, who remarked in his letter to Mr. GRIP that he could row faster than any man living. Anyone who did not, before seeing this club, believe that Mr. Courtney was lambasted as he claimed, can now have their incredulity banished.



No. 10.

A young gentleman—a law-student—who does not think that he was cut out for a newspaper man, and a young lady who does not imagine that nature intended her to shine on the stage. Very rare couple. Give 'em a dig in the ribs with the pole, Jabez, and let's hear 'em laugh.

Now, that's all for to-day, ladies and gentlemen; turn to the right as you go out if you wish to subscribe for GRIP. Good-morning. S.

THE SOLILOQUY OF FAUQUIER.

This here is a slaughter of the innocents! They have gone and disqualified me! Me! Now what did I do? As Burns says:

If a fellow meet a voter  
Looking very dry,  
If a fellow treat a voter  
Need the judges cry?

What if I *did* give evidence they didn't quite believe? Can any mortal soul, let alone a candidate, always tell the exact exactitude of all that ever happened—specially when if he tells certain things he don't know but they will knock his election into a cocked hat!

After all, it was nt me. No. There's that Shields, he comes in after, and he stretches out his long legs on a chair, and puts his extensive paw on my shoulder as if he had'nt ruined me, and says he:

"Fawqueer, my boy, never mind it, come up with me to Rat Portage, that's the place. If we couldn't get round the consarned Reformers here we can there. Millions in it!"

"I don't see," says I, "what there is to be done there."

"All that is to be done there," says he, "is to keep Mowat and his pack out of possession—that is, as far as possible."

"What good's that," says I "to you or me? I'm sick of politics."

"You're disqualified for active exertion in one line," says he, with an impudent grin on his yellow face, "but there's other fields to conquer. You can be a contractor, amass a rapid fortune, and roll in your carriage."

"Nonsense," says I, "go away, like a good fellow, I've had enough of your plans. What good would it do us if Mowat can't get his rights? But the land is Ontario's, you know."

"What about that," says he, "if the Dominion Government keeps hold—the timber mines, water privileges, lands all belong to her, and if Manitoba gets sold the Dominion keeps 'em all the same. But if Ontario gets her rights she gets the lands and woods. Keep her out of 'em my boy. Keep 'em in Sir John's hands, then who gets 'em? The contractors—the Dominion contractors, my boy. Come with me! Be one, there's millions in it!"

Why shouldn't I go with him. Millions, only think! Woods, forests, mines, minerals, water privileges. Keep Mowat out! Down with the Grits! I'm not quite disqualified after all.



# THE GREAT "REFORM" PARTY.

(Scene at an Extra-Secret Caucus.)

MACKENZIE.—HAPPY THOUGHT! BLAKE! TROW!! SUPPOSE WE DECLARE FOR REFORM!!!



"So the world wags."

In the following little anecdote the proverbial hankering after the 'siller' of the Scot is shown. This story differs from a good many that are told about Scotchmen in that it is said to be strictly true. I, for one, don't doubt it, for I have seen many instances of religious scruples being removed instantaneously by the de ire for the 'gowd' that is so dear to the true sons o' the North.

#### MACKAY'S "BAILIE."

Charlie Mackay, the once famous delineator of the 'Bailie' in Sir Walter Scott's 'Rob Roy,' was one day accosted in the streets of Edinburgh by a handloom weaver, a former acquaintance of his. "Ou, Mr. Mackay," began the treadle-plier, "is this yersel? O'd, I'm rale glad to see you. But why, ava! has ye forgotten the godly teachings o' yer youth, an' gane ower to that unholy profession—the stage! Mr. Mackay, I'm astonished at ye—fairly astonished at ye?" "It peys, P. tie, it peys," was the significant rejoinder. "Peys, does't, Charlie?" echoed the treadle-plier, whose self interest was at once awakened. "An' what pey are ye earning noo, if it's a fair question?" "Oh, sometimes yae sum, an' sometimes anither. I've fifteen pounds a week just now, which is an average winning." "Fifteen pounds a week, Mr. Mackay! Hae ye any vawcancies?"

So all the 'bulls' are not perpetrated in the Emerald Isle after all, if the Paris *Voltaire* is to be credited. I never supposed they were though poor Paddy has the paternity of nearly all of these funny blunders thrust upon him. Bad as many of those said to have been committed by Pat doubtless are, I don't think any of them could be much worse than the following few

#### FRENCH BULLS.

A bad man writes to the Paris *Voltaire* about the blunders made by eminent French authors, which he has taken pains to glean from their works. M. Sarcey is quoted as writing of a "duel in which one of the two blades is plunged into the breast of the other," and Paul de Cassagnac is charged with the prediction that France will "throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword," M. Duruy's history of France, however, takes the prize for saying that "the first King of France was Pharamond, an imaginary being, who has never existed: he was succeeded by his son."

I suppose Poe's rhymes will never cease to be parodied; it looks like it, however, for no sooner has one parody of the 'Raven' given place to another of the 'Bells,' which in its turn is lost and forgotten, than another comes to light; and so it will ever be, for there is something very fascinating in the metre of that gifted and brilliant genius, the never to

be forgotten Edgar Allan Poe. This is the way Puck does up

#### BELLES IN THE SWELLS.

Hear the cultured bathing belles—  
Boston belles!  
With their learned disquisitions over ocean's musty shells.  
How they lecture, lecture, lecture,  
Even at the water's brink,  
On the interesting texture,  
Of some weed, 'til you expect you're  
Dumber than the missing link!  
And they sputter, sputter, sputter,  
In a manner quite too utter,  
As their stockings blue are hidden by the swells  
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles,  
Oh, the learning and discerning of the belles!

Hear the jolly bathing belles—  
New York belles!  
With their eyes filled up with pleasure and their mouths  
with caramels.  
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,  
Splashing water in the air!  
How they grab the rope and wriggle,  
Talking all at once and higgle,  
As to who'll first wet her hair!  
And they shriek, shriek, shriek,  
In a manner quite unique,  
As their dainty feet are scratched by horrid shells.  
Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles,  
Oh, the firing and diverting of the belles!

One often hears of a man feeling cheap, and the situation of the 'drummer' in the anecdote below would seem to be just the one to cause the hero of the story to experience the sensation. Of course it is true; all tales about commercial travellers, especially when told by one of the guild, are

#### HE WASN'T HER PA.

A young woman went to the station to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man who resembled her parental relative, and she rushed into his arms; huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on the mouth, the ear, the chin and all over his patent celluloid. It was not her father, but a middle-aged drummer for a tobacco house. He took a long breath and looked round on some other drummers and winked, as much as to say: "Oh, I'm such a dude!" Of course the scene could not last always, though he wished it could. After a climactic hug she looked up in his face and shrieked: "You are not my pa!" He said probably she was right, as he had only been on that route eleven years. She asked his pardon and he told her not to mention it. "We public men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it," she smiled a sweet, sad, blushing smile, and went out into the wide world, and the drummer walked to the hotel with the other drummers, twenty kisses and six hugs ahead of the game. They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said of course it might look queer, but those things occurred very often with him, as they would happen to any fine-looking man. Besides, the girl probably enjoyed it. Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He looked at his shirt front and it was gone. While he had been allowing her to play the daughter she had burglarized his shirt. He fainted, and when they brought him to he said: "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe."—*Com. Trav. Magazine.*

#### THE BILIOUS,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Will there be a hop to-night?" asked a summer sojourner of another, who had loved the stock market "not wisely but too well." "don't know about the hop, but there will be a skip if I can get my trunk out," was the reply.

#### A HEART-BROKEN WAIL.

NOT THE ONE IN THE ZOO.

(Air—"We never speak as we pass by.")



N Queen-street walls my ulster swings,  
Where since last spring time it has swung,  
To save it now, the bardlet sings,  
From being unhonored and unsung.

Cold winter's blasts will soon be here,  
And then my ulster I shall miss,  
As icy breezes, chill and drear,  
My serge-clad form they'll bleakly kiss.

My under coat great holes reveals,  
Which from the world's keen, piercing eye,  
An ulster's friendship e'er conceals,—  
But ulster-friendless all am I.

My winter trowersloons are torn,  
In places patched with divers hues;  
To bide those hard-up signs forlorn,  
My ulster coat would ne'er refuse.

No wealth have I my cherished coat  
From Judah's clutches to redeem,  
I've spent my last poor silver groat  
For caramels and lemon cream—

For how could I my love refuse,  
For such sweet things she ever sighs;  
I loved too well, but now my views  
Show that my loving was not wise,

And now as winter draws anigh,  
My ulster, oh! my ulster dear,  
I know not how, all coatless, I  
Shall face its blasts so cold and drear,

With other sports my lady flirts,  
And never speaks as we pass by;  
But that which most my feelings hurts  
Is that, for hersake, coatless I

Must freezing go; the wealth I spent  
On her, for which I popped my coat.  
Ungrateful she! I never meant  
To part with her with my last groat.

'Twas ever thus; the female mind  
Wealth's dazzling glitter e'er will turn;  
I little dreamt she'd be inclined  
Me, penniless, from her to spurn.

But so it is; alas! alas!  
Again I say alas! alas!  
My poetry I cannot write,  
I am so sad, alas! alas!

—Swiz.

The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused by the heat—*Ex.*

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

A tailor up town has a novel way of advertising. Scattered all over he has the line "Kimball is the man you want to see." It may work up there but it would't down town. The average young man's tailor is about the last man on earth he wants to see.

#### THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, and all diseases arising from a deranged stomach or liver is a Notman Stomach and Liver Pad. It acts by being absorbed directly to the Stomach and Liver. Send to 120 King St. East for a treatise on this wonderful principle of absorption. Thousands are cured every month by wearing Notman's Pads.



## AN OPINION.

BY MCTUFF.

In re the discussion recently going on in the columns of the *Mail*, by the would-be Champions of High and Low Churchism.

When ordinary mortals stoop  
A foe's fair fame to slander;  
And with vituperative pen  
To basest instincts pander.

The public look upon such acts  
As those of fools or madmen;  
And justly argue that their hearts  
Are those of knaves and bad men.

How inconsistent then it seems  
To those of common moulding,  
To see these Christian champions  
Like old wives rudely scolding.

Each setting forth his private views,  
In language most disgusting,  
Whilst in the justice of his cause  
Each to the Lord is trusting.

Methinks I see old Satan sit  
Upon the steeples grinning,  
To see his fierce detractors make  
Such progress in their sinning.

For well he knows no flock can feed  
Where barren is the pasture,  
Nor Teachers elevate men's minds,  
Though clad in holy vesture.

Who thus can stoop to idly prate,  
And use the public journal  
In setting forth their variances  
In language so infernal.

How much more seemly would it be  
Should each bear with the other  
And though opinions may diverge,  
Still treat him as a brother.

For truly little good can come  
From such unchristian action;  
Then be what you but seem to be,  
And cease this strife and faction.

## BRITISH WIT.

The last mail from England brought the following two riddles for insertion in GRIP. They are stated by the author, a clerical gentleman of high standing, to be entirely original with him. It may be true. He is older than we are, and possibly concocted them himself, but it must have been very long ago, for the first thing we can remember with anything like accuracy was hearing the second one propounded. That was thirty years ago, brethren; thirty long years ago. But here are these scintillations:

1. My horse was brought round too late:  
Why couldn't I mount him? *Ans.* Because  
Time was getting on t-t-t-t!

2. A friend asked me what he ought to do  
with his scolding wife. I answered him in  
one letter of the alphabet. What was it?  
*Ans.* Letter B.

Were an ancient Greek to give the same  
answer in his own tongue, the advice would  
be very different—viz: Beta.

By the above it will be seen that English men can make riddles and jokes after all, that is, when they have plenty of time to mature them—about thirty years or so.

The gentleman who sent the foregoing states that he is engaged in making two more. When they arrive—probably some time in 1913—they will be published. He need not be discouraged. We have told the foreman to reserve a place for them.

## AT THE FAIR.

Oh! come with me, my merry men, with utmost expedition,  
And let us see the glories of the National Exposition.  
Now let us use our eyes and ears, for many things there be

For us to hear and marvel at, and many things to see.  
Here comes Giles Scroggins from the farm; a stalwart lad is he;

The hayseeds fondly cling to him and cluster in his hair,  
And on his homespun trousers loons full many a burr is there;  
His hair, well larded, from beneath his ample hat brim slips,

And o'er his shoulders falls and hangs like pounds of tallow 'dips.'  
Round-shouldered, too, is Scroggins, his lower limbs are bent,

Full many a weary hour at the plow tail he has spent;  
His great flat feet are every where in everybody's way;  
But welcome, good, kind-hearted Giles; good day to you,  
good day.

Aye: honest Giles! we love him, as his 'gal' he drags along,  
And 'elbers' through the seething crowd, and pushes 'mid the throng:

He's very proud of Susan Ann: a buxom lass is she,  
With glossy, auburn 'ringerlets' upon her shoulders free,  
Red, healthy cheeks; bright, sparkling eyes, and well developed chest;

Yes, Susan, we are fond of Giles, but think we like you best.  
As Giles and Susan walk they both discuss their ample lunch;

Huge slice of watermelon and of gingerbread a hunch  
Each bears and bites alternately, and as they pass along,  
We hear them singing merrily this burden to their song:  
"Whew! isn't them big 'punkons'?" Says Giles, "They be, by gosh!

Geewhilkings! look, Susan Ann, dower look at that there squash,  
I never seed the likes of it, nor larger e'er clapt eyes on."  
Says she, "But them there punkons is fine for making pies on.

Land sakes alive! what's this here chap? how quick he cuts and capers!"  
Says Giles, "That there's a feller as puts pieces in the papers."

"My! don't he write fast? that there feller ain't no kind o' fool,  
I guess he knows nigh m st enough to go to teachin' school.

Eh, Giles?" "You bet: what's these things here; good land! is them peraters?"  
And, Susan Ann, I never see sich thunderin' big termaters."

Oh so they toddle on, amazed and lost in wonderment,  
And may your outing, Giles and Sue, in happiness be spent.  
Let's stroll about: a busy scene the fair grounds now present;

What horses, cattle, sheep, and last, not least, the festive pig;  
We wonder how on earth the last could ever grow so big  
And ever to our view is changed the quick y movin' scenery;

Live stock and fruit; pianos, buggies, pictures and 'ma' chinery;  
And works of art, both Philistine, and aesthete's 'yallery-greenery'

Tall sunflowers, and lilies pale, and storks from foreign latitudes;  
And plaques depicting figures limp in very "stained glass attitudes."

Pickpockets, parsons, peelers, priests, perambulating round:  
Some 'taking in' the folks as well as sights upon the ground.

Here comes a 'bloomin' Hinglishman; you know him by his blow!  
"Pooh!" this hain't nothin' to a real H'old Country fair, yer know;

Why, 'ome, yer know, in Hingland, they'd larf at sich a show!  
Maybe this little Cockney, ere he left his native isle,...

Had ne'er beheld the country where the pleasant corn-fields smile;  
Perhaps had never roamed the green and verdant meadows over,

Nor smelt the scented summer air fraught with the breath of clover,  
Nor breathed the cloying sweetness which the pale-hued bean flower yields;

Nor ever seen the emerald sward that grows in English fields,  
Where fragrant flowers upon the air cast perfumes rare and sweet,

But had spent his poor existence in some dark Whitechapel street;  
But Englishmen must blow and cast abroad contemptuous whiffs,  
Or they fancy they're disgracing the land of chalky cliffs.

But who comes here? The people cheer and roar and shout the while:  
It is, it is the Governor; proud scion of Argyle.  
So soon to leave Canadian shores, tho' all unwilling we;

But this was e'er a world of change, and evermore will be:  
Another man comes to the top as soon as t'other man's down;

So we shall have to bid goodbye to Lorne and welcome Lansdowne;  
Up go the hats; cheer follows cheer; the Marquis comes and goes;

And once again the crowd pours on and through the buildings flows.  
But halt; our space is limited and calls on us to pause  
Or the length of our effusion would break some well-known laws;

So, all unwilling, now we stop, with hopes for the success  
Of the National Exposition, which we cheerfully express.  
—SWIZ.

## ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

SWIZ—Chief Priest of the Oracle.

Now that the helmet and helmet hat are becoming articles of general wear, perhaps you can inform me who was its inventor, and when it was first worn? asks MILES. If you want information you've come to the right shop for it, Miles. Listen: The helmet, or now, more correctly speaking, the hadesmet, dates from a remote period of history. In a very ancient tome in the possession of the writer it is related that Athelstane the Saxon, spoken of in *Ivanhoe*, when a boy, being very unwell from a severe internal disorder, brought on by a surfeit of green gooseberries tried in ale, was put to bed by his mother, who sat down at the side of the couch to watch him, at the same time industriously peeling the potatoes for the evening meal against the return of the other members of the family from the chase. The peeled potatoes she threw into a medium sized iron pot at her feet. The youthful Saxon, being restless, started up from his uneasy nightmare, or rather daymare haunted slumbers, and overbalancing himself in his bed, fell headforemost into the pot, from which it was found impossible to extricate his big bull head for several hours. A party of the name of Codric, a down-east Yankee, who was peddling a famous recipe for producing hair on the baldest heads in three weeks, happened to enter the room while Athelstane was in the fix mentioned above, and was instantly struck by the idea that such a head gear would be an admirable one for use on the field of battle. He immediately secured a patent for the invention, thus defrauding poor Athelstane out of his rights, secured the contract for supplying the army and police force of the country with his "pottle hattes," as they were called, and soon "rushed things right smart." The helmet and helmet hat have since been universally adopted, leather, cork, pith, &c., being now substituted for the original metal of which the pot was made.

GRIPES writes: Please tell me what is the true value of a bottle of medicine for which a dollar is charged by a country physician? This depends in a great measure upon the quality of the glass of which the bottle is manufactured. *Aqua pura*, logwood, and the various tinctures are not expensive.

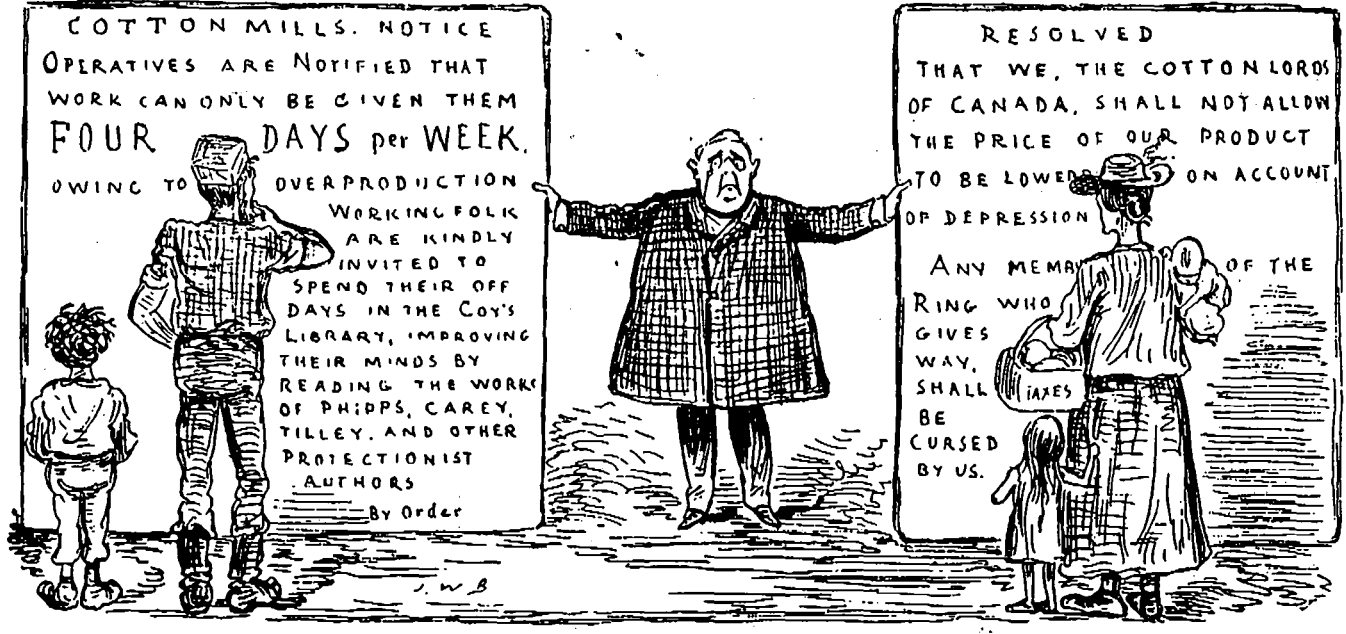
DELIVER AFTER TRUTH says: I have often heard the expression: "The cow with the iron tail." What does it mean?—In these days of waterworks, hydrants, taps, etc., it does not mean much, but when the phrase first came into vogue, it was understood to refer to the pump. The following anecdote will explain all: Johnnie Armstrong kept the one solitary dairy within a radius of some sixteen miles, in one of the lowland Scottish counties, and was the owner of six fine cows. He monopolized

H. WILLIAMS, ROOFER & dealer in ROOFING MATERIALS, 4 Adelaide-st. E., Toronto.

**MACHINE OILS.**

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

**McCOLL BROS & CO**  
TORONTO.



INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR THE "HORNY HANDED."

**SPRING MATTRESSES.**

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of **Spring Mattresses** in the 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 orders

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.  
**R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.**

the milk trade in the district, as there was not another cow in it but his own, and every morning and evening he took his solitary milky way to supply his numerous customers. John was no arithmetician, and, contrary to the case of most of his countrymen, his bump of caution was not largely developed. An inquisitive customer, being dissatisfied with the quality of Jack's lacteal wares, one day asked him casually how much milk he sold a day. "Weel," replied Jock, "About fifty gallons." An ye hae sax coos, havena ye?" asked the questioner. "Aye, sax coos," responded Jock. "An' hoo muckle does ilka coo gie, Jock? I wadna bespeerin', but I'm a bit inqueesitive aboot coos." "Weel," said Jock, "ilka coo gies a gude five gallons the day, an' I dinna lee aboot it, ava." "Thank ye, Jock, gude mornin' til ye," and the 'speerer' went away muttering, "I canna account for thea twanty gallons, tae mak' up the fifty, for his sax coos canna gie mair that thretty gallons, if Jock's no wrang, but I'm thinkin' he didna count the coo wi' the aim tail." This incident it must be remembered, occurred long ago and far away from Canada, and we should, indeed, be thankful that we live in a land where adulteration, even in milk, is unknown, and where

no dairyman would be guilty of watering his milk, and where no farmer would weigh a forty pound stone with a load of hay, where the biggest fruit is ever at the bottom of the box, and where the purest of everything is to be got—if one knew only how to go about it—where any insinuation as to the impurity of his wares would be met with indignant scorn, and justly so, on the part of any dealer in Toronto at least, and where to the pure all things are pure.

Six lovely school ma'ams were out rowing in Lake George recently. A bold, wicked man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boats went by, simply remarked: "Behold the whaling fleet!"—*Ec.*

**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.

"Begorra!" said an inebriated Hibernian the other day, as he saw a Chinaman's head sticking out of a coal-hole in the pavement, "phwat do thim haythin divils care fur a traitie, at all, at all, whin the've dug a tunnel clane through, so they have!"

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Conversation," says Uncle Mose, "doan' show wot a man knows enny mo' dan de cacklin' ob a hen am a criterium ob de size ob an egg.—*Ec.*



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

**A. W. SPAULDING,**  
**DENTIST,**  
51 King Street East, TORONTO,  
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.)  
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.



**CROSS STYLOGRAPHIC PEN.**—Holds ink for a week's use. Quite Perfect. The Best in Use. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Simple, can't get out of order. PRICE—\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.  
**HART & COMPANY, Stationers,**  
Agents Wanted. Agents, 31 & 33 King-st. West, Toronto