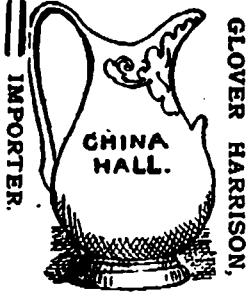


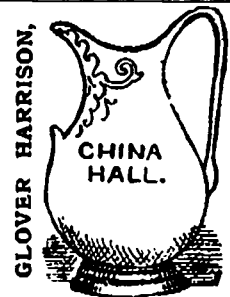
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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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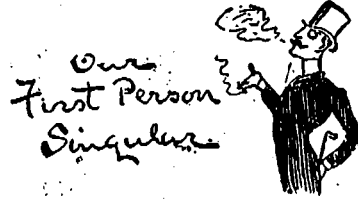
### Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—A good deal of interest has been excited through the Dominion by the fact that Sir John, when in Kingston lately, repeatedly attended the meetings of the Salvation Army. The Kingston News—his own organ—naughtily suggests that it was principally the Sal the old premier was interested in, but all right-thinking papers will scorn the idea. It is not true that Sir John joined the force, and was decorated with the army shield. As he intimates in the cartoon he has more use for Shields like the doughty John of Muskoka.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The event since our last issue is the unseating of Sir John Macdonald in Lennox—a disaster brought about chiefly by the over exertions of a "friend," in the person of Mr. A. H. Roe, M.P.P. It is understood that Sir Richard Cartwright will now make a determined attempt to capture the constituency, which he formerly represented in the House.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The question which at present agitates the minds of all who feel disposed to be agitated is—What are they waiting for in Rat Portage. Mr. Mowat has refused to refer the question of the Award to the Privy Council, except on conditions which the Dominion Government decline to accept. Meantime Ontario has formally taken possession, but finds herself obliged to exercise the same in company with the officials of another Province who are supposed to represent the Federal Power. It is clear that both sets of officials cannot continue to occupy the territory. One of them "must go." And here the question arises—Why doesn't one of them go?—What are they waiting for?

What is the difference between a trooper and an officer of Her Majesty's Life Guards?—One swells the ranks and the other ranks with the swells.



"While the lampholds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return."

Sir John A. has been attending the meetings of the Salvation Army at Kingston.

"What will the Poet Laureate do for the Premier" asks an exchange, "for permitting him to read some of his poetry before the Czar?" I give it up and wonder instead what would the Czar like to do to the Premier for having given that permission?

"At the death, which was an amusing one by master reynard showing fight in gallant form, &c."—This is from the *Mail's* description of last Saturday's run with the hounds. Amusing! very much so for the fox, of course. Any one who can find "amusement" in seeing a poor animal fight for its life against overwhelming odds, well—

It may be humiliating that such is the case, but it really is, that when a newspaper man selects from his pile of exchanges a paper that he thinks is *Peck's Sun*, and gets himself all ready to indulge in its contents, and opening it discovers that it is the *Dominion Churchman*, and that the *Sun* hasn't come, he experiences a sensation of something or other that is not pleasant. Why is this? I know it is so.

I see that Mrs. Langtry came out ahead after all in the beauty contest in England, though she dropped behind very much at one time. The next thing on the programme, according to the English papers, is a ballot to see who is the handsomest man amongst Her Majesty's subjects. In order that other Apollos may not be deterred from entering for this contest, I wish to state that, under no consideration, shall I be a competitor.

"My dear F.P.S.," said a friend to me the other day, "what are those bars in front of the windows of the editorial rooms of GRIP for?" (Be it known the said windows, being on the ground floor are barred) "They give the place the appearance of a prison or a lunatic asylum." "Those bars," I answered, "are put there to prevent people from breaking in and stealing our jokes, though they are only partially effective." "Hm:" muttered the other, "when I come to think of it, it is the jokes that come from those rooms more than the bars before the windows that made me say the place might be taken for a lunatic asylum."

This is the latest story of animal intelligence—A clergyman had a very intelligent dog who committed a grievous fault one morning. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. He talked on and on for a long time in the same serious and reproachful strain, and the dog died in the course of a day or two.—*London Spectator.*—Can it be possible that the reverend gentleman was one of those prosy, long-winded preachers so common in England, and merely recited one of his own sermons to the erring canine? If such was the case I do not see that the poor animal showed such a high degree of intelligence in dying, after all. But the punishment was too great, no matter what crime the dog had been guilty of.

I wonder if Sydney Smith really ever did make that remark about the joke, the surgical operation and the Scotchman's head: If he did I am sure he need not have selected a Scotchman to vent his wit upon, as I am of opinion that the English, as a rule, are just as dull in seeing the point of a joke as their brethren beyond the Tweed. Here is an instance. I happened to show this item from the *Boston Post* to a young English friend: "What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Lawmus. "O, it's important of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting." He read it; seemed lost in thought; elevated his sandy eyebrow and screwed an eyeglass into his orbicular orifice; pulled his tawny whiskers and said nothing for several minutes, at the end of which time he observed, slowly; "Well; where's the joke? By Jove, you know, fielding is no use without good batting, you know;—and good bowling. I don't see anything funny in that paragraph." This is only one of many similar instances that have come under my notice.

I see that in Springfield, Mass., the popularity of bicycling is so great that the number of gentlemen who adopt the bicycling costume of knickerbockers makes the town look like an Oscar Wilde colony. It would be a good thing if this style of leg apparel were more universally adopted; at present a fellow with a fine symmetrical pair of understandings has no more show than a lanky individual with a couple of pipestems for supporters, and Nature never intended her good gifts to be hidden under a bushel, in other words, in baggy and voluminous pantaloons. It would only be fair for someone whose lead would be followed to set the fashion of wearing knickerbockers so that those whose soli and gastrocnemii are well developed may have a chance to display them. The present style of gentlemen's trowsers is a snare and a delusion, and sooner or later must go. Of course some of my extra refined, double-distilled modesty readers will raise their eyebrows in horror on perusing the above paragraph, and will say "How vulgar," but if they will kindly tell me why they think so I shall be obliged.

I witnessed a little incident the other morning which caused me to reflect how like is human nature everywhere, whether it crops out in children of tender years or is seen in those of larger growth. This is what I saw. Some half-dozen or so of little children, boys and girls, aged apparently from about five to eight years, were teasing and tormenting one of their number, all of them doing or saying something to add to his bodily and mental discomfort, the result being that the victim burst into tears, his doleful lamentations attracting the attention of a gentleman who was passing and who seemed to feel quite sorry for the youngster's forlorn condition, for he stopped and, by way of a salve for the little fellow's wounded feelings, put ten cents into his hand. It was amusing to witness the instantaneous revulsion of popular feeling in little Tommy's favor. He had now become a man of wealth and as such was entitled to fawning and respect;—and he got it. The big girl who had been foremost in her efforts to tease the little chap, now sidled up and offered him a very much bitten apple; and the rest vied with one another in their endeavors to curry favor with the bloated capitalist, and as the procession filed away with Tommy in the van towards the nearest candy store I could not refrain from muttering to myself, "Verily, this is the way of the world."

The editor wrote, "The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient to meet the wants of the millmen," and the compositor set it up "milkmen."



## BEWARE! SHE IS FOOLING THEE.

THEOBROMA AND NECTAR.

## CHAP. I.

"But three weeks more, Arielle, but three brief weeks and we shall be one," and the speaker, Marmaduke Fitz-Cecil, gazed into the lustrous orbs of the fair, ethereal girl before him. "And then we shall commence house-keeping. Can you cook?"

"Oh! Marmaduke, why converse on so base and sordid a subject? What is cookery to us? The merest trifle is ever sufficient to appease my slender appetite, and you, I know, care not for the luxuries of the table," replied Arielle Van Gossamer, and truly her airy, lightsome figure, so slight, so delicate, so fragile, indicated that she spoke the truth. "A wafer, a glass of milk, or, at most, an omelette of the lightest nature, would satisfy my hunger for days."

"True, darling, it is your refinement in such matters that charms me above all things. So commonplace a thing as an appetite in a girl would be sufficient to cause me to scorn, nay loathe her," and he trembled visibly.

"Let us not, then, revert to this distasteful subject," said Arielle; "and now I must go in, darling, but we shall meet at the De la Featherstonehaughclyffe's picnic on the morrow, shall we not?"

"I shall be there," was the reply, as into the gathering darkness sped Marmaduke Fitz Cecil.

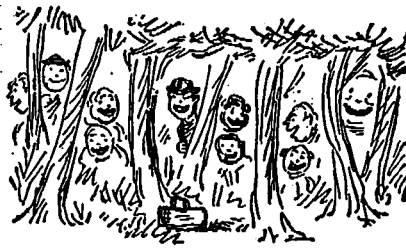


## CHAP. II.

"Please pass me the cold pork." A look of disdain wreathed the finely chiselled features of Marmaduke as his sister, Marier, made the request of him above quoted, as the Fitz Cecil family were seated at breakfast on the morning following the events of the last chapter.

With a gesture of disgust and an ill concealed shudder he handed the dish to Marier, and thought fondly of that fairy-like figure, Arielle's, which would soon be his own property.

But would it?  
Ha!



## CHAP. III.

Joyously rang the merry laughter through the sylvan glades as the picnickers disported themselves in the ancestral woods surrounding the mansion of the De la Featherstonehaughclyffes.

A proud and ancient race were the De la Featherstone—



## CHAP. IV.

haughclyffes, but stingy withal, and each invited guest had brought his or her own lunch with him or her, and weary of carrying his provisions about with him, Marmaduke had left his in a place of security, and wandered away into the depths of the forest with Arielle.



## CHAP. V.

"I've dropped my satchel." It was Arielle who spoke, and she gazed round like a frightened fawn.

"Was there anything valuable in it, dearest?" queried Marmaduke.

"Naught but my lunch, pet, a mere snack; a biscuit and a thimbleful of sherry."

"Tush; let it slide," was the haughty rejoinder. And it slid.

## CHAP. VI.

Wandering through the intricate mazes of the woods the lovers by some chance became separated, and for hours and hours rambled about in search of one another. The sun was sinking in the west as, weary and faint, Marmaduke crawled to the foot of a giant oak and sat down. He was 'lost and felt hungry. He knew not where he was;—but stay; what is that he sees at a little distance from him? A satchel; it is, it is Arielle's and she had said that it contained a biscuit, and even that would stay the pangs of hunger for a time. He picked it up and opened it. Horror! A pound and a half of bologna sausage, a bowl of

cold pease pudding, half a loaf of bread, a bottle of beer, two pig's feet, soused, some pickled cabbage and five hard boiled eggs met his gaze. And this was Arielle's mere snack! What would a square meal be? Distraction! A piercing shriek re-echoed through the



woods, and Marmaduke, looking up, beheld Arielle fall fainting to the earth.

She had seen him with the satchel and she knew it had given her away.

And thereafter Marmaduke and Arielle met as strangers.

## MORAL.

Girls, there is nothing to be ashamed of in having a good appetite, but don't deceive your "feller."

SWIZ.

## PHILOSOPHICAL STANZAS.

Since mortals are all, both great and small,  
Created by their dresses,  
And folks will scan the worth of a man  
By that which he possesses;  
If they wish to draw respect and awe  
From ignorant beholders,  
The rich must wear their virtues rare  
Upon their backs and shoulders.

Yet the eye that probes thro' lace and robes,  
Wigs, velvet, silks and ermine,  
May feel a doubt whether inside or out  
Our homage should determine;  
For a judge's nob may its wisdom rob  
From the tail of a fourlegged mother,  
And the grandeur's germ of the human worm  
May spring from his silken brother.

Plumes! pearls that gem beauty's diadem,  
Unguents that perfume give it,  
Your pomp and grace is the refuse base  
Of the ostrich, oyster and civet.  
Even mighty kings—those helpless things  
Whose badge is the royal ermine—  
Their glory's pride they must steal from the hide  
Of the meanest spotted vermin.

Since the lords of the earth, to borrow the worth  
And splendor their vanity wishes,  
Must their littleness deck in the gaudy wreck  
Of birds, and beasts and fishes;  
Since kings confide in a vermin's hide  
To make their greatness greater,  
Why, GRIP he cries when the pageant the eyes,  
"Alack for poor human Nature!"

—SWIZ.

A man may "smile" and "smile," and be a villain, but the betting is two to one that he will be drunk.—*Ex.*

The *Lowell Citizen* says that Pennsylvania's governor wears his hat over his ear. How would he look wearing his hat under his ear?—*Texas Siftings.*

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time. "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.—*Ex.*

So many young women are being abducted from St. Louis and other Southern towns that a tide of female emigration to those parts is anticipated.—*Oil City Blizzard.*



## ON THE SEASHORE.

CHARLES.—Ah! Laura, I could gaze forever on your beautiful golden hair; how it glints and gleams in the sunshine; beautiful, beautiful golden hair.

LAURA.—Yes, Charles dear, but hadn't you better go on reading that charming poem? you left off at—

CHARLES.—Oh! yes, I know, well,—(reads)

“He leaned from his saddle and gave to the maid

A purse of the red, red gold—”

LAURA.—Charles, dear, that can't be right. Gold is not red.

CHARLES.—Oh! yes; if not, I'm sure I don't know what color it is.

LAURA.—Well, Charles, what was it you said about my golden hair just now? You can't mean to insinuate that my hair is—red!

CHARLES.—Oh! I—ah—that is, you know—(But he had put his foot in it and he may get it out as best he can).

## “THE CHIEL.”

The editor of the popular Scottish comic journal, named as above, has courteously sent us his first volume, tastefully bound in red and gold. The work is a decided acquisition to our library. “The Chiel” is a well edited publication and does for Scotland what *Punch* is supposed to do for the country immediately south of the Tweed. The illustrations are supplied by a staff of regularly retained artists, and the editorial chair is ably filled by Mr. Harry Blight, a journalist who is also known as a brilliant writer of serial stories.

## DARNING.

It is hinted that a handsome bachelor, of great wealth, intends to make an offer of marriage to the young lady who exhibits the best specimen of darning at the Orillia fall show.—*Exchange.*

At a certain exhibition,  
Besides the prizes listed o'er,  
Was the hand, for competition,  
Of a wealthy bachelor,

Promised—being for beauty chosen—  
To that maid, be whom she may,  
Who should darn the holes in hosen  
With most skill, 'gainst showing day.

Was the prize indeed awarded?  
That, in truth I cannot tell;  
Weigh instead the hope afforded;  
On that point I love to dwell.

Maidens all, of tastes domestic,  
What a prize for you was there!  
You who darn (that word elastic  
Bears its harmless meaning here).

You who darning for your brothers,  
All unwitting train yourselves,  
For the benefit of others,  
Torn and darnless bach'lor elves.

Prize so winning, prize so ample,  
Handsome, wealthy, bachelor,  
Seize, show-guiders, seize th' example,  
For the shows of eighty-four.

And upon the plan improving,  
As wise imitators do,  
Make a rule, all doubt removing,  
That the maids must darn in view.

Hid by neither wall nor curtain,  
On the show-day all in view;—  
So the judges shall be certain  
That the work to name is true.

And provide, less fine in fashion,  
And with wealth of less degree,  
Bachelors of consolation,  
For merit-two and merit-three.

O, from out the realm of visions  
Comes one glowing on the sight,  
Of all future exhibitions,  
With the darning-needle bright.

See the girls demurely seated;  
Their left hands worn hosen hides,—  
True-worn hosen, fairly meted,  
Whilst the right the needle guides.

Each one wears a dainty mitten,  
Pinned conspicuous on her arm,  
Showing plainly, as 'twere written,  
That the prize has here no charm;

That she darns, as darn the others,  
For the frolic of the thing,  
And to show what care the mothers  
To the daughters' training bring.

At small distance, bach'lors grouping  
Seem to talk, but really ey drooping,  
Stolen-wise, oft with eye-lids drooping,  
Maids and mittens doubtfully.

Courage, bachelors! unbitten  
Through this ordeal you shall go;  
For in every case the mitten,  
Like the darning, is for show.

All for show the saucy warning,  
Happy bachelors, darned-for,  
Merry girls, who do the darning,  
Would 'twere a bachelor!

Happy town, where first was offered  
Such a prize for needle-art!  
Lucky towns, to whom free proffered  
This example on its part!

You who seek for new attractions,  
For each exhibition-day—  
For in figures whole, not fractions,  
You shall find the thing will pay.

—E. L.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. Clarke's new *Cookery Book*, printed by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company, and now just out, should prove a boon not only to cooks and housekeepers, but to all people with families, either great or small, as it contains, in addition to a very exhaustive list of recipes for all manner of good things for the table, old and new, a most valuable compilation of health hints and medical prescriptions, the whole forming a very complete and useful work of over four hundred pages, the information on anyone of which is, as the showmen say, “well worth the price of admission,” which in this case is only \$1. Mrs. George Clarke, of this city, is the authoress of this work, which is viewed from a literary point, admirably written, whilst the typographical work is equal to anything ever produced either in the old country or in this.

PLEASANT FOR HIM—Scene—Shrimpton-sur-Mer, a very retired sea-side place. Girl (in great state of excitement)—“Here d'yer year, Billie? Look up! There's a circus a-coming; I've just seen the clown.” Jones, the great amateur actor, was just rehearsing his clever imitation of Mr. Irving, that was all.—*Fun.*



FAREWELL APPEARANCE OF A VICE-REGAL COUPLE  
WHO HAVE PLAYED THEIR PARTS WELL.



# SIR JOHN AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

[IT HAVING BEEN REPORTED THAT SIR JOHN HAD JOINED THE S. A., "GRIP" HASTENS TO CORRECT THE ERROR AND DEPICTS WHAT PROBABLY DID TAKE PLACE.]





"So the world wags."

I quite agree with the N. Y. Post in what it says about American humor, which is a thing altogether peculiar to this great Continent. However, the following short article will explain, far better than I can do, just exactly what American humor is.

#### AMERICAN HUMOR.

The "American humor" which now goes by the name and has attracted such world-wide notoriety, is not, properly speaking, literary humor at all, says the New York Evening Post. It has about the same relation to literature that the negro minstrels or Harrigan and Hart have to the drama. It was begun by Artemus Ward, and has been perpetuated by a long line of jesters, funny men, clowns, or whatever they may be called, who stand in somewhat the same relation to the public that the jesters of the pre-literary period did to the private employers in whose retinue they served. They say funny things, or serious things, or idiotic things, but they say them in public for the benefit of the vast audience which reads the newspapers. It is newspaper humor, rather than American humor, and though the fashion began in this country, it might easily be adopted, one would think, in England, where it is liked so much. Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, we should say, represent it in its earlier and purer state and now it is represented by a dozen paragraphers, whose jokes make us laugh, very often for the same reason that the sight of a man chasing his hat in a high wind will always amuse the bystanders—a fact for the true explanation of which we would have to plunge deep into the recesses of the human heart.

After the above little discourse on American funniness, I beg to introduce a bit of English humor, though it will be seen that even Punch has had to build up its poem on a well-known American model.

#### "CHINAMANIA."

TRUTHFUL JOHN TO MADAME FRANCE.

(In the spirit of friendliness and the form of a celebrated original.)

I make bold to remark—  
And my speech shall be plain—  
That for policy dark,  
And for purposes vain,

Chinamanian ways are peculiar, and this view I—  
politely—maintain.

In the year Eighty-Three  
To go in for this fad  
Is pure fiddle-de-dee,  
And a sight that is sad  
Save to those who are really your foes, or as friends  
are exceedingly mad.  
For that Heathen Chinese  
Is a hard nut to crack,  
As you'll certainly see  
If you sail on that tack.  
And the worst of it is that, once started, 'tis hard  
to slack sail and put back.

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"  
Johnny pigtail might say  
Common sense would refuse  
To proceed in that way.  
Fate may play it low down upon France if she enters  
the list with Cathay.

And for what useful end?  
Why for none that I see,  
And I speak as a friend,  
Pray be guided by me.  
You will make a faux pas, I am sure, if you "go  
for" that Heathen Chinese.

A—political—taste  
For such old bric-a-brac,  
If indulged in with haste  
Shows a plentiful lack  
Of discretion. 'Twill prove most expensive, and put  
your best friend on the rack.

In the same you propose  
I would not take a hand  
We are friends and not foes;  
You are great you are grand;  
But the game you are playing just now is a game I  
cannot understand.

Which is why I remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for policy dark  
And for purposes vain  
Chinamanian ways are peculiar, and this view I  
make bold to maintain.

—Punch.

Probably most of my readers have read and admired "The Old Oaken Bucket," which is a very fine poem. The writer of the following, however, would seem to have had but little respect for the original of his parody which he calls

#### THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

From the National Bottler's Gazette.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,  
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;  
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus grown wild wood,  
The chills then contracted that since have remained;  
The scum covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,  
The ditch where the sour smelling house drainage fell;  
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it—  
But worse than all else was that terrible well,  
And the old oaken bucket, the mould crusted bucket,  
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted  
The water I drank in the days called to mind  
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted  
In the water of wells by analysis find;  
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,  
The algae, the frog of unusual size,  
The water—impure as the verses of Byron—  
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes,  
And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—  
I considered that water uncommonly clear;  
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,  
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.  
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!  
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,  
And soon with its nitrates and nitrites, and slimy  
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but reckoned, in time to avoid them,  
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,  
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them  
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;  
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it and afterward strained  
it.

Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,  
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it  
In potable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever  
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!  
But since I've become a devoted believer  
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think:  
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,  
The story for warning to others I tell,  
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,  
And I'm sick at the thought of that horrible well,  
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,  
In fact, the slop bucket that hung in the well.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE CLASSICS.

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus

Be taught us,

No more shall Professors be partial

To Martial.

No nunny

Will stop playing "shinney"

For Pliny

Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser

Will stop to read Cæsar.

No true son of Erin will leave his potato

To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.

Old Homer,

That hapless old roamer,

Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or

Anywhere else. As to Seneca,

Any cur

Safely may snub him, or urge ill

Effects from the reading of Virgil,

Cornelius Nepos

Won't keep us

Much longer from pleasure's light errands—

Nor Terence.

The irreverent now may all scoff in ease

At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.

And moderns it now doth behoove in all

Ways to despise poor old Juvenal

And to chivy

Livy.

The class-room hereafter will miss a row

Of eager young students of Cicero.

The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock rat, he's

Down upon Socrates.

And what'll

Induce us to read Aristotle?

We shall fail in

Our duty to Galen.

No tutor henceforward shall rack us

To construe old Horatius Flaccus.

We have but a wretched opinion

Of Mr. Justinian.

In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop

Of Æsop.

Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast

From Sallust.

With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us

Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus,

No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias

The bust of Suetonius.

And so, if you follow me

We'll have to cut Ptolemy.

Besides, it would just be considered facetious

To look at Lucretius,

And you can

Not go in Society if you read Lucan,

And we cannot have any fun

Out of Xenophon.

—The Century.

The door was thrown violently open and an energetic-looking man rushed into the editorial rooms of this office and exclaimed, "Wull ye put a bit notice intill this week's GRIP to let the Montreal folk know I'm comin' doon to gie 'em a chance to get their advertisements intil GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1884?" and having said this he rushed out and down to the G. F. R. station. It is needless to say that the individual was our Mr. George Crammond, and this is the bit "notice." He is now in Montreal.

#### GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

A Frenchman is learning a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

The difference between a besotted man and a pig is a slight one at best. One's a hunting grog and the other's a grunting hog.

Bad temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. E. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

Professor, to class in surgery—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student—"Limp, too."

"No," bitterly remarked the laureate, "my last poem wasn't much of a success. The critics rather sat down on it. But in view of the fact that the printer got the words 'golden light' 'gutter snipe,' I don't quite feel the piece had a fair chance."

The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while he was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.

Almost a hit—"How's yer coming on in your new place?" asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass who had recently accepted a position as porter in a Austin hardware store. "I's not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss told me something dis mornin', and ef he don't take it back he winter lose me shuah yer born." "What did he tole yer?" "He tole me to consider myself discharged."—Siftings.



## A SHEEPISH ARTICLE.

Before me lies a colored diagram of a leg of mutton, and my eye is at once attracted and charmed by the brilliancy and boldness of the coloring, in which vermilion-blue and greenery-yellow are the most striking hues. The diagram is entitled the Weekly Health Bulletin, and is apparently designed to show the unhealthiness of a leg of mutton, or rather the unhealthy state that a leg of mutton will throw a man's body into if he partakes thereof. The diagram is parcelled off into lots, or, from the size of the divisions, I suppose I should say townships, ten in number, these being again marked off into eligible building sites, horse-rings, and places suitable for starting saloons. The townships are beautifully colored, though the shading is hardly strong enough, and are numbered from 1 to 10, the knuckle end being styled No. 1, and so on to the extreme western end, which is No. 10. From what I can gather from a somewhat hurried examination of this parti-colored joint, it appears that some portions of it are more deleterious than others, and I had no idea, till I first saw this striking work of the new masters, that mutton was so unwholesome. Now, for instance, No. 7, which is located on the little bit of meat on which the joint rests in the dish, seems to be fraught with intermittent fever, the chances, as specified, being 26 to 6 that anyone devouring this portion will fall a victim to this fell disease, while a man who gnaws at the knuckle end stands a good chance of having his system charged with 14 cents worth of internal pain, or so I understand my diagram to say.

No 2 township appears to be the most salubrious (at least, for the week ending Sept. 29—for it seems that the different portions of a leg of mutton vary in their death-dealing qualities at different times), and as this is the choicest portion of the joint, it is well that such is the case, the consequence most likely to ensue from partaking of No. 2 being a 7x9 (I quote the diagram's own figures) goitre, or swelling in the throat. No. 5 section has been carefully cut out, and, as far as I can make out, thrown into the Georgian Bay, though this portion does not seem to be extremely lethal, as the figures do not impute anything more serious to it than several minor ills from a 3x3 goitre to a ten per cent (apparently a misprint for 10 for a cent) uneasy sensation inside. It is well that we have, in our midst, gentlemen who are able and willing to help us to regulate our diet, but why, week after week, we should have this leg of mutton thrown at our heads I fail to see, and if the Provincial Board of Health, the artists of the diagram of which I have been speaking, would vary the monotony of the thing by parcelling off a string of sausages or a pork roast by way of a change, they would confer a boon on all who are weary of sheep.

I have banished legs of mutton from my table—they had been rare, as it was, since I entered the journalistic arena—after seeing this diagram, and I am glad to learn that they are so horribly unwholesome, as they are expensive, and the members of my family are very fond of them.

If the Board of Health would but go to work and show the insidious diseases lurking

in sealskinsacques, twenty-buttoned kid gloves, Gainsborough hats, and so forth, that estimable body would confer a boon on hard-up gentlemen with fashionable wives and daughters, and the publication of the results of their researches would, like every new paper that makes its appearance, fill a long-felt want.

S.

350

## A TALE OF GRUESOME GRAMMAR-YE.

I am the manager of an immensely influential newspaper, but, somehow or other, the public seemed not long ago to become weary of being immensely influenced, and this fact they imparted to me in the most convincing manner possible, viz., they ceased to subscribe, and the circulation of my paper, (150,000 sworn to) had really dwindled down to about 7,000, so I began to be nervous and set what brains I could spare from their task of immensely influencing people, to work to think up some scheme by which my subscription list might be enlarged. At length I hit upon a plan: I would give a valuable watch with each copy of my paper; yes, I would offer a time-piece, full jewelled, copper-bottomed, pure silver, to each man, woman or child who would subscribe for one year for my paper. I felt that in making this move I was lowering the tone of my journal and that there was something of the "chickaleary fake" in the whole business, still I determined to put my scheme into practice, and accordingly telegraphed to Birmingham for several barrels of valuable watches, one of which, with my paper for a year, I offered to a guileless public for \$3.50. From that hour I knew no peace. My conscience upbraided me, and from the time that the first three fifty came into my coffers I had no mental or bodily rest. Ghosts of departed directors, spirits of by-gone managers of the journal over which I presided would appear to me at all hours of the day and night, and by their looks and gestures, upbraid me for the course I was pursuing. As each three fifty came in I felt as if some unseen hand had driven another nail into my coffin: voices whispered in my ears, chiding me for the undignified manner in which I was increasing the circulation of my paper; strange figures would stand at my bedside and gaze with sorrowful eyes upon me, and muttering the word "Fakir" would depart as they had come. I felt that I was going mad and that reason, never too firmly planted on her throne, was tottering there; maniac cries and shrieks of the lost spirits incessantly sounded in my ears, and I knew that ere long I should be an inmate of an insane asylum. Though I felt that the things I heard and saw were but warnings to me to desist from what I was doing, and that by smashing up my last consignment of barrels of watches, I could free myself from the hideous thralldom and become once more happy, honored and respected, still I persisted in my evil course and gradually became more and more imbecile. I fled from the city where my paper was published, leaving others, however, to conduct the watch and paper enterprise in my absence. I hoped thus to escape from the gruesome beings who forever haunted me, sleeping or waking; but go where I would, do what I would, my sin was ever before me. The very wheels of the railway car in which I travelled clicked out the sentence, "a week-o-ly paper a nickely watch, and all for the sum of three fifty." "Three-fifty" haunted me. If I went to enquire at what time a train left for such and such a place, the answer was invariably the same: "At 3.50, sir." The very air seemed filled with the sound of that number, and I felt that I was indeed an accursed thing, and I fled further and further away, till I halted in a city whose name I know not. I

went to a hotel and whilst registering my name saw that the date was Sunday, Dec. 16, and, horror! the number of the day of the year was also given 350! I swooned and was carried to my bedroom, but I could just hear the clerk give orders to have me conveyed to Room, No. 350, as I momentarily regained consciousness. I suppose I must have slept for several hours, for when I woke all was still in the hotel and my room was dark. I wondered what the time might be and, in turning my head in my effort to feel for a match, my eyes beheld a frightful object glaring at me from the wall, and my hair stood up as though galvanized, whilst a clammy perspiration started from every pore and my teeth chattered as though I were stricken with the palsy. From out the gloom I beheld the enlarged dial of a watch over which played a bright phosphorescent light: the hands I observed, as soon as my terror permitted me to see anything, pointed to the hour, ten minutes to four! Oh! heavens! in railway parlance, 3.50. After a long look at the illuminated dial, during which those figures wucceasingly glared at me, I fainted away. When I again came to my senses the ghostly watch was still there, the hands still pointing to the same figures, and with a wild shriek I once more relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was broad daylight when I next awoke. I cast my eyes around the room and beheld one of those small circular luminous dial clocks on the wall: the hands had stopped at ten minutes to four!

I felt that I had been warned enough, and dashing down to the telegraph office, despatched a message to my managers to bust up all the watches they had left. As soon as I had done this, a heavenly calm stole over me; seraphic beings floated round my head, and sinking on a luxurious sofa, I fell into a slumber, peaceful and calm as that of an infant. I was no longer a fakir.

—S.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

## NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE SEEMED.

PROFESSOR (to dull student whom he has nearly driven distracted with his questions).—Well, I must say you are the stupidest fellow I ever saw. You talking of becoming a clergyman, indeed? Why, I don't believe you can repeat two sentences of scripture correct.

STUDENT.—Yes I can, sir.

PROFESSOR.—Well, let me hear you.

STUDENT (desperately).—"And he departed and went and hanged himself."

PROFESSOR.—Very good for one. Now—

STUDENT.—"Go thou and do likewise!"

"LITTLE PITCHERS," &c.—Auntie: "Will Bertie take his powder now if Auntie covers it with beautiful jam?" Bertie: "I'd raver take the boo'ful jam, Auntie, wivout the powder." Auntie: Oh, but the jam without the powder wouldn't do you any good, dear!" Bertie: "Well, Mr. Masher said oo' was real jam, Auntie, an' he said oo' would be nicer if oo' wasn't covered wiv powder."—Fun.

## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Notman Pad Co's Remedies are certain cures for all troubles of the stomach and liver, constipation, diarrhoea, neuralgia, dropsies, sick headache, fever and ague, want of blood and many other troubles. They can harm no one, are cheaper than any internal medicine and are easily applied.

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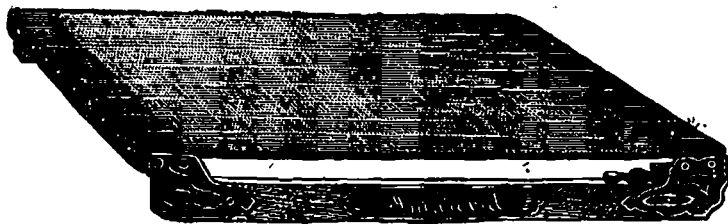
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INSPECTION SOLICITED.

**PRETTY GIRL AND A CONCEITED YOUNG MINISTER.**

Dramatis Personæ.—Conceited Young Minister, Pretty Girl and two students, named respectively Welsh and Townsend.

Pretty Girl (who wishes to give Young Minister a cut)—“Mr. Welsh, here is a word I would like you to pronounce for me. It is spelled bac—ka—che.”

Mr. Welsh (who is party to the plot)—“Nothing would delight me more than to oblige you, but I am not conversant with the modern European languages. Townsend, perhaps you can assist Miss May.” (Gives Townsend a wink.)

T.—“No: I lament my deplorable ignorance.”

Young Minister.—“Ahem! Pardon me, Miss May, but I think that is a French word, is it not?”

Pretty Girl.—“I do not know, sir, I am sure.”

Young Minister.—“Let me see. Bac—ka—che. I think the proper pronunciation must be bah—kah—sha.”

Pretty Girl.—“Excuse me, sir, I divided the word wrongly. It is spelled b-a-c-k-a-o-h-e. I believe that is usually pronounced backache.” (Tableau.)—*Galveston News.*

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious trance-action.—*Ec.*

It was at a church oyster supper, and the merriment was at its height, when suddenly an appalling shriek from the pastor's study (the kitchen) rent the air. Confusion worse confounded reigned supreme, when a bevy of erst-while beauties rushed frantically with disheveled hair and distorted features into the room. “What is it? what is it?” eagerly demanded the trembling guests. “This is the matter,” said one of the girls, who, more bold than the rest, had forked out of the soup a slimy thing, which she bore gallantly aloft. “This awful thing was in the soup.” It was an oyster.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have a sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from “torpid liver,” or “biliousness.” In many cases of “liver complaint” only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's “Golden Medical Discovery” has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

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If you are in doubt whether an article you have written is funny or not, just watch the proof-reader. If he laughs or even smiles, no matter how sadly, or gives any sign of taking the least interest in life, you can depend upon it that you have written something that will make your readers fairly howl with laughter.—*Ec.*

Prudent excursionist.—“But—er—before I sit down, I would like to know your charges. Now, what would a little dinner be, with soup, fish, cut from joint, and say, half a bottle of claret—Moderate claret, you know, and—.” Dignified waiter:—“Beg pardon. Not my department to hanser questions. (Impressively.) I honly hansers the bell!”—*Funny Folks.*



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