

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL.
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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VOLUME XXIII.
No. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



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• G R I P •

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. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—A very decided *something* has sprung up in the political garden of the Dominion, and the great question with the head gardeners of both parties is: Is it a wholesome plant, worthy of being cultivated, or a noxious weed which ought to be scotched? It is not Mr. GRIP's business to answer politico-botanical questions of this kind; his mission simply is to state and illustrate the facts of the day. However, for the public guidance in this matter there are other journalistic *savans* who are very positive in their opinions. Our esteemed contemporaries, the *News* and *World* for example, state that the Independence idea is not only the most beautiful, but the most valuable thing that has yet sprung from Canadian soil. According to these authorities it possesses high medicinal properties, and if carefully matured will prove a sure cure for all our political ills and ailments. The *Telegram* and several other wise and learned newspapers, endorse this opinion. On the other hand, all our "leading dailies" denounce the new growth as a weed of the vilest sort, poisonous in every leaf and petal. The *Globe* has generously admitted that the nature of the vegetable is a fair question for discussion, but cautiously refrains from giving any exact opinion of its own. Meantime the Puzzled Gardeners are examining it with considerable interest.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has come out of his shell somewhat of late, and by means of picnic orations is doing his best to arouse the country to a sense of the awful danger which is impending over her on account of the extravagance, bad management and corruption of the Government. At latest accounts the country had uttered a tremendous snore (which the Grits mistook for applause) and had gone off into a snooze more profound than ever.

EIGHTH PAGE.—All the big ministers are away from the capital; Tilly in England, Macpherson ditto, John A. at Cacouna, Langevin some place else; Pope, elsewhere, and so forth and so on;—all away with the exception of little Costigan and Bowell, who have been left in charge of the Haunted House.

A paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall-street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him if he had been a "bull" or a "bear." He replied: "Neither; I was a donkey."

TOUGALT McINTYRE AT THE CELEBRATION.

TEER MUGGIE.—She'll pe got to ta Sumi-Centennial of Toranta since last nicht. When ta station was come to her, there was apoot twa dozen mens who was askin' to drove her up to ta celebrations. She'll pick on ta pest horse and waggin of ta lot and got in. Sho'll tolt ta driver to drive her to ta Rossins Hoose. Ross was a goot Hielan name, and she'll pe sure that was where ta Rupley clans would alreaty pe stoppin' before. When she'll got oot of ta waggins ta drover make for sharge her seventy-five cents for ta ride. Put she'll no make a fool for her. Tonald McLennan tolt her that she'll could ride all over ta city for five cents, and she'll nfer since before pay anymores. They tolt her that ta street cars was sharge five cents, but not ta waggins, and they would call ta poleece. They make her stant for apoot twa oors on ta side of ta roat til they brocht a pig, Irish-looking fellow with a white ponnet on. He tolt her that she must pay what ta cabbage man sharged, or he would pe takin' her in sharge of ta station. Put as she'll shist come frae ta station to see ta Sumi-Centennial, she'll no want to go pack since so soon, so she'll give him ta monies.

It was twenty years since before she was at ta Toranta Sumi-Centennial, when she'll po on her ways to ta Coounty of Bruce to work up some lants. She'll nesser thoct how plenty ta hooses has got so mich, and ta peoples was so crowded as ta muskitoes in oor swamp. Muggie, Muggie! she'll pe so glat you didn't come. She'll be nearly wilt with distractions. 'Teer, teer! mens, womens, and bairns all runnin' after her and screamin' apoot ta Sumi-Centennial. Sumi-Centennial padges, sumi-centennial flags, sumi-centennial tooth-prushes, sumi-centennial nose cloots, and sumi-centennial muddles galore. Everybody was valkin oot muddles, muddles, muddles, till herself'll got so muddled that she'll not know where she was now. Too mich muddled till wrote ony marc. Good bye. Your lovely, TOUGALT.

OWED TO HAMILTON.

Let others sing of cities rare,
Whose spreading lawns with flowers abound;
Of ample parks, where shady trees,
The people welcome all year round.
Boast ye of Rosedale, College, Queen's?
A higher strain, a deeper tone,
Than these inspire, my muse demands,—
I sing the park of Hamilton.

Hail! ample park! Umbreous gore!
What time thy girdled bounds were laid,
Thy fountain fair in midst upreared,
Thine iron railing strong displayed.
Who ever dreamt the time would come,
When visitors from Toronto's shore
Would magnifying glasses bring,
Thy fair green limits to explore.

Oh! spacious, breezy, spreading far
Beyond the city's "madding" din;
To hint thou wert one inch too small,
Would be a taxing, cruel sin;
Or e'en remotely once to hint
That open gates till ten o'clock
Would be a boon to the *canaille*,
Who therein after work might walk.

What rights have they? None but to pay
In heavy rent the taxes sweet;
And reimburse the ancient man
Who locks them out into the street.
Pile on the fees—shut out the poor
From education, "higher" called,
Tighten the screws—so cash be saved,
No matter though the record's bald.

Hail! city of the motto bold,
"Advance," to wit—"Ambitious," (sic!)
Sans library, sans parks, sans men,
Avec saloons, the streets, and — Niek!

"I say, Sambo, where did you git de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How did you git dem den?" "Well, I saw on a card in de window, 'collar studs,' so I went in and collared dem."



Ya-as—that's the twuth. Fwench paintaws and Fwench witaws are vevy wealistic—*vevy*. Aw—their faculty of painting Nachaw as she is—aw—mo'stomishing—but their—aw—too faithful wepvesentations of aw-aw-Fwench life makes their univehsal pewusal a custom more honoured in the bweach than in the obsehvance. Howe-vaw—aw—the fault lies, not in the paintaw, but in the subjects—I mean tho—aw people painted; aw—in fact I'm not at all sure, but that, if we had a witaw in this countwy, with talent enough, and courage to depict things in their twue culahs, he would find abundant material for a Canadian vchson of "Othaw people's money," ya-as indeed.

Aw—by the way, speaking of money, we-minds me—he! he! don't you think that attempted midnight burglary at the bank the othaw night too funny faw anything? Makes me think of the way little gals count—aw—buttons faw a husband, Banker—Speculator—Burgler—Thief. Ya-as—by Jawvo!

Aw—you mean the Lynch and Chiniquy lettaws? aw—ya-as—I wead them both. They gave me the impession that the Woman Catholic wote his letter in a highly pwotestant spiwit and the Pwotestant wrote his in the genuine Woman Catholic spiwit—and—aw—of the two I think the fawnaw the most calculated to pwomote that peace and good will we pwofess to believe in.

The English papaws are vevy much excited, over Bismahk's thweat to—aw—open up the question of the Dutch succession. Aw—well—let him. By all means let him turn John Bull into a Dutchman—aw—aw—if he can. But—aw—I'm inclined to think that if Bismahk pwoposes to create another tableaux of Sedan, aw—he will find that—aw—it isn't an imitation Napoleon he's got to deal with this time, but a devilish old Viking—who is more than one too many faw him.

Aw—ya-as—so I heah! the long pwophesied battle of Ahmageddon—is coming off—aw—soon. The pwohibitionists and anti-pwohibitionists are mahshalling their fawces all along the line—sundwy skihmishes—have—aw—already taken place—and now that the Semi-Centennial celebration is ovah—those who are not in it can adjust their fieldglasses—and—aw—at a safe distance view the combat. Of cawse—we go in faw the winning side, and cheer acawardingly.

The—aw—Semi-Centennial celebration, was undoubtedly a great success. The aw—spiwit of patwiosm—displayed by our citizens—was the Al crowning feachaw of the whole affaiaw, and is full of pwomise faw the fuchaw. I think—aw—we ought to begin now and save up our spare nickels, for a glorious, pious, and allfried blow out on Independence Day.

RECRUIT DRILL.

(Highland Sergeant is drilling recruits.)

HIGHLAND SERGEANT.—Quick march! Halt! Tonal' ye've begun on the wrang fit agsin. Hoo often has she to tel her that in maiching the left fit's the right fit an' that the right fit's the wrang fit to begin with, moreover!



"BE GOOD TO HER, JIMMY!"

REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LIT-
TERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAZELLE EX-PRESIDENT.

SESSION 4TH MYTHOLOGY.

In the year of Anna Dominie the Sassiety unanimously moved that the President, (that was me) had ought to read a paper on suthin' or other. Then I ups and moves as an amendment that the Sassiety apint the subject. I guessed I could tackle anything they'd a mind to mention, whatever the Sassiety could stand I could, and they would therefore be good enough to pile it on thick. You never in all your born days saw such a meachin' crowd as them there was, when I made this call on them. They looked at me an' they looked at one another, and like the paraphrase "everlasting silence reigned." Then Jake riz up slowly, an' in about five minutes he got extended to his usual height, about seven feet. He looked awful solemn, standin' there gazin' out the school winder, with one of his long arms stretched out halfway across the school, and the other clutchin' his backcoat pocket. Says he: "As we stand here on the brink of Time, atween the two infernities—a voice breaks on our ear, 'who shall apint the subject'—and heecho answers—'hoo!'" With that up jumps Jim in a hurry "Hecho need'nt mind hootin'. There's plenty in this here Sassiety, fit enough to apint a subject without trapesin' down through the infernal regions, a-huntin' some of our future ancestors to suggest suthin' likely. I dunno nothin' about the subject I'm a'goin' to propose but I want to in the worst way—so I move, second and carry without any amendment that the subject fur the President's paper be *Mythology*."

Fur about two minutes I couldn't get a breath, I tuk sich a stick in my side when he said that onnatural word. However, I cum to, and never let on. Who the dickens was *Mythology* anyway? I'd never heard tell on him before, an' concluded fur a minute that he must be first cousin to Mythuselah, the fellow that lived all through the glacial period, and was the father of all glaziers, and of all sich as live in glass houses. As I said before—I wasn't goin' to be beat, if they could stand it I could—so I riz up in my chair and with a bland bow and smile, thanked them fur the honour conferred on me, and hoped to read them a paper next week on what was at once a favourite and a familiar subject, namely, *Mythology*. But you bet, Jim got even with me there for apintin' him to write the *Essay on Love*. Who or what *Mythology* was I'd no idea—but I hunted up the diction-

ary—and after I found out, I wired in stiddy fur ten days, eatin' lots of fish to support my brain, an' though I looked like a ghost when I got through, an' wanted shavin' badly—I got up a paper that raised my character fur learnin' all of twenty-five cents in their estimation. I told them in that there paper, that *Mythology* was the history and pedigree of folks as aint, never wor, and never will be. Ancient *Mythology* was a history of the gods that used to sit up in the celestial gallery and cut up while the play was going on below. They wor a bad lot, an' didn't know nothin' about fair play. As soon as a favourite of theirs was likely to get beat, they lit down on his opponent like a thousand of brick, and the poor fellow had no show. All wire pullin' an' party spirit, very same as you see at Ottawa to-day, only Sir John aint Jove. It is *mythology* that supplies us with the root of the name Smith; the fashionable way of spelling it coming nearer the original root, Smyth or Smythe. It means a person without individuality, a myth. When a man wishes to obliterate his identity he calls himself S-myth and from that moment he is as completely lost as a drop in the ocean. As a distinct individuality he exists no more, unless indeed he distinguishes it by attaching some other name, like a buoy to keep it from sinking. For instance, an article from the pen of Mr. Smith is unread unless prefixed by the word Goldwin. And yet the great Macbeth exclaims "What's in a name?" Macbeth wrote Shakespeare, and an American has written a book to prove that Shakespeare wasn't Shakespeare but Bacon. Well, they may make out Shakespeare to be a myth, but they'll take good care that American quotations on pork will hold good—especially Bacon. That Americans should extol Bacon is only characteristic, there's dollars in it. *Mythology* is fashionable now-a-days. William Tell who shot off his boy's head with an apple and buried it in the heart of the tyrant is a myth—he never was, so we are told. St. Patrick who banished all the vormin from the Emerald Isle, except—he was a myth—or at least he was Scotch which is the same. St. George was no hero, if he ever lived at all, he was an old swill barrel—so we are told. St. Andrew—but he was Scotch—and as the Scotch have existed from the beginning of time and are omnipresent everywhere, there's no gettin' them inside the pale of *Mythology* nohow you fix it.

The greatest modern apostle of *Mythology* was a goddess called Betsybrig. She'd snap her fingers in the face of another goddess named Sairey and declare "wich she didn't believe as there wasn't no such pusson as the

immortal Misses 'Arries."—And a good deal more sich enlightenment I gave them on the subject. I tell ye what if they think to pull me up short, or catch this chicken nappin' they'll have to get up bright and early in the morning. At the conclusion of my paper I laid two volumes, blue and gilt, on the desk as first and second prizes for the best essays on any subject they liked to choose. An' I'm going to make it my business to tell you how nicely one of the fellows cheated the Sassiety out of the first prize and was expelled for all time to come, next week.



The Press Club entertainment at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening was a great success, though the programme was rather long. Part III consisted of the operatta, "The Rose of Auvergne," performed by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson (*nee* Miss Agnes Corlett), and Mr. Scadding. The lateness of the hour placed the performers at a disadvantage, but the little piece was well done, notwithstanding. Mrs. Thompson made her *debut* on this occasion, and acquitted herself in a very promising manner, though her voice, so successful in concert rooms, is perhaps too light for the stage. The opera is shortly to be repeated with the same cast.

Robert Grau (a disgrace to an honorable dramatic name) ran away from his company the week before last, leaving them stranded in the city without their salaries and with hotel bills to pay. Not only so, but before he "skipped" he borrowed money on the security of the costumes, which were the property of Mr. H. J. Norman, a member of the company. In these straits Mr. Norman assumed the management, and Miss St. Quinten nobly stood by her people, playing engagements at the Island in the afternoon and every evening of last week, and this at the Zoo theatre. Much credit is due to Mr. Piper in this connection, and his kindly and energetic efforts to right the wrong done by Grau are not likely to be forgotten by any member of the company.

The St. Quinten Company are appearing this week in "Iolanthe," giving a very clever performance of that work. The prima donna is one of the best opera comique artists that has yet visited Toronto, and she is ably supported by principals and chorus. Mr. Bengough's successful work of last summer, "Bunthorne Abroad," is now in the hands of this company, and an early production of it, probably at the Gardens Pavilion, is anticipated. The libretto has been greatly improved since last season, and in the hands of the St. Quinten Company a decided hit is amongst the certainties.

Pride & Sackett's Pavilion goes on and prospers. Curiosity Hall is well stocked with wonders this week, and the programme in the theatorium is new throughout.

The Holmans are doing the "Lakes of Killarney" at the Theatre Royal every afternoon and evening.

In another place in this issue GRIP extends his congratulations pictorially to Mr. J. F. Thomson, on the event of his joining the benedicts. In common with all the friends of the happy couple, GRIP hopes their wedded life may be a symphony pitched in a high key of felicity, and that the baritone and soprano may always blend harmoniously until the grain-reaper breaks up the duet.



A SLAUGHTERED INNOCENT.

He looked like a poor relation of Prince Bismarck, and as he limped over to the policeman on duty at the Union Station everybody on the platform crowded up to find out what was the matter.

"You vas der boleice forces von dis town, I expose me? he queried, addressing the stalwart officer and at the same time sitting down on a baggage truck with a groan.

"Part av it, me frind—only part av it. There's wan or to more av us, I belave."

"Vell, my name it vas Krauss und I come yust vrom Preston down der zemmy-sontentials to see."

"Yes."

"Und I got me up out auf der seat too soon enough before der train-way cars come to a shtill shtand, you see!"

"Just so."

"Ven der bump come I vas not expecting it, and now you sec vat I got already."

"No. What?"

"Der vindow shutters dropped und mashed dot left hand. I fall against der pox-wood and dot shpread me all outid on der floor. Sefen men drampled on my back vile I schrampled around. Ven I glimbed down der shteps some pelican gimme a glip by der nose mit a bad orange; a bush-cart full auf drunks und dings Shkinned all der Schrape off my legs; der growd chammed me und der vall together like I vas made outid ony shore mysellif, und dot I vas oxaped mit my lifes und dis krip-sack don't vasn't some fault auf anybody in dis blace. Und dot's vat's der reason mit me. Say, vere's Occident Hall? I kess I petter grawl me into it. I'm der vorst kuid auf a occident dey efer run up akin in more as dree veeks, I bade you!"

When quiet had been restored the policeman told the wounded man that Occident Hall was ten miles away but that at any rate he couldn't expect to get into the institution as it was so full at the present time that they had to keep some of the patients out in the wood-shed. The next best thing the officer could do was to direct the victim to the nearest lager-beer saloon and express sorrow it wasn't his own hour for bowling up.

As the slaughtered innocent moved slowly off he exclaimed between grunts:—"I vill sue dis town for dree dousand tollars tamage und a vras bass pack to Preston—und don't you forgot all about it soon!"

A pair of red drawers—a yoke of sorrel oxen.



The United States President has appointed a newspaper man to be Governor of Dakota. You come across an item of this sort about once every one hundred and forty-seven years. Distributors of patronage are quite right in assuming that the editor is, first and intent on gaining glory and having fun. But it is well to have it known that there really are occasions when he would not seriously object to sandwiching a little office and emolument in between the glory and the fun. On this occasion I am perplexed to know whether to first offer my congratulations to the discerning President or to the lucky newspaper man.



Sir Richard Cartwright no doubt is in need of planks for his platform; but it is scarcely to be presumed that he wanted the plank with which a man in Kingston the other day nearly put out his knightly eye. It has been surmised in some quarters that the man who carried the offending plank was actuated by a desire to have Sir Richard see to the interests of his party with a single eye; while in other sections the belief is entertained that the aim was to render him an eye-sore as well as a thorn in the flesh to the Tories. However this may be, it is quite evident that the plank really was in Sir Richard's eye; and this suggests the reflection that possibly Sir Richard's Independence Plank is all in his eye too.

I have not as yet heard definitely that the Federal Bank authorities are demanding satisfaction at the hands of the *Telegram* for its recent statement, that at the bank there was "a pouring over ledgers." There is no fun in charging a bank with watering its stocks.

Mr. Blake told them at a political picnic the other day that "the senate should be smaller than it was." Once upon a time, if I recollect aright, there was a great statesman who declared that the Dominion Cabinet should be reduced in members. Well, when he got into power—I but probably there is no use in raking up old sores at the present time.

The report of the American Varsity boat race occupied exactly a five line space in the sporting columns of the Toronto press. The report of the English Varsity pull generally takes a column or two. Truly there is no place like 'ome.

It was in the beautiful economy of things that the plumbers were associated with the doctors and civil engineers during the recent convention here on sanitary matters. Yes, the plumbers may well be selected for this role. He can assuredly fill the bill.

The *News* wants to see "the conspiracy case" brought on. The "conspiracy" case! Will the editor of the *News* kindly refresh my mind as well as the public recollection with regard to what it is talking about?

The *Globe* says Mr. Charlton is always "clear and cogent." But the editor was not at the moment thinking about those old-time speeches of the hon. gentleman before he took another view of fiscal legislation.



A couple of Irish M.P.'s, O'Brien by name, exchanged courtesies across the floor of the British Commons the other night. One of them, who is a "Sir Patrick" and an Orangeman, now wants the blood of the other, who is a "Mr. William," an Anti-orangeman, and an editor to boot. Being an editor to boot does not necessarily imply being an editor who can easily be handled that way. At all events, the Knight is not pondering this question. He simply exclaims, "Gimme gore," or something to that effect. The editor, however, makes up his mind that instead of gore he will give him fits—in his paper. A way to settle this matter would be for the bad-tongued pair to have it out with hard gloves in the back yard of the House. The Sergeant-at-Arms could stand by and bang the victor about the yard with his scabbard, so as to make honors even all around.

It is reassuring to find that one at least of the speakers at the Reform Demonstration at Harriston did not forget, in referring to the financial aspect of public affairs, to mention "the hard earnings of the people." No political speech is really complete unless a touching reference is had to "the hard earnings of the people." Mr. McMullen solemnly said during the course of his remarks: "Last year there had been spent of the hard earnings of the people no less than \$215,000 to pay to 421 people in Ottawa, average annual salaries of \$600 each for doing nothing but strutting about the streets of the capital." Mr. McMullen will kindly pardon me for pointing out that those 421 people must have done something else than strut about the streets all the time. There was the work of drawing their pay, for instance. I have no love for the civil service clerks at the capital; but I do want to see full justice done them. By the way, I believe there are none of Mr. McMullen's family or friends connected with the Dominion civil service—as yet!



THE PUZZLED GARDENERS ;

OR, IS IT A WHOLESOME PLANT OR NOXIOUS WEED ?

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 tem is not known.

POETRY AND PROSE.

"Yes," she said dreamingly, as she thrust her snowy finger between the pages of the latest popular novel; "life is full of tender regrets."

"My tenderest regret is that I haven't the funds to summer us at Newport," he replied, without taking his eyes of the butcher, who was softly ozzing through the front gate with his bill in his hand.

"Ah Newport!" she lisped, with a languid society sigh; "I often think of Newport by the sea, and water my dreams with the tender dews of my memory."

She leaned back in the hammock and he continued:

"I wish I could water the radishes and mignonette with the tender dews of memory."

"Why?" she asked clasping her hands together.

"Why, because it almost breaks my back handling that water-pot and about half the water goes on my feet, and it takes about half an hour to pump that pail full of water, and it requires something like a dozen pailfuls to do the business. What effect do you think the tender dews of memory would have on a good drumhead cabbage?"

But she had turned her head, and was looking across the daisy-dappled fields and she placed her fingers in her ears while the prosaic butcher who had just arrived, was talking about the price of pork.—Puck.

JOHNNY'S FUTURE

Johnny Yerger is a little boy who invariably makes a nuisance of himself when there is company at the Yerger mansion on Austin Avenue. Only a few nights ago he disgraced the family by his precociousness before a whole room full of company:

"Ma, will I be a man when I grow up?"

"Yes, my son, if you are industrious and learn your lessons," replied Mrs. Yerger, with dismal forebodings that the conversation was not over.

"But, suppose I'm lazy, then when I grow up will I be a woman like you, and have—"

"Johnny, will you or will you not go to bed when I tell you to?"

"But, ma, s'pose—"

Mrs. Yerger pointed to the door and the company lost the bright ideas that were serging through Johnny's brain.—Texas Siftings.

COULDN'T ANSWER DIRECT.

"Do you keep overcoats here?" he asked as he stopped in front of a clothing store.

"Of course—whalk right in. I haf der best assortment in der hull State."

"I want to ask you a plain question, and I want a square answer."

"Certainly."

"Have you an overcoat for \$4?"

"Vhell, you see—you—"

"Never mind, now! I want a square answer to that question. Have you an overcoat for \$4?"

"Vhell—"

"Stop! Answer me, yes or no."

"My frendt, I can't answer dotvhay. I haf some overcoats for \$6, and if I can't sell you one for \$8 den maybe I come down to \$4. Come in und we shplits der difference und calls it \$7!"—Ex.

A CRUEL SHOCK.

Dressed for church she stood before the mirror admiring herself, and mentally observed that she never had appeared more lovely. The candid critic, however, would have declared that her figure was not in just proportion, for she was very tall and thin, and her height seemed greater than it actually was in consequence of a bunch of ostrich plumes that flowed in snowy masses over her hat.

"Yes, I know I am handsome," she said, "but I can't help it;" and, turning to go out, caught sight of her little brother standing in the doorway.

"What are you doing there, Bob?" she asked, sharply.

"Looking at you, Fanny," returned the artless child.

"What do you want to be staring at me for?"

"'Cause you look just like a long-handled feather duster."

And sitting all alone in church that morning she wondered how she would feel if Bob got the measles and died.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A DISSATISFIED BOARDER.

"It occurs to me, Mrs. Hendricks," remarked Dumley, as he came down late to breakfast, "that fried fish every morning for two weeks is a little bit too much of a good thing."

"Yes," acknowledged the landlady; "there is a good deal of sameness about fish, but there is nothing else in the market. Besides, fish is good for the brain," she added brightly.

"It is so claimed, I believe," Dumley replied, "but occasionally I prefer something that is good for the stomach."—Philadelphia Call.

NONE NOW.

"Have you evaporated apples?" she asked of the grocer.

"Not any on hand just now, ma'am," he replied.

"Don't you keep them?"

"Well, I set out to, but I got discouraged. I rolled a barrel of Baldwins out in front one morning and before noon half the lot had evaporated and disappeared. I prefer to deal in the solid fruit."—Ex.

Oscar has at last made one fair maiden actually Wilde.—Lowell Courier.

A noiseless roller skate has been invented, but the bumps on the floor sound as loud as ever.

When a Boston girl has a pimple on her chin she only leaves her mirror to go to her meals.

Wiggins claims that there are two moons. Can it be that Wiggins has been ratifying too freely lately?

General Sherman looks upon the young ladies as his superior officers. This is why he salutes them.

The king of Portugal wants to start a newspaper. Not satisfied with the fame of royalty, he longs for wealth.

George W. Cable has cleared \$5,000 by his readings since Christmas. All the cables seem to make money.

Dogs are better off than humans in the hot weather. They can go about wearing nothing but pants and a collar.

Ella Wilcox, nee Wheeler, has just sung "I will be true, though thou art false to me." Is there trouble already?

A five-pound lemon has been raised in California. Such a lemon should last a circus lemonade man a lifetime.

"Harper's Bazaar" talks of "the advantages of pain." The advantages of payin' (as you go) are too numerous to mention.

An Alabama young lady, caught smoking a cigar, gave it as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

It is supposed that Landlord Parker of the Parker House amassed the large fortune which he left through never having to pay any hotel bills.

A sporting journal says: "Nothing can well look worse than one horse dragging five or six people." Except four horses dragging one dude.

A safe weighing thirteen tons has just been put in a Cleveland vault. So far so good. All they need now is an iron cable to chain the cashier to it.

Giving a yelling baby opiates to make it sleep may kill the baby. Not giving it opiates will be pretty apt to kill the parents. It is difficult to tell what to do.

They never have a spring house-cleaning in Mexico, but they get up a revolution which answers the same purpose, in a languid sort of a way.—New York News.

A youth may be firmly convinced that love is blind, but it will be just as well for him to avoid ice cream saloons when he is out walking with his girl.—New York Journal.

It is said of Modjeska that she loves to sit in a window and paint clouds. The lady would create more of a sensation by sitting on a cloud and painting windows. Besides, it would be a higher art.—Porney's Progress.

A Chester county man has a horse which has attained its thirty-eighth year. It is seldom that a horse gets as old as that—in the opinion of the owner; but, probably, in this case the owner doesn't want to sell.

"Bill, there is something indescribably grand about that large woman with the small boy on the opposite side of the street, but I can't tell what it is." "I can." "Well, what is it?" "Her grandson."—Kentucky State Journal.

Two Irishmen were travelling, when one of them stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," said one. "Come on! Just six a piece," said the other. And they trudged on, satisfied at the short distance.—The Hatchet.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

Mrs. Blank—You must not mind baby's being cross, dear. He is cutting teeth.

Mr. Blank—He is cutting teeth! What an expression!

Mrs. Blank—It is the commonest kind of an expression. Isn't it right?

Mr. Blank—Certainly not my love. It is incorrect.

Mrs. Blank—Nonsense. How can it be?

Mr. Blank—Because baby is not cutting teeth. If he were he would not cry.

Mrs. Blank—Well, what should I say?

Mr. Blank—Teeth are cutting the baby. That's why he howls.

"COME TO THE POINT."

Hanlan can row a boat faster than Mr. Jimmy Mackie (even when the latter is trained down), but James can show Eddy many points in the art of running an Hotel. The public is this summer enjoying the practical proof in the case of the Hotel Hanlan, on the Island, which has become one of the most popular resorts of the over-heated citizen. Manager McIntyre's line of fast and commodious steamers run from Yonge, York, and Brock Street wharves, and the time table is arranged to suit everybody. When once at the point you have the music of the band, on three evenings and two afternoons of the week, in addition to all the old attractions; and if you feel like refreshing the inner man, you will find the Hotel table a vast improvement on anything the champion provided for his visitors.

NON-PATENT MEDICINE.

Bitters and other nostrums may be all well enough, but as a general rule there is no medicine like fresh air, and there is no air fresher and purer than that you enjoy on Lake Ontario. A trip by the *Chicora* to Niagara is now so cheap that there is no excuse for anybody suffering for want of a life-inspiring outing. The boat leaves Young-street wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., returning to the city early in the evening.

MARTIN'S MEDITATIONS.

Ah, me! ah me!
 'Tis weary work,
 This constant pounding with poetic pestle.
 Eh? What say'st thou,
 Amantius mine? "A pestilence seize it?"
 Good, fair youth!
 A thought felicitous
 Was that.
 Wert older grown and had more learning,
 A place I'd find for thee
 Among that grand galaxy who do shine
 In wondrous wit,
 Effulgent fun,
 Stupendous sarcasm,
 And drollery double distilled,
 'Neath caption "Editorial notes!"
 Aye, boy!
 Little know they—and less mayhap they reck—
 Who idly glance down the stanzas,
 That with persistent pen
 And bursting brain—
 More water on the towel? Good act!
 Most truly dost thou watch my every need,
 Thou lissome lad! I would thou wert
 In erudition steeped,
 Like unto me thy master,
 So I could pour into an ear
 Surcharged with soulful sympathy
 The story of my griefs,
 In wierdly woeful whisperings!
 Thou hast, m'lad, an ear capacious, of a truth,—
 Ha! Another scintillation of thy native genius?
 Thou sayest that "An ear capacious of a truth."
 Wero out of place within thy sanctuary.
 Alas! 'Tis even so!
 But know, sirrah, that my business
 Is to keep Truth crushed to earth
 That it may never
 Rise again!
 Oh, cerie youth!—see how I meet thee
 On a common level!
 Thy ear protrudes through wearing of thy hat
 Pulled down, like to the fabled vest,
 'Tis not alert with finely-attuned feeling.
 Oh! that Josiah now were here!
 Josiah Burr, mustachoid Child of Destiny!
 Kinship we hear as ardent wooers of the muse—
 Though oftentimes methinks the cares of State
 And drawing of full pay doth wean him
 From the works he erstwhile loved—
 An' wero he here to-day I could with him
 Most sweet communion take,
 And eke a bowl or two—on his account.
 What, ho! young scribe!
 Come hither from the inner den
 And ply thy pen as I dictate.
 Aha! Paste upon thy finger!
 I warrant me at work thou'at been again,
 Transferring to thy scrap-book
 Those pertful pictures and that baneful badinage
 Contained in caustic commentator, yelpet GRIP.
 Thou saucy Serivener, wouidst laugh?
 'Sdeath, young Mr. Fresh! Some morn
 Thou'lt wake to find the fruits of thy sharp shears
 In ashes!

Oblivion should and shall onshroud
 That artist fiend's lampoons—
 At least within the precinct of my domicile;
 Oh, lothe! Limbo of Forgetfulness!
 How gladly would I plunge into thy depths
 At thoughts of sketches, squibs and skits,
 That I, the Tycoon of the Tall Tower,
 Am pelted with on every hand!
 But, come! Avaunt misanthropy!
 And let me think upon a Theme.
 What's this?
 A gust of gruesome growls anon hard times.
 Fit subject for the hour, I ween,
 And treated with calm truthfulness I must confer
 But mark the faulty composition!
 'Tis execrable English that doth mar the article.
 So here's my chance.
 The facts I shall ignore!
 The figures all contain!
 The logic heed not!
 But on the shanky syntax I shall fall,
 And rend it sore.
 The article *per se* is timely and to point,
 But, pshaw! When I have inquested the slaughtered
 Saxon
 The writer will be crushed!
 The world will laugh!
 Now, gentle Adolescent, take my talk
 As here I pace the floor and powder and perspire.
 But hold!
 Let me my eagle eye upon this leader cast.
 An independence Seread.
 Bristling it is with stern statements
 Hard to controvert.
 The writer's style is good, his periods full, well rounded,
 I like his reasoning and his caudor bold,
 But I may not too freely speak my mind,
 For walls have ears,
 E'en though I count as naught
 The aural ornaments of this, my scribbling glove.
 My job is my first thought,
 And so I'll scan this enterprising essay
 That I may find—
 'Tis here!
 One,—two,—three words misspelled,
 And, yes, a slip in punctuation!
 Enough!
 With one full swoop of Scimitar Sarcasm
 I'll cleave him clean in twain.
 The scholar's pose I'll take,
 And my keen ridicule of his lame orthography
 Will drive this Independence *doctrinaire*
 Into the nearest swamp.
 'Tis well that I have learning!
 My party oft would suffer werc I, as other editors,
 A mere babbler.
 One's skill in controversy must often fall
 When all the argument's upon the other side.
 Facts that *won't* down—figures that will *not* out—
 Confront the editor at times.
 How happy then the journalist
 Who jauntily can treat his theme with sneer, and jibe
 and snub.
 Who from the lofty Pedestal of Sullimless Lore
 Can point to Lindley Murray, and to Webster,
 And hurl the taunt at rival writer:—
 "Thou'st murdered *him*—his death's at thy
 door!"
 Now, boy, let's up and at them!



SCOTTY AIRLIE IN CANADA.

II. July 10th 1884.

DEAR WILLIE,—I sent ye a letter a fortnicht syne, but gods kens if ever ye'll get it, for the toons clean upside doon, flags flein' an' bands playin', the het weather sets them a' clean daft. Sic' anither through-the-muir I never laid my een on; processionin', an' the meellitary oot, airches, and pictures on them, and the thousands on thousands o' weeldressed folk; I thoctt tae mysel' 'od the Queen maun be

marrit again, or has General Gordon brocht hame a pyramid as a keepsake frae Egypt? or what on airth is a' the rejoicin' aboot. So at the risk o' bein' ca'ed inquisiteeve, I speerd at a man yesterday, what's a' the steer? "Oo!" says he "Dye no ken the toons just fifty year auld the day." "Is that a'?" says I "dearce me—oor kintra is twa-ree-hunner year auld, an' ye never hear a cheep aboot it." "Oh! well its good to be patriotic" says he. "Pawtriotic!" says I "thats a new kind o' pawtriotism, I dinna understand the kind o' pawtriotism, that craws sae crouse over a kintra thats nae yer ain. Deed, I think its uaething but upsettin' impidence tae be pettin' on sic airs, afore they can ca' the kintra their ain. But I'm forgettin' tae tell ye aboot the ferlies—first an' foremost, I'll never marry a Canadian lass. They're owre independent. There's a lass here, my landlady's dochter—a bonnie creatur, but a born limmer. Yestreen I tuk all my boots an' tellt her to clean them, so as no' to be breakin' the Savvbath day the morn's mornin'. Gudesake! She luckt at me an' then she luckt at the shoon, then she up wi' her fit an' kicked the pair o' them, clear through the open door into the street, an' here I had to rin oot on my stockin' soles, an' doon three streets after a laddie that picked them up an' ran off wi' them. The neist thing I speerd her very ceevily, wad she bring me a drink o' water. Na! indeed no. She telled me there was water i' the tap an' plenty mair i' the lake. I could help mysel'. Did ever ye ken sic' a limmer—they dinna ken hoo to bring up women oot here.

I'm vera sorry to see sae mony Cawtholics here. In fact, I'm just switherin', if its no' my duty, tae gang an' warn them o' the danger o' popish doctrines—only in a new kintra guide folks are awfa' scarce, an' I'm feared if they were to pit me in an' o' the popish dungeons I might never be heard tell o' again. Hooever, the Cawtholics I've met has been uncommon ceevil, an' I've nae doot if oor folk wad only do awa' wi' organs an' sic like, we would sune get them converted frae the error o' their ways. There was a grand show o' fireworks at the wateredge last nicht, nae end o' poother an' brimstone, a vera fine nae doot, but I've my ain private opinion of Professor Hand, I can say this much, that if he had lived in my great grannies time he wad hac been burnt in a fat tar barrel, lang-syne; for nae man, no' even a wizard, could bring sic winners oot o' fire an' brimstone unless he was very familiar, an' accustomed to thae things at head-quarters. About the electric light I'm sair mistaen if thats nae the invention o' some ither deil's buckie, way that licht gangs fizin' an' snortin' is extrordinar, the very silver mune lucks as gin she had the jaundice, when she lucks doon. But I maun stop for if I pit ony wecht they're charge me anither three bawbees for postage.

Yer brither,
 HUGH AIRLIE.

TO YE MEMBERS OF YE PRESBY-
 TERIAN ASSEMBLY.

BRETHREN.—Seeing your august body, but lately assembled, hath seen fit in ye faithful discharge of duty to protest and declare before all men, that ye statesmen and politicians of Canada are men withouten honor, and withouten principle, guilty of bitterness and strife, and in ye daily practice of strykinge at ye very foundations of truth, and the fundamental characteristics of Christian morality; also of seriously disturbinge the affection and goode wille that ought to prevail in a Christian land. And seeing likewise that it is ye bye-law of ye city, that every man shall take or cause to be taken one spade, and shall with ye same shovelle off ye snow, each off his' own steppe and ye streete before his door, so thereby ye streetes shall be kept clean in winter, and no

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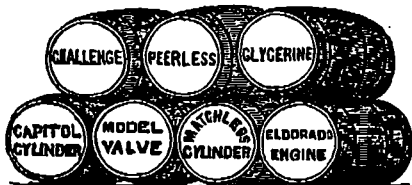
MASTERS BOWELL AND COSTIGAN LEFT IN CHARGE OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

man have cause to stumble because of another man's laziness or neglect; it therefore behooveth ye ministers and elders of every kirk session to at once lay hold with a firme hand of ye spade of duty, and each session clear off its own steppes—in other wordes, to immediately summon before ye session all members of each kirk who are connected with politics or ye government of ye countrie. And in order that they may be brought to unfeined repentance of their misdeeds, and that no enemy of ye kirk shall be able to point ye finger of scorn and say ha! ha! they preach much but practice naught; these erring members shall stand on the cuttie stool of repentance, and be rebuked by ye minister before ye elders of ye session and ye congregation according to ye ancient and venerable custome of ye Presbyterian kirk in ye olden time. So shall ye kirk be purged of ye sin of politics and worldlie statesmanship. Ye distinct and outspoken declaration of ye late Assemblies hath left ye Presbyterian kirk no other choice but either to at once proceed to deal with their own individual members, and so purge themselves of this crying iniquity—or have such declaration spoken of by worldlie men—as a mere professional protest “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

Yours for the truth,
JOHN KNOX.

GENEVA, June, 1884.

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30 FRONT STREET EAST.

QUEER.

Under the heading “Situations Wanted” a certain co-tem. has the following strange announcement: “Respectable woman wants washing. Apply—”

From what GRIP knows of those who people this globe, there are many members of the human race of both sexes, respectable and otherwise, who are in the same fix.

It is a moot question whether the fact that anyone requires washing is a claim to respectability or not; if such be the case, then, certainly, the larger portion of humanity are eminently respectable.

Says Tennyson—pardon, Alf—Barou D'Eyncourt.

“Her features have not that repose
That stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.”

Hereafter this should read:

Her feature are begrimmed; this stamps
Her caste respectabilitee.

GRIP, however, if such is to be the order of things, doesn't want to be respectable.

The puzzle in the extraordinary announcement above quoted is—What has the fact of a respectable woman's wanting washing got to do with Situations Wanted?

“There be more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio.”

This quotation is as near as GRIP can get it without his Quotation Dictionary which has been lent to an individual who lost his in a recent conflagration.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE!

(Remarkable pulpit intimation.)

HIGHLAND PREACHER—First Sabbath I will be preaching in Glenbolich, the next Sabbath I will be in Glenfuaim, and the Sabbath after that I will not be in any place at all!—Bailie.

CATABRH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



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Doctor.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to

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NO FRAUD, NO HUMBUG, BUT FINEST HERBAL BITTERS IN THE MARKET. For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unequalled, being purely an Invigorating, Exhilarating, and Stomachic.
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